





*Presented by*  
Rev. John W. Beardslee









IONICUS









Charles Furse A. R. S. G. 1872

Henry Walker ph. sc.

William Cory  
From the portrait in the possession of Mr. J. H. M. Furse







# IONICUS

BY

REGINALD, VISCOUNT ESHER

ὁυ κλαίω ξείνων σὲ φιλαίτατε· πολλὰ γὰρ ἔγνων  
καλά· κακῶν δ' αὖ σοὶ μοῖραν ἔνειμε θεός.

I weep not for thee, dear friend; for  
thou knewest many fair things; and  
in turn God dealt thee thy share of ill.

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81

WITHOUT PERMISSION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO THREE STATESMEN

WHO HAVE HELD THE OFFICE

OF PRIME MINISTER :

TO THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

AND THE EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G.

WHO AT ETON

LEARNT THE ELEMENTS OF HIGH POLITICS

FROM IONICUS

AND TO THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH

WHO SHOWED HIM KINDNESS

IN HIS OLD AGE

4545



## NOTE

William Cory's peculiarities in spelling and stopping have been purposely retained. Only such notes have been added as appeared necessary to elucidate obscurities in the text.

## PREFACE

THE letters of William Cory contained in this volume are about one fourth of those he wrote to me.

They are but a fragmentary part of what he must have written to his many friends.

If the doctrinaire manner of many of his political letters should jar on the reader, allowance should be made for what has been called by a friendly critic a "donnish trick" due to his vocation, which considerably disguises William Cory's real genius. My warmest thanks are due to my friend Arthur C. Benson, C.V.O., whose guidance and encouragement in correcting the proofs of this book have been invaluable to me.

I must acknowledge gratefully the help I have received from Mr. John Murray, C.V.O., and the kindness of Mr. J. H. M. Furse, in allowing me to reproduce his brother Charles Furse's fine portrait of his uncle, now at Halsdon.

I am much indebted to Sir Henry Newbolt for permission to quote in full a poem without which this book would have left an imperfect impression of its subject.

E.

*August 1923.*



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# IONICUS

## CHAPTER I

1823-1870

THE influences that mould the character of nations and individuals are nearly always obscure. Events are traced to causes far removed from those which actually produced them, and if there has been a tendency in recent times, on the part of historians, to delve too deeply below the surface for explanations which would have been overlooked or rejected in less critical times, the fault may be condoned in view of the curious facts that such minute examinations have revealed.

If trifling acts have originated or averted cataclysms, how often has it happened that hidden characters, men and women, have set forces in motion, whose activities have been attributed to others.

Sometimes a book, sometimes a man, often a woman, appears like a miraculous vision before the eyes of a youth, changing the tenour of his way—flushing the soul with unaccustomed colour. Biographers rarely lay stress upon these things. In their chase after consistency—said to be the attribute of fools—they shrink from admitting that the child is the father of their hero. If St. Paul was once known as Saul of Tarsus, it is lightly dwelt upon as a painful episode not germane to the high moralities of his middle age; while a Southey, though he could not altogether suppress the facts, was

unable to reconcile Nelson's high standards of manly duty with his lapse at Naples.

Perhaps the environments of a man's early years are not of such poignant interest to the jaded reader as life's later achievements, although in the eyes of the philosopher the sowing is often of deeper interest than the reaping, and the sower rather than the reaper appears the greater man.

William Cory, the writer of these letters, was a sower. Born of worthy parents in the remote Devonian town of Torrington, his early years were spent on the banks of the river Torridge. Much as he loved the Thames, associated with the labours of his life and its romantic idealism, his thoughts throughout his Eton days wandered to the home of his childhood; thoughts that coloured much of his poetry and all his loyalties. England meant so much to him, and the heart of England was a copse-covered valley somewhere between Eggesford and Dartmoor, "faintly blue."

Until old age and ill-health came upon him, his days were spent in North Devon, or under the shadow of Eton. As a young boy he won an Eton scholarship. From Eton he went in due course as a scholar to King's College, Cambridge, to which in those days only Eton lads were admitted, and thence he returned to Eton as a Master.

Until his fiftieth year, for he was born in 1823, he had seen nothing of the world, little of Europe, little of England, except the few miles that separated Cambridge and Eton from North Devon. From the day that, a small sturdy boy, he entered Long Chamber in 1832, during the forty years that followed, Eton was his home—for the interlude of King's cannot be counted as absence from the foundation of the pious monarch to whom both colleges owe their being.

Honours came thick upon him. Newcastle scholar in 1841, he won the Chancellor's English Medal with a poem on Plato in 1843, which in after years he put—and justly—immeasurably below that of his rival Sir Henry Maine. In 1844 he won the Craven scholarship, in 1845 was elected a Fellow of King's, and was chosen by Dr. Hawtrey to fill a vacancy among the Masters at Eton. In 1860 Lord Palmerston submitted his name to the Queen for the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, but the Prince Consort's preference for Kingsley was strongly asserted, and the Prime Minister yielded. The Eton to which he returned as a Master after taking his degree is thus described by him in a letter to an American college friend.

“Our whole number of boys is about six hundred. It has not fallen below this for eight years. Six years ago it was as high as seven hundred and seventy seven. At present it is about six hundred and thirty. . . . We have a Head Master, with twelve assistants, for the Upper School, which contains six hundred boys. These are not equally divided. The Head Master has no more than thirty boys. The next two or three Divisions seldom reach forty. But the tenth contains seventy-eight, and has ranged above sixty ever since Christmas. The Lower School, a separate establishment, contains at present about thirty boys; it used to contain from one hundred to one hundred and fifty in old times. They retain the whole Staff, whether the ranks are full or not, *i.e.*, the Lower Master (Magister Ostiarius) or ‘Usher’ (you see the derivation with the French ‘huissier’), and four assistants. So that we have eighteen regular Classical Masters, wearing Academical dress, all graduates, with extra Masters for languages, etc., quite enough.

“No boy can enter the Lower School after his

thirteenth, nor the Upper School after his fourteenth year. The great mass of boys come at twelve and thirteen; no one I think, ever comes to school *under six*; this only happens with residents; seldom does a boy enter under nine. I am not aware of a minimum of juvenility. The Lower School professes to be preparatory from the rudiments. I suppose a boy must be in trowsers and know how to read. As to what a *public school* is, consult Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh for 1810. I do not accept his definition as quite satisfactory. A public school as a peculiar institution of English society, is a place in which a boy is at once in a class under a master who acts for the Head Master, and subject to a tutor, who acts more specially for the parent or guardian. There are but three schools that come under this definition—Harrow, Eton, Rugby. These three seem to me to be very similar to Oxford or Cambridge in the Middle Ages, in the period between the first institution of colleges and the decay of the University 'schools.' As an undergraduate (say in 1500) got his chief teaching and made his chief display of knowledge in public with a Professor, whilst he prepared his work, cultivated his specialty, and underwent discipline in a college, so an Eton, Harrow or Rugby boy, attends the one school chapel, shows up exercises, is examined in his lessons according to fixed routine, contends for honours, takes degrees (what we call 'removes,' *e.g.*, changing from Lower boy to fifth Form, from one who is fagged to one who fags) with (apud) the Head Master or his assistant, whilst at the same time he receives catechetical instruction in religion, prepares most of his lessons, and gets his exercises looked over, etc., with his tutor, whether he boards in his house or not. The Tutor also corresponds with the parent, watches over money

matters, and attends to the superintending and guiding all those more optional studies for which the School gives leisure and encouragement.

“Sydney Smith wrote, perhaps, before tutors began to attempt much in this way, though even then there was some attention paid to individuals.

“Eton is less symmetrical than the other two, in so far as she retains *Dames'* houses, cheaper than tutor's houses. About one hundred and thirty boys board with Dames, having tutors to whom they pay £10 or £20 a year for tuition, paying the Head Master £6 a year, and leaving him to pay his assistants. An assistant gets from the Head £44 a year working perhaps twenty-four hours a week in class with seventy-five or seventy-eight boys. Thus we live by our pupils. As we do each other's work, each boy gets what he wants, not caring how the money is distributed.

“At Eton a boy changes his Division and comes under a new Master every half year, retaining his tutor. The tutor is not merely an agent for the parent, but the boy's natural defender and friend. . . . At Eton you get much more help from your tutor in preparing lessons and exercises than at Rugby. Rugby men who have lived years with us, and thoroughly studied our practices, prefer our *tutorial* system, though they think our *system* inferior as regards the cultivation of the intellect.

“It is this duality, this polarization between the public authorities and the more private or more Collegiate discipline, which seems to me (not now for the first time) to constitute the differentia of a public school. It shows itself in this way—a boy does not look upon his tutor as a schoolmaster; he is to him a gentleman whom he knows just as he knows his father's friends, whom he can ask to



his father's house, from whom he claims hospitality as soon as he has left school, if he ever revisits Eton. Again, he is proud of the *house* he belongs to, as a man is of his College; though in cricket and football clubs, in regular 'long boats,' and aquatic sweepstakes, in running and leaping races, he competes with the whole school, yet he belongs to a football club in the autumn, which includes the twenty or thirty boys boarding in his own house, and thus matches are made between houses as between colleges, and his society is found chiefly in his own house, though not exclusively (much less in summer than in winter). Again, the school examinations are conducted in a more professional or business way than the private tuition—no great regard for peculiarities of character, for moral superiority, etc.; a boy is plucked just as at Oxford if he falls short of the minimum, from whatever reason; on the other hand, if he gets into a scrape, his tutor is applied to for his character, and can generally, if he thinks it right, extricate him, and set him right in the eyes of a Master who may have thought ill of him. . . .

"What Sydney Smith says of its roughness, its similarity to a forest or to a savage life, is at present almost entirely inapplicable to Eton, and I believe to Harrow. Rugby is rougher—the boys in a tutor's house are more left to self government. . . . At Cambridge we Etonians are charged with levity, and with that kind of impudence which shows itself in ten Eton men talking Etonica at a party without caring for what is due to the other four men present.

"The two great evils of the place, which are now attracting everyone's attention, are these:  
 (1) Mathematics are not compulsory and general;  
 (2) There is too much money spent by the boys, too



much self indulgence. . . . And we ought to remodel our chapel service, so as to have a short service every day, and not school days without prayer, and holidays with too much of it. Finally, we ought to have fewer holidays. . . .

“The real reason for sending a boy to Eton is that he will there find not the best teaching nor the best discipline, but the best society. I suppose, however, that Harrow is just as good in this respect, or very nearly so. The only difference is that they have not so large an admixture of *poor* gentlemen’s sons. They have nothing in lieu of our seventy Collegers (who, being elected by merit, are really picked boys, the competition being very keen, fifty candidates for ten vacancies every year), and the candidates for College, and other frugal boys, living at Dames’ houses. There has been alarm about Eton being a Puseyitical school. Harrow has gained thereby, having a contrary reputation. The truth is that neither school has any distinctive religious character, any more than the London Clubs or the English aristocracy generally. Both schools, I believe, fairly represent English society in its good and its evil. Perhaps I ought to tell you that a boy in a tutor’s house, at Eton, costs his father altogether, including all his personal expenses, such as clothes, journeys, pocket money, medicine, on an average not less than £200 a year. Many boys, however, spend £30 a year in pocket money, some £50. . . .”

This letter, from its resemblances and contrasts interesting to Etonians, is dated 1851, and in the following seven years William Cory’s experiences, the vicissitudes of Eton’s aches and pains, her romantic influence and her minor tragedies, are summed up in the little volume of verse published in 1858 under the title of “IONICA.”

His early High Church waverings—for he was touched, though lightly, by the wand of Pusey—had hardened into a reverent agnosticism, which was reflected in a poem written on the terrace at Richmond, while waiting for his first dinner with the “Apostles,” that notable Cambridge society of which he and Henry Hallam at that time were said to be “the only ones really born and cut out for public speakers.”

In revolt, as he told his contemporaries, against doctrines that would place too great power in the hands of the clergy, he protested his new faith, or the lack of it, in verses headed “MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH.”

You promise heavens free from strife,  
Pure truth, and perfect change of will ;  
But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still ;  
Your chilly stars I can forego,  
This warm kind earth is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
One great reality above:  
Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
And child-like hide myself in love:  
Show me what angels feel, till then,  
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires  
From faltering lips and fitful veins  
To sexless souls, ideal quires,  
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:  
My mind with fonder welcome owns  
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away ;  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.  
But oh, the very reason why  
I clasp them, is because they die.

One of his successors at Eton, upon whom a portion of his mantle fell, has described "IONICA" as full of sombre yet tender philosophy, of an Epicureanism that is seldom languid, of a Stoicism that is never hard.

I possess a volume of these poems in which their author has noted the occasion or the subject that prompted them.

"AFTER READING AJAX" was written in his *Poetae Scenici*. The well-known paraphrase from the Greek, "THEY TOLD ME, HERACLITUS," was written for the boys "doing Farnaby in the autumn of 1845," while "PROSPERO" was dated just before "I gave up my house in 1851." It was in this volume that he marked certain stanzas to be cut out, and they were omitted from the reprint of "IONICA" in 1891, which he himself supervised, noting upon "A NEW MICHONNET" that he thought this poem the best thing in the booklet—an opinion that few have shared. He mentions that "A QUEEN'S VISIT" was composed as a sort of school exercise and "shown up" to Dr. Hawtrey,<sup>1</sup> who was amused and pleased, translated it into Italian, and gave him his Juvenal with a pretty note.

It was into this little old edition of 1858 that I copied in later years, upon blank leaves bound up with the text, many poems which thus were saved from destruction, and which he was glad to have returned to him when he expanded and republished the book.

One set of verses I sent to him, that I always had liked, he did not include in the new volume. I never knew the reason. They were written after an Eton defeat at Lord's.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Head Master of Eton, 1834-52.

## OSSORY

For all men's sons beneath the sky  
 Duke Ormond sternly said,  
 I would not give my Ossory—  
 and Ossory was dead.

On Eton vanquished and undone  
 I gazed with knitted brow,  
 and if I loved her when she won,  
 my love is prouder now.

Aye Eton yet, let critics rail  
 and Harrow boast her powers,  
 I'd rather have the lads that fail,  
 so they be lads like ours.

Although he wrote much, he published little. His "Guide to Modern English History," written for a Japanese pupil, was too allusive for ordinary readers. It was praised by Lord Acton, but had no success with the public. In his "Essay on a Liberal Education," included in a volume upon kindred subjects in 1867, may be found the key to his nature and philosophy. It is brimful of wise and poetic thoughts, woven into practical suggestions for the education of the reasoning faculties. Three small school books, one of which, "LUCRETILIS," drew from H. J. Munro<sup>1</sup> the flattering encomium that it was the "most Horatian verse ever written since Horace ceased to write"; and "IOPHON," an attempt to translate a few deep emotions into Greek iambs, contain all his writings published during his lifetime. In "IOPHON" may be read two Greek poems that reveal one of his deepest sorrows. He translated them into English and calls them "DREAM LIFE."

<sup>1</sup> Professor H. A. J. Munro of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Appear at midnight, and in dreams  
 fold lip to lip, oh fair-haired head,  
 stand over me, give signs of love in silence,  
 for that is truth; but in the day  
 all things are false and nothing else but shadow.  
 Remembrance, what thou wert, and in the mind  
 thine image passing to and fro and fluttering  
 confuseth everywhere things grave and gay.

As I grow old a cold ghost dwells with me  
 and seems to cry and cry, how durst thou love me,  
 and lead me, blind with blind, to Hades' gates?  
 And how would I make answer but with sighs?  
 But if thyself came to a soul asleep,  
 thou wouldst declare those faults to be  
 forgiven; and some glances from bright eyes  
 would give a charm for grief and malady.

A volume of extracts from his letters and diaries was privately printed after his death, edited by F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton.

His epitaph was finely written by Sir Henry Newbolt, in lines that everyone who knew William Cory found difficult to read without emotion, so poignantly do they recall the figure of the man, the lessons of "pupil room," their appeals to political and social liberty, their passionate devotion to England and to England's heroes alive and dead.

#### IONICUS

With failing feet and shoulders bowed  
 beneath the weight of happier days,  
 he lagged among the heedless crowd,  
 or crept along suburban ways.  
 But still through all his heart was young,  
 his mood a joy that nought could mar,  
 a courage, a pride, a rapture, sprung  
 of the strength and splendour of England's war.

From ill-requited toil he turned  
 to ride with Picton and with Pack,  
 among his grammars inly burned  
 to storm the Afghan mountain-track.

When midnight chimed, before Quebec  
 He watched with Wolfe till the morning star;  
 at noon he saw from *Victory's* deck  
 the sweep and splendour of England's war.

Beyond the book his teaching sped,  
 he left on whom he taught the trace  
 of kinship with the deathless dead,  
 and faith in all the Island Race.  
 He passes: his life a tangle seemed,  
 his age from fame and power was far;  
 but his heart was high to the end, and dreamed  
 of the sound and splendour of England's war.

If, after reading Sir Henry Newbolt's poem, the reader will turn to "IONICA," where, under the title "ACADEMUS," the author reflects the Platonic agnosticism of his middle age, strong in devotion to all that is generous in youth; we have a complete picture of William Cory as he appeared to all who knew him at Eton and afterwards.

#### ACADEMUS

Perhaps there's neither tear nor smile,  
 when once beyond the grave.  
 Woe's me: but let me live meanwhile  
 amongst the bright and brave;

my summers lapse away beneath  
 their cool Athenian shade:  
 and I a string for myrtle-wreath,  
 a whetstone unto blade;

I cheer the games I cannot play;  
 as stands a crippled squire  
 to watch his master through the fray,  
 uplifted by desire.

I roam, where little pleasures fall,  
 as morn to morn succeeds,  
 to melt, or ere the sweetness pall,  
 like glittering manna beads.



The wishes dawning in the eyes,  
 the softly murmured thanks;  
 the zeal of those that miss the prize  
 on clamorous river banks;

the quenchless hope, the honest choice,  
 the self reliant pride,  
 the music of the pleading voice  
 that will not be denied;

the wonder flushing in the cheek,  
 the questions many a score,  
 when I grow eloquent, and speak  
 of England, and of war—

Oh, better than the world of dress  
 and pompous dining out,  
 better than simpering and finesse  
 is all this stir and rout.

I'll borrow life, and not grow old;  
 and nightingales and trees  
 shall keep me, though the veins be cold,  
 as young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,  
 they'll say, who know the truth,  
 he gave whate'er he had to give  
 to freedom and to youth.

If Mr. Arthur Benson's<sup>1</sup> assertion, that his mind was "probably one of the most vigorous and commanding minds of the century," is perhaps a friendly exaggeration, the inspiration of his teaching cannot be gainsaid.

His love of literature, his knowledge of history and politics, his catholic handling of the Classics, his emotional approach to science, his reverential treatment of England's past, present, and future, left an indelible impression upon every boy who came into contact with him. Curiously enough his

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Arthur Benson came to Eton as a boy two years after William Cory had resigned his Mastership.

bowed figure, his odd appearance owing to his extreme near sight, and his queer uncouth ways—characteristics that might so easily have provoked ridicule or scorn in heartless boyhood—never detracted from the respect and affection he inspired in all Etonians. “Billy Johnson” was accepted as an Eton institution. Unconsciously the boys recognized in him a kindred soul, one who was ready to offer warm companionship in their work and games, and to make generous allowance for their weaknesses, provided they loved their school. I must have been about fifteen when I came under the influence of William Johnson. It was some years later that he changed his name to Cory, following the example of his elder brother who was already known as Wellington Furse. I think they both wished to substitute for the name of Johnson something more distinctive—connected, however, in both cases, with property inherited from near relatives. W.J. as we called him, began writing to me during the summer half of 1868, when I was invalided home for a few weeks, suffering from inflamed eyes. “Yesterday,” he wrote, “I found from Elliot<sup>1</sup> that you were not come back. I hope you get your sister to read to you, to read high books such as *Romola*.

“It is a dreadful thing to speak of, but as I am told I may be deaf, so you may bear to be told that you may lose the power of reading books or music, and it would be a great blessing to you to have your memory stored with book thoughts as well as with tunes. ‘Tutor’<sup>2</sup> paid me a long visit yesterday and we almost agreed to begin Lakeing and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Elliot, K.C.M.G., afterwards Minister at Athens.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Campbell Ainger, an Eton Master from 1864 to 1901.

working round the South Western headlands of Scotland at the *beginning* of the holidays. I might take my German bands in September with perhaps less risk of my usual continental malady. We have an extra week : I hate it : the holidays are a burden to me."

Towards the end of July he wrote again. He had himself been unwell, but his letters were meant to be read aloud to me, for I was forbidden to read, and a prisoner in a darkened room.

"Be unworldly," he wrote, "don't worship celebrities; like simple people—honest people.

"Warre has been entertaining Tennyson and getting Elliot to help to row him to see the Upper Eights race. Coming down, the Poet took *Athens for Windsor Castle*. He smokes Cavendish in short clays. He sends his son to Eton over age: probably to Stone's house. 'Tutor' has been giving me in a long walk we had yesterday a sickening account of your ethereal eyes and their tortures: he seems a little troubled about it.

"Fancy Marindin<sup>1</sup> telling me yesterday that he had been that morning reading with interest some old poor rhymes of mine about the life we lead here: he said they were truthful; it is a curious thing to have given some of these young men a rhymy (we will not say poetical) view of the old school on which to a certain extent they have acted, and I think boys are not losers by this.

"Warre told me a perfect thing: when Bruce<sup>2</sup> found he was best of our [shooting] eleven he came to Warre and whispered his wish to let Godsall shoot instead of him, as he was a better shot and had taken greater pains.

<sup>1</sup> George Eden Marindin, Assistant Master at Eton, 1865-87.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, younger brother of Lord Elgin.

“‘Tutor’ told me a pretty pleasing thing. Sidney Herbert<sup>1</sup> found Tutor’s Buttons in the street and said to him, ‘Thomas, I want to make you a present; will you have a watch or a suit of clothes?’ Thomas preferred clothes. Herbert took him to get measured for them and then to the shoemakers. I think Herbert a glorious boy. Make friends with him.

“I am too ill to go on reading or to sit still musing. I take a pen to direct my thoughts from my digestion. Coming to the sea has done me no good, partly because I can get hardly any food that suits me. My musical tea party went off well last Friday, although I did not enjoy the songs half so much as of old and indeed I liked much better showing, with Chatterbox’s<sup>2</sup> help, a lot of prints to my Brother, who is so crippled with sciatica that he was glad to sit still. He looked with me at our family relics, sacred locket, my Mother’s ring, my Father’s seal: of course he has others of his own: he had not seen mine for a long time: it is fourteen years since our home broke up, ten years since he left the sweet little house on the river Torridge which he had just made into a new and better home, a little half-farm, half-gentleman’s fishing-box, which has been in my Mother’s family for hundreds of years. I pine for it now. I think I shall write for it as tenant, in case the present man, who is gouty and miserable, gives it up. I am tired of going about in the holidays. I want a place where I can grow things, and receive visitors. I want to build a room to it, planned long ago and there put away my treasures: so they will all go to my lame nephew.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 14th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. C. D. Williamson of Lawers.

“However, the music was good. Mrs. Cornish<sup>1</sup> played a lovely graceful impromptu of Chopin’s; get some one to play it to you. I should like to hear it again.

“It is a new sensation to me going about with a servant. When I was a sordid housekeeper I had servants of course, but never dreamt of taking one with me in the holidays. I am now troubled with thinking how bored the poor man must be. I can’t imagine where he sits when he is not walking, and he can’t walk all day because of the heat. Have you heard of the mosquitoes invading England? They are at Woolwich. I wish lizards would come. They are more agreeable representatives of the South: (I quite forgot there were lizards already. Mr. Wolley-Dod<sup>2</sup> brought some beauties from Bournemouth lately).

“About this time our lads are reaching the burning noisy downs of Wimbledon. I hope the Shrew<sup>3</sup> is there.”

And again he writes :

“I ought to be back on Thursday to give my feast to fifteen creatures of the Boblet<sup>4</sup> persuasion on Saturday night.

“I have read one of those saddening French novels since I came here. What a pity it is the French cannot write books like Shirley or Ivanhoe, which stir one up without scorching one’s heart. I think on the whole the cheerfulest French book is *Ascanio* by A. Dumas the elder, and his ‘*La guerre des femmes*’ is the purest romance: but

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the Vice-Provost of Eton; she was a Miss Ritchie.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Charles Wolley-Dod, Assistant Master at Eton, 1850-78.

<sup>3</sup> The Hon. H. S. Finch-Hatton, afterwards Earl of Winchilsea.

<sup>4</sup> The Boblets, an esoteric name for Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, younger brothers of the Hon. “Bob” Lyttelton.



they are not noble and ennobling like Jane Eyre or Kenilworth. *Ours* is a magnificent unequalled literature. Get some one to read to you the best parts of Keats' poems: Hyperion, Lamia, St. Agnes' Eve and Isabella, and the Odes on Autumn, a Nightingale, Psyche, and Grecian Urn. The lives of Walter Scott and Sir William (not Charles) Napier, I recommend. But you should work at French, particularly the grammar, I am told you showed weakness in trials about this. Get people to read you French and now and then repeat aloud yourself a bit of it, giving the *spelling* orally, for correction, choosing a bit that has some syntax in it. You ought to do well in the 'Albert'<sup>1</sup> this time, if you come back. Suppose you never come back. Have you thought of that? A cheerful temper will carry you on—but try for *concentration*: see what Walter Scott says at the beginning of 'Talisman' about splitting a diamond: it is but a metaphor, but it serves to remind one of the general true doctrine that multiplicity of sympathies, tastes, accomplishments, and engagements, is not very favourable to the making of a *character*. The worst of our poetical Eton life is that one is apt to be frittered away: there is not enough solitary effort. A lad, resolutely keeping up his mental activity though brimful of human interests, is worthy of some admiration, even though it is obvious that he works for his own good and with an eye fixed on success. But I revert to the old beloved topic, the peerless virtue of Elliot. *He* commands himself, denies himself, lives methodically, and yet so that you can hardly say he is working for himself: it is so much for a common cause, for the honour of the rowing eight and of the shooting eleven. That

<sup>1</sup> The Prince Consort's prize for French.



he should have been able this summer to bend from his Spartan severity and touch with part of his character the Athenian group of playful lounging boys is to me surprising.

“*Your* life is more like what the books tell one of a Provençal troubadour than anything that I have seen; sweet and pretty as it is, I doubt whether there is enough backbone to it: perhaps you wanted a little more training for ‘lower eights’ and would have been the better for a ‘house four.’ But you showered blessings and comforts on my loneliness, and I thank you. The wonder to me is however parents part with their children unless they are horrors. If I had a child like Vernon<sup>1</sup> (who is not at all beautiful) I could never part with it. It is a strange thing, and I often feel almost ashamed of it, that we ushers of the modern time get more of the benefit of the early home training than the poor self-denying parents get: people laboriously mould and sweeten *for us*, boys whose best qualities and best efforts *we* see, and the parents do not see: sometimes we help to make the boys more tractable and do a real service to fathers and guardians, but it is much more often the other way.

“There can’t be any whitebait: they must be brownbait by this time. I can’t get apples here: at Eton I had them every day and will have them again: the College name for them is Codlings: they always have Codling tart at Election feasts and good it is.

“Miss Nilsson<sup>2</sup> I remotely worship because she moves like a holy nymph in Faust, and her first appearance in it was the most poetical thing I

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. G. W. Vernon, afterwards 7th Lord Vernon, died 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Christine Nilsson, the opera singer.

have ever seen in my scanty experience on the stage. The American girl's<sup>1</sup> acting as Zerlina is delightful, but it is a low part compared with Marguerite."

In my answer I mentioned that my mother had taken me to see Lady Holland at Holland House; hence the following letter:

"Lady Holland. I went, under proper convoy, to see her and her house at St. Anne's Hill about five years ago, and had the modesty to decline her very kind offer to give me some book that had belonged to Fox.

"The Whigs are gentlemen still: *e.g.*, Mr. Richard Cavendish, Mr. Charles Howard, Lord Fortescue, Lord Northbrook, to mention persons I have met. I believe there were very few of Mr. Fox's friends who would pass muster now. They were not so rational, nor so patriotic, nor so chivalrous as the best politicians, Whigs and Tories, are now.

"Bevil's<sup>2</sup> father, whose family traditions range over 120 years of statesmanship, told me once that he was quite sure there was generally or universally a very great improvement in the *character* of our public men.

"Read Massey's history of Pitt's and Fox's time, which is a really good able book, not illusory like that overpraised life of Pitt by Stanhope, and you will at once see what I mean. Our own times are altogether the best. Many scores of quiet officers and unobtrusive Members of Parliament do things as a matter of course for which people in former generations were glorified. Read the Life of Thomas Drummond if you want to do justice to the Whigs since the Reform Bill. The truth however is that the virtue and the wisdom reside in the administrative offices and in the professions; getting into office does men moral good, and this is the

<sup>1</sup> Adelina Patti.

<sup>2</sup> Bevil Fortescue of Dropmore.

most blessed result of our incessant political ferment since the glorious revolution. But it is due as much to Mr. Pitt as to any one man; it was he more than any one who trained men to be honest, laborious, patriotic administrators.

“What is wrong and low is railing at ministers. It sounds like time serving but I can’t help feeling a wish always to back up ministers whoever they are. The good wind is blowing in stag-headed oaks close to my window which are quite old enough to have shaded the Grammonts, Hamiltons, Killigrews, and Shrewsburies of Charles II’s court who came to Tunbridge Wells for fresh air.”

When the summer half of 1868 ended I was just sixteen years old, and I went with my parents to Lowther Castle where for many years we all spent the autumn. The old Lord Lonsdale, a relic of the Regency, was infirm, but still a power in the Tory Party. To Lowther came politicians and Lowthers old and young. We lived in an atmosphere of sport and politics. That autumn I went for a short visit to Geddes House near Nairn, to stay with Lady Winchilsea and her sons, who were my school-fellows. The following extracts are from letters written to me by William Cory during those holidays.

“I am not so glad as I should be about your going to Cambridge because I am thinking of giving up my rooms there. I go back again and again to the pensive wish to have a home on my own river, to take a lease of Halsdon and do my little follies there. Your letter from Edinburgh is very well written and does credit to your heart and head. I read this morning a bit of the ‘Cloister and the Hearth’ 2nd vol., where there is a description of Andrea, a painter’s apprentice, which reminded me of you. I will get it and show it to you.

“I have enjoyed two or three interviews with a

German doctor, who collects prints, etc., and he has shown me the best things of Albert Dürer, who is the glory of Germany: but I had rather buy trinkets to give away than curious things to hoard. He says the Moselle wine is so wholesome that those who drink it never have the stone: a great surgeon lived all his time in the Rhineland, and had only one chance of operating in lithotomy: as if stone were quite one of the things to be reckoned upon, like measles or railway smashes. We are going, of course, to import some: everybody who goes abroad thinks he has got the unique secret about importing wine. Go out to walk *alone* with your hostess<sup>1</sup> and talk to her thoughtfully and freely; she will trim the luxuriance of your foliage but make garlands of the snippings all the same.

"I wonder whether Murray<sup>2</sup> will show you the 'Vale' that I did for him, a queer kind of song which would please me if it were more a piece or had more continuity.

"Tell my Lady a good deal about Eton, not so much about foreign countries; describe to her your old friends. She is like me a true lover of youth and beauty, and thinks the sentimental part of life as *real* as the jolting in the ruts of business.

"Lift up your mind and have a high standard for boys as well as for ladies: love none but the sweet minds, like Sidney Herbert and Elliot. We get excellent music here, as good as I got years ago at Dresden, and far better than I got at Munich. You drop music in the holidays it seems, for graver studies. Ainger will be pleased at your report of progress. I highly approve of the physiology and dissection."

<sup>1</sup> Fanny, Countess of Winchilsea.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Murray Finch-Hatton, afterwards 12th Earl of Winchilsea.

"I am much idler myself: all my industry is in writing. Improve your understanding as you are doing with Dr. Lee,<sup>1</sup> and so you will be respected."

"I have just been reading in a new book written by an old acquaintance the saying of a poet, either Wordsworth or Coleridge: 'Haweswater kept my eyes dim with tears, but I got the deepest sense of delight from the divine sisters Rydal and Grasmere.' Such were not our sensations. Haweswater was dull at noon, it might have been interesting at sunset.

"I can show you grand big books about physiology in my shelves: but I don't read them much for want of attentiveness and vigour. I read a wonderfully clever amusing French book called 'Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé.' Ainger got it for holiday reading and got through it, but I got him to give it up to me in exchange for Dean Ramsay before he reached the respectable house of Keith Hall or Abercairney, since it is a very naughty book. I read a mocking bitter book called 'Les Français et les Allemands,' translated from the German of Heine, who is the only German after Goethe. Go and see and report to me of Mrs. Cameron's photos at Colnaghi's. Read Thirlwall's 'Greece' from B.C. 470 to B.C. 400."

The following letter was written some months later, from Dalmeny, where William Cory was the guest of his old pupil, Lord Rosebery. The 'Tiny' alluded to was Everard Primrose, his host's younger brother, a great favourite, who possessed many fine qualities of head and heart, which he did not live long enough to impress upon his countrymen.

"I am sitting in all the morning in charge of Moss who is a very loyal collie dog and eager to go

<sup>1</sup> Private physician to the Earl of Lonsdale.



out with his master Tiny: for Tiny is shooting with his Brother and three others.

“I have been looking over a little comedietta which I have written since I came here, generally at night, goaded on by the satirical encouragement of the lads who have taken a lively interest in it. It seems to me fit to act in a drawing room and I have been thinking all the time of Mr. Sothern and Miss Jane Burke at the Haymarket, wishing to see them act it. I shall print it privately: if it is abused by the few people to whom I give copies, it shall perish, like a copy of verses. But I have a faint hope of its being liked, possibly by ladies who want something for private theatricals. It has prevented my being dull here. Joab<sup>1</sup> my host writes little essays on Luther's times for his Oxford degree, and I look them over critically, touching up the English. He is very clever and has a peculiar variety of the ‘haut ton.’ He showed me to-day a strange *skewer* scrawl of Lady Beaconsfield's, with the vulgarest big B under her glaring coronet, and her initial lost in the Beaconsfield of the signature, so that you would take her for a male. Your reading is prodigious: you will ruin your beloved eyes. There is a book going about (probably at Mudie's) called *Essays on the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, by Van Praed, translated by Sir E. Head, one volume. It is worth while to see what he says of your period, as he has evidently a good stock of books, and knows the last discoveries about Charles V and Philip II. I don't know whether Stirling (Sir W. E. Maxwell) has published his life of Don John of Austria: if so it would be good to read it.”

The summer of 1869 was an arduous one for me. I was rowing in the Victory, and for a short time

<sup>1</sup> Esoteric name of the Earl of Rosebery.



in training for the Eight. But unlike Elliot I could not concentrate upon the task before me. William Cory's allusion to the metaphor in the "Talisman" was only too applicable in my case.

So the summer-half sped away, and in August I once more found myself at Lowther, and answering William Cory's letters. Francis Elliot left Eton at the end of the summer-half.

"I was Niobe then," William Cory wrote, "and before, and since, day after day; particularly this morning when the dear lad's own inestimable letter came, which he says took him an hour and a half to write: he tells me (and it is a great effort for him to say so much) that he 'broke down' in taking leave of Warre:<sup>1</sup> he wonders whether Chat<sup>2</sup> will speak to him next half or remember him at all in a year. Meanwhile I get a note from Chat which I enclose for you provided you return it: I copied some of it for Elliot: but *his* letter I must not show you, as I know he objects to passing letters on. He was going to Cheam on Sunday. You might have seen him in London these two days. When he wrote to me he was all alone in the house: I fear he mopes sadly there and on the journey and in Therapia except when there is shooting. When he comes in October he will be staying with Warre, but I shall try to get him to come to me too. He will naturally hold to Warre now that teaching is over; but I am glad to think that I *was* his teacher and the culture of the mind was not so entirely unimportant with him as with some men of action.

I have always relished and worshipped his mere *mind*, besides the character: his exercises have been treasures to me, and I am proud of having, by

<sup>1</sup> Head Master of Eton, 1884-1905.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Charles D. Williamson of Lawers.

perseverance, overcome his singular shyness. Not being afraid of him as some men would have been, I set to work when he was young to read Italian with him, and my room was his refuge. It will be long before the faithful ushers forget him. He has been unique in their eyes. I wish the H.M.<sup>1</sup> had made friends with him. When he was little I remember old Vidal<sup>2</sup> calling him a 'delicious boy.' The other day Sam Evans<sup>3</sup> called him 'a splendid fellow.' Warre one day said to me, 'he was to have been my pupil—and now I'm very glad he was not; I could not have done enough for him' (*i.e.*, in intellectual things).

"I passed by your Castle<sup>4</sup> yesterday at no great distance and remembered your dear self, all the more precious because Elliot is gone so far away. I weep for him literally every day, as I did long before he went. The more I think of him the more sure I am that his Eton life has been unique, incomparable, a spring of happiness, and he himself the flower of boyhood, the glory of Eton, the ideal and quintessence of virtue. I cannot reproach myself with having ever neglected him or of having missed any chance of making friends with him. I am sincerely glad that I was not the only, nor even the chief person, grown up, for him to care for. I rejoiced that I helped him, not a bit too soon, to be sweetly intimate with you. Perhaps he could not have had that kind of sisterly friendship at all had he not had my rooms for his home. Such an unclouded mind all the while! no low passion to mar the loftiness of his mind. There has never been a time when his intellect has not been to me a kind of music.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. J. Hornby, D.D., Head Master 1868-84; Provost 1884-1905.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. F. Vidal, an Eton "Dame."

<sup>3</sup> Drawing Master at Eton.      <sup>4</sup> Lowther Castle.

"Lady Winchilsea once wrote to me that she liked me because I was the only person she knew who habitually considered sentiment as a serious part of life. Which is in short taking a Keats or Wordsworth view of the world.

"I am going to look at Halsdon about the 4th and perhaps arrange for building a cottage for the gardener nearer the house. Then I go to the generous Countess<sup>1</sup> at Eggesford—then to the good Lord Devonat Powderham to meet the Mouse<sup>2</sup> there; then back to London and Eton.

"I shall have to get a piano for Halsdon to lure you there: or perhaps I shall move the Trap<sup>3</sup> one when you leave school: shall I? I don't think any-one else will ever play to me acceptably.

"I hear it said that Waterford's<sup>4</sup> leaving Ireland is as bad for Ireland as Fenianism.

"Warre and I dined last night at the Rifle Brigade Mess and were received with great cordiality, particularly by an old pupil of mine. But after we were gone one subaltern said to the others 'Doesn't it make your bottom smart to see these fellows.' One of these subs was an old fag of Warre's and an Irishman. Dick Thompson told me of this Paddy that he was at a ball and his partner said to him 'Whom do you consider the prettiest girl in the room?' To which he replied with his hand on his heart 'Your humble servant.' I shall be at King's C. Cambridge a week hence.

"I did two of the new Nuces yesterday, working hard: if you want to have anything better than pease pudding at Halsdon you must puff Nuces, and get them into circulation. I feel very extravagant

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the 5th Earl of Portsmouth.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Frederick Wood.

<sup>3</sup> Name for William Cory's rooms at Eton.

<sup>4</sup> 5th Marquis of Waterford.

and in a fright about money: don't know when or how to begin retrenchment.

"They made me laugh to-day telling me that Lord Henry Bentinck spends his Sunday in writing a long minute letter to his huntsman giving the particulars of every mistake made in the six weekdays' hunting. My informant has read such a letter."

A few months later he was settling down at Halsdon, for he had arranged to become the tenant of his brother, Archdeacon Furse, and was keenly enjoying the first fruits of proprietorship, gathering round him the things he loved, books, and bits of furniture that had belonged to his people or that he had bought in his fastidious near-sighted fashion. In the spring of 1870 he wrote:

"I rushed to my native town, posting recklessly, got to Halsdon at noon, when an April sun was making the wet ivy glisten: it is a palace of ivy, though disorderly and even shabby; it had rare beauties even on that winter day and set me on fire with the wish to improve. I was there three hours pottering about grumbling and asking questions, tormented with a doubt whether I do not make myself a fool in going there and in giving up the kind houses that I have found at Capenoch,<sup>1</sup> Hickleton,<sup>2</sup> and Haverholme.<sup>3</sup>

"Sometimes I wish M. was going to live there too: she is fading away from her youth unmarried and she moves her head more to my taste than any lady; but at Eggesford<sup>4</sup> I fell in love with a near-sighted and small-nosed girl who sang and played and had a dove voice; she is so plain that no one

<sup>1</sup> Home of H. S. Gladstone.

<sup>2</sup> Home of Viscount Halifax.

<sup>3</sup> Home of Fanny, Countess of Winchilsea.

<sup>4</sup> Home of the Earl of Portsmouth.

is likely to woo her, and she did not set her cap at the other unmarried visitors.

"I found Eggesford the most eccentric place to stay at. The ink was so bad that I could not write: my tub had such brown water that I could hardly wash: the rooms were too smart to sit in, the ground too raw to walk in, the host too healthy to be able to imagine that his guests wanted meat and drink, yet a very good-natured unselfish truly liberal man. He has honestly refused the *Garter* because he did not think he deserved it and would not take it as a reward for Electioneering.

"The Countess Evelyn<sup>1</sup> liked me because of her cousin Edward Herbert,<sup>2</sup> my Lacaita<sup>3</sup> of 1851 and a truly grateful man. She writes a score of letters a day and employs a charming male and an interesting female secretary, who will in due time marry no doubt. But with all her wide range of sympathy she does not perceive that the ancient Liberal, the embroiler of nations, the polyglot arch-Consul, Sir John Bowring, wanted a second cup of tea at breakfast, and he and his son Edgar, M.P., had to forage surreptitiously after her retiring from the table. I quite won Sir John's heart by talking to him of his hero Bentham; other people had but listened when he talked to them of the philosopher, to whom he has been a Boswell: but I began the topic, when all the rest had gone, and he lighted up at finding a Benthamite. We had another Sir John, the polished and skilful Solicitor General<sup>4</sup> who has had a vendetta with me for eight years, but finding me in such good society became sur-

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the 5th Earl of Portsmouth.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Herbert, afterwards Colonel, K.R.R.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Lacaita, son of Sir James, distinguished Eton scholar, formerly M.P. for Dundee, was at this time his pupil.

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Chief Justice.



prisingly affectionate. 'Come and dine with me on Wednesday—you never have dined with me.' Thus far he was as others are, say, as Mrs. Prime Minister<sup>1</sup> is, but then he showed his rare skill and tact in adding—'one good reason, I've never asked you.' I really liked his saying this and it shows his sagacity that he guessed I should like it. I declined though, being the guest of Mrs. Jones Howell and Co. and not free to dine out: nor should I care to go amongst his clever men. I don't mind sitting by and listening to clever men, as I did at Hickleton, but I don't like any one of them to drop his bucket into my intellect and try to fathom the depths of a schoolmaster's ignorance.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Gladstone.



## CHAPTER II

1870-1874

THE Easter holidays of 1870 I spent in Paris with my French relatives, living in the rue Daru at the top of the Faubourg St. Honoré, opposite the Russian church. William Cory was amused and interested by my crude letters. I returned to Eton full of rumours of war, which everyone in Paris—in spite of Lord Granville's optimistic blindness—believed to be imminent and inevitable. I had been taken to the last ball ever given by the Emperor at the Tuileries, and was introduced to Mme. de Pourtalès, then one of the reigning beauties among the friends of the Empress. It was a curious interlude in the life of an Eton boy.

That summer, in the middle of the war, so full of anxieties to my people, I left Eton.

We spent the autumn as usual at Lowther Castle, and in October I went up to Trinity. William Cory had not then given up his Cambridge connection with King's; but gradually he furnished Halsdon, and as his books and furniture drifted to North Devon he began to think of relinquishing his college rooms and his fellowship. When this was accomplished he began to write to me again. There had been a gap in our correspondence, owing to my frequent visits to Eton, and his to Cambridge. It was some time before he accustomed himself to the loss of young companionship, and to the loneliness of Halsdon. He wrote:

“I am now bearing solitude bravely enough. I

get up at 7, ride to post, or pump, breakfast at 9, read Times, answer letters, work at Nuces 4th Edition,<sup>1</sup> or in the fields, talking to the old men and boys sometimes, bailing out punt, watching the extravagant outlay on Lalage's raft, rescuing plants from jungle weeds, using both arms alternately in hacking at brambles. Indoors I read French in a sickly hopeless way, and go to bed at 10, tired, headachy, unfit for sleep, *haunted*.

"Yet on the roads the farming folk speak up to me cheerily and I answer them blithely. In two days comes my best friend, Mrs. Lewis<sup>2</sup> with her husband and lady's maid, and their *review* of the establishment will be enlivening and perhaps useful, it will do good to Griffiths,<sup>3</sup> their old and loyal servant.

"The grass has done well. The moats are too dry and empty, the shrubs do better than last year. I think I shall be able to keep up the place on my income, even after resigning my Fellowship, but I must wait six months to see about it. I have received your note and the Atlas, which if a present, overwhelms me with gratitude. I was reading last night Walter Scott's *Journal* of yachting round North of Scotland, and wanting a map all the time, as in recalling the *Pirate* just before. In fact I am always wanting one, but I never could have prevailed on myself to buy one as long as there were Bismarcks alive.

"I have signed a deed whereby I become Cory, and it is to be, perhaps is, advertised in the 'Times.' I did just as my solicitors bid me. It is a saving of time in writing.

"On Tuesday my resignation of Fellowship will

<sup>1</sup> A school book for the use of Fourth Form at Eton.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Dr. Lewis, well known at Oxford in the 'seventies.

<sup>3</sup> William Cory's factotum at Halsdon for many years.

be announced at our College meeting. I might perhaps have waited for Narracot,<sup>1</sup> but I can make up to £1,000 a year without it, and I cannot see that I have any right to take £200 or £300 more from the Founder's alms."

His work at Eton was accomplished. He had reached the climacteric when professional men begin to look back over their past achievements. He knew well that retrograde path fatal to sustained interest, leading down the slope of efficiency, and was determined to avoid it. But the change from Eton and Cambridge to the bucolic life of a Devon squire was trying at first to one who had been long accustomed to the "stir and rout" of the class-room and the river banks.

During the years that followed his retirement, Halsdon was the gathering place of old pupils and faithful friends, when the school and college holidays left them free. But there were long intervals of loneliness. Although sometimes he complained that Halsdon is "dry, barren, and backward" he found compensation in renewed physical vigour; he was glad to be well, as he hardly ever was at Eton, or elsewhere in the Eton holidays; and rejoiced that he was busy enough to be cheerful and "not in much trouble about L.S.D. but lacking music of course." His letters were full of references to the pupils he loved and had lost.

Once Elliot and Alfred Lyttelton<sup>2</sup> were his guests at the same time, "shooting, billiarding, and cutting down trees." "Alfred," he writes, "is excellent company, and reminds me in a merry way of things I used to do and say."

One spring day Chat and I walked with him

<sup>1</sup> A family estate to which he was heir.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, afterwards Secretary of State for the Colonies; died 1914.

along the Torridge, downstream to Wooley, nearly six miles and back. We found gorgeous bits of wood and little rock ferns without end, and some columbine. He told us of his first leaving home at nine years old, how he coached to town from Exeter sitting next to a madman (as he thought) of whom he was not a bit afraid; of his arrival at Hatchett's in Piccadilly, and his father's welcome. He remembered admiring the mud globules as they dashed from the wheels in the lamplight. I was at this time reading "Notre Dame," and he told us of Victor Hugo's notion of that great trilogy; "Notre Dame," the struggle of humanity against religion; "Les Misérables," the struggle of the human race against law; "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," the struggle of humanity against nature. Not one of these books, he said, is such a perfect work of art as "Kenilworth," though perhaps excelling in power. A man of purer taste would have cut more out of them, and reduced them to something more shapely. In the evenings he would read Plato, translating slowly from the text, expounding and illustrating as he used to do to the Second Division at Eton. Thus we went through Phædrus, and two books of the Republic.

At this time was issued at intervals "Middlemarch," published in parts, a source of great excitement to him, stimulating him to comment and reminiscence, recalling how in his boyhood he had feverishly awaited the postman who brought to Halsdon the newly issued volumes of the Waverley novels.

One winter's day arrived "Gareth and Lynette," which he read aloud to me and Herbert Paul,<sup>1</sup> an

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards well known in the literary world. He married Miss Ritchie, sister of Mrs. Cornish and Sir Richmond Ritchie.

old pupil whose keen and critical mind was always to his like "whetstone unto blade."

In the winter of 1872 I moved into Neville's Court at Trinity, Sir William Harcourt having given up his rooms to me on the understanding that he should occupy them during his short residence as Professor of International Law. My friends and companions, although few were known to William Cory personally, were a constant theme of questionings, more especially if they bore names that were familiar from old associations or historic tradition. Often he allowed me to invite one or two of them to Halsdon. Arthur Lyttelton<sup>1</sup> had been his pupil, and he regarded him as one of the finest of that singularly noble family of brothers. He was frequently my fellow guest at Halsdon, and one spring, when William Cory was travelling with the Finch-Hattons<sup>2</sup> in Egypt, Albert Grey,<sup>3</sup> between whom and myself a lifelong intimacy had been formed from our earliest Cambridge days, came at my invitation to Halsdon. We were there alone, and almost daily I wrote to our absent host accounts of his domain, his garden, and his retainers. We worked hard, in the interludes of fishing the Torridge, at our host's paths and trees, rolling and cutting, thus earning his hospitality; and in the mornings and evenings we read together our set task in history and philosophy.

"I got your Halsdon letters," he wrote, "and am glad to hear of your invited guest. My brother<sup>4</sup> was to go there on the 15th soon after you; and I fear he will be vexed with the eccentricities of my planting. You were not there in December, and

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Bishop Suffragan of Southampton.

<sup>2</sup> Sons of Fanny, Countess of Winchilsea.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards 4th Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada.

<sup>4</sup> Archdeacon Furse.



so the bastion on which I pride myself must have been new to you, it is very good news that it already screens the poor little shrubs. Oddly enough I never thought of the trees, paths, etc., all the time I was on the Nile, but since then, perhaps on getting to lands in which were signs of spring, I have been going over in my fancy all the little 'fiddle faddle' attempts, and wishing to see the struggling shrublet even more than the lambs. To-morrow I plunge again into utter solitude and the risk of mistakes and misadventures, which used to worry and mortify me. I am now almost indifferent to such things, like some of Balzac's people; and perhaps I may find someone to befriend me even in Wallachia, as I did in the Egyptian ship that brought me from Smyrna! All this is in my closely written journal, the book is all but full. I have so little ink left that I must hasten to give a posthumous welcome to Albert Grey who perhaps cares enough for the Mouse to like being in a house which the Mouse certainly likes as much as you do. *What* he was reading you did not say. I guess it was not much; but Halsdon is a very good place for reading. It must have been a great pleasure to Griffiths to get your company and good for all of them. They are left too long alone, but this time there was a good deal to be done that was as well done in my absence. I have so much Torridge feeling that I like to imagine Albert Grey telling the Castle Hill<sup>1</sup> people about Halsdon and Torrington. Clovelly can take care of itself, but I like our valley to be honoured in Devonshire.

"After shutting up and going to bed I thought I had not said plainly enough that I entirely approved and applauded your going to Halsdon, but

<sup>1</sup> The home of Earl Fortescue.



I shall not be content with it being your only visit for this spring-summer."

"It has often occurred to me during this journey to wish to have you for a travelling companion. I am not nearly so bad a traveller as I was, having attained a stolid composure which nothing has broken, except a rascally douanier at Smyrna, to whom I refused backsheesh, and who avenged himself by pawning my goods for a minute, while I shook a stick and swore, to the great horror of my Jew dragoman who never reckoned on such a demonstration. What I want to see is Tyrol, Venice, Lago di Garda, Engadine, and a quiet part of Switzerland such as Appenzell, also Salzburg and its neighbouring lake, where I have been once but not enough, and of course there are many places in Italy such as Ravenna, Verona, Milan, either not seen or half seen.

"The place not visited by Britons which I have a wish to see for British reasons is Port Mahon, Minorca. I am much more inclined to talk with strangers than I was and have even got so far as to talk French with gentlemen at a tabled'hôte, but this I should not do in the presence of a critical Briton."

When he returned home from his trip to the near East, Albert Grey and I were back at Trinity. It was curious how little interest he showed when I wrote to him of George Eliot's visit to Cambridge. With George Henry Lewes she came up to visit Arthur Myers,<sup>1</sup> bringing with her a beautiful and interesting girl, Miss Huth,<sup>2</sup> who took by storm the heart of one of our most brilliant companions, Edmund Gurney.<sup>3</sup> We—with whom George Eliot

<sup>1</sup> Scholar of Trinity, younger brother of Frederick Myers.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Mrs. Edmund Gurney.

<sup>3</sup> Then a scholar of Trinity, author of "The Power of Sound."

walked and talked in the college grounds and cloister—thought and said that her presence hallowed the place. But William Cory made no comment, beyond saying, “I have just gone straight through ‘Middlemarch,’ so as to do it more justice than I could at the time or times of publication: it has satisfied me much more this time than before. I think I shall go again through ‘Les Misérables’ and then go back to Balzac, of whom I have a few volumes unread which I got at Cairo. These books are almost necessary as substitutes for conversation with intellectual people.

“It is remarkable that we have now been several years in England without any solid history book coming out in instalments, such as Merivale’s ‘Rome,’ but the publication of ‘Middlemarch’ is really far more important than any in my time.”

He turned aside, after asking many questions about Edmund Gurney, whom at that time he did not know, to the simpler matters of his own house:

“I am amazed at the profuse and various display of roses here, never having been here before in June. Griffiths has been away ten days visiting his aged Mother for the last time probably, and visiting also his cousins, some of whom did not know him at first, he says he has seen no place so *rosy* as this. He brought back a lot of good flowers from Warminster. It is pretty to see old Philip,<sup>1</sup> whom I like better than ever, working away at pruning trees till 9 p.m. of his own accord: he gives the three extra hours two days running, so that he may have a holiday afternoon on Thursday. It is fun also to see him ‘brishing’ a swarm of bees into the ‘butt’ off the young walnut tree. They go out again though.

<sup>1</sup> His gardener.

"My Eton newsman is the wise Luxmoore.<sup>1</sup> Shall you hereafter care to see my journal?

"I should like to hear more of Sidney Herbert: you told me before that he was a good deal with Leopold.<sup>2</sup> I imagine he has the make of a parliament man and his practical orphanhood gives him some chance of original character.

"Oxford is now clearly the noble city of Europe. I hold that it will be made still more attractive by having barracks. I shall hear more of it now that my Brother is to live within four miles of it: he moves in July to Cuddesdon, so that he misses his holiday here. So we shall have more leisure with horses and men to get the place improved, and he talks hopefully of coming, of course with all the family, in October, which will suit me very well. I shall then go thoroughly into council with him about the new farm-yard and suggest building a complete stable there, turning the present venerable building (eventually) into a gardener's house, perhaps putting a greenhouse in the stable yard, breaking down the high wall by the pump. I should shrink from altering the outside of the stable; it seems a pity to spend £50 on altering it inside when after all it cannot be big enough for the next owner, my nephew, who will be rich enough to hunt and is sure to keep at least six horses.

"Primrose<sup>3</sup> says he is coming to me on Saturday, he used to say he was indebted to me for being happy at Eton, and he certainly has been grateful and faithful. The Army will be quite beyond our reach, unless we go and stay at Okehampton. I am now on a little tour with my little nephew, two

<sup>1</sup> H. E. Luxmoore, Assistant Master at Eton, 1864-1908.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany.

<sup>3</sup> The Hon. Everard Primrose, younger brother of Lord Rosebery.

ponies, etc. We spend Sunday at Hartland, a place not known to my youth at all : but now we are at a sacred place, where my Mother used to spend happy summers, the very last place where we were with her the year before she sickened, and I bring here and we read the very book which I brought then, in 1850, and marked as having pleased her ; it is Hervey's 'Seaside book,' but we find none of the plants or animals that it names. I find a library here with novels, now old, but which I never read, such as 'Owen-a-waif,' recommended to me long ago by Charles Wood<sup>1</sup> whom you name. The first part of it is very pretty, touching, and edifying, should be read by everyone, after that it seems to run into the old ruts. I have been getting on in Latin, learning a great deal. Should have learnt more had I found my big Dictionary. I suppose you are going back to Cambridge as you say nothing to the contrary.

I wrote to you last Saturday on receiving your very acceptable letter when I came home from my seaside trip, but I addressed to Heath Farm<sup>2</sup> fancying you were there. My letter contained two questions :

(1) Whether you go back to Cambridge for another year.

(2) Whether you are inclined to go with me in January for a longish travel.

I wish to go to Algeria particularly, also to Tunis, also to Gibraltar, Cadiz, Seville, Granada, Malaga, etc., if possible. Also to Minorca, then to Carcassonne, a curious mediaeval place and perhaps to other places in South France not to the East of Marseilles. I fancy that it would be interesting to notice the Arabian emigrants in Algeria

<sup>1</sup> Lord Halifax.

<sup>2</sup> My father's place in Hertfordshire.

and to enquire whether there is an opening there for my nephews, etc.; and to see whether poor France is in Africa making up for her losses. Chanzy the new Governor is one of the Frenchmen that I have a special respect for, apart from sentiment.

“I greatly admire Gladstone for patiently bearing with both Lowe and Ayrton. He surpasses all great Ministers in honest sympathy with clever men, it is a great virtue in him.

“I have to trouble you about two things, both needing some of your well tried discretion. Last Monday I was called upon by the Rev. Samborne, he brought with him ‘Mr. Justice Grove,’ this is the old way of speaking; do you nowadays say as Samborne said ‘Sir William Grove’? Please to answer this. Grove has taken Samborne’s house, means to shoot, seems to be anxious to keep up his walking as long as he can, troubled with the complaint called Anno Domini, expressed a wish for bad roads in the country that he might escape visitors; then why call?

“From my guest who lived near Howick<sup>1</sup> and goes every year to that neighbourhood I hear about Albert Grey’s future home, etc.

“I am now hearing the hammer working on the dovecot. We have drawn five tons of tiles and pipes, which came from Shropshire, and I urge the men to get the roof, which is shaped like that of the pump house, finished by Thursday. It will be a pretty break in the garden wall: no final orders have been given for the greenhouse. I must wait to see how many pounds over £100 I am to get when the remnant of my Uncle’s personalty has passed through Chancery. I have to wait for the

<sup>1</sup> Earl Grey’s home in Northumberland.



end of that abominable 'Long Vacation' which I hope the next Parliament will abolish.

"I am gratified by your account of Odo Russell.<sup>1</sup> It helps to prove the old theorem that there is no nation so well served by diplomatists as ours.

"Two things oppress me: (1) *iron* is getting so dear that the Yanks are soon to undersell us and we have opened the chapter of decline as the coal pits are failing. (2) The art of destruction is the most prosperous of all arts and we are throwing our precious steel into the sea instead of piercing the mountains with it.

"I have had this week a most refreshing letter from Elliot which I would send you had I not heard him say it was a shame to show men's letters: he is afraid of getting a third class. He says he shall come here after his breakdown to hide himself. He is certain to be a diplomatist, and hates the foreigners too much to look forward to it, but does not care for any other profession. He has to steer as bow oar in his College four this next term, his last race. I hear a crash of a falling bough, they are cutting the old elm I believe, because it shades the road, bad luck. They are clearing off bad boughs which threatened the young walnut tree in the field. The excellent Holland<sup>2</sup> is now playing his 'wood notes wild.' He has a good ear and perfect taste, a harmonious mind as they used to say of Elliot.

"Read Cowper's letters. He lived as I do now, only I suppose he did not use a wheelbarrow. He had nothing to write about but himself. Our writers have fallen, generally, below the level of Cowper, Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats: I think it is Dickens that has brought us down: it is wonder-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Odo Russell, afterwards 1st Lord Amptill.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Henry Scott Holland, later Canon of St. Paul's.



ful that Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot rose so very far above him and his dominant set.

"I have got to such a state that I can hardly ever speak of Walter Scott without the emotion that silences. He is the one Briton that the French have understood and admired and followed duly: observe how Balzac speaks of him; A. de Vigny imitates.

"Point out to your French friends that they condemn themselves as 'limited' when they fail to admire the Duke of Wellington, even C. de Remusat who admires Burke, never mentions Wellington. De Vigny delights in Collingwood, but none of them mentions Cornwallis or Outram or the like.

"*We love their* good men, Catinat and Joubert, for instance (see *Causeries de St. Beuve*). I strongly wish the best French could enlarge their hearts.

"Yesterday we were at dinner talking even proudly of Chanzy, for that he kept up the honour of France in that muddy retreat from the Loire.

"I have seen a Venetian brighten up when I spoke of Manin, and an Austrian, when I spoke of Tegethoff, but I can't remember a Frenchman being pleased at any similar mention of a Frenchman. France delights in being '*femme incomprise*,' so does Yankeeland: this is not even good breeding, much less wisdom. Holland is playing beautifully, poetically."

The reference to Lord Odo Russell was in reply to an account I had given him of a visit to Knowsley<sup>1</sup>—with my father—and to a long and entertaining description by Lord Odo of his meetings with Bismarck at Versailles in 1870 and subsequently in Berlin. In October I returned to Trinity. He wrote:

"I thank you particularly for the book about my old *master*, J. S. Mill. I read it straight away

<sup>1</sup> Lord Derby's home in Lancashire.

in two evenings and thought about it yesterday, in contrast with some sermons (Goulburn, Barry, my Brother, etc.) on the use and abuse of the world. Mill seems to have served the world not less than they, and to have a clearer notion than they have of the advantage of retiring from 'society.' It is a grand account of a man. Only I am sorry when he reviles England for general 'meanness.' He does not show that his French friends are more generous, and certainly their own dissector Balzac shows that they are more 'mean' than we are. The last part of the book about his parliamentary affairs is rather conceited and rather bitter, probably his character fell away when he lost his wife. The book has roused me a good deal and I could write reams about it. It takes me back to the winter of 1846, when I sent out to the shop for the *Logic*, then nearly a new book and a heavy expense for me, and I read it right off with a sense of mental expansion never felt before or since. Of this there is mention, rather mystical, in a certain essay on Liberal education<sup>1</sup> which I think Mill would have smiled upon had he seen it, though on his smile there might have been some satire. When he died, and I was wrath with the *Times*' skit at him, I wrote a few sentences to Frederick Wood about him which I saw fully verified by his autobiography.

"There are three other teachers of my youth to whom I am still apt to turn: Wordsworth, Newman, and Ruskin. It is extremely delightful now to learn that Mill also was converted by Wordsworth. He found no comfort in Byron, who of course teaches people to make pets of their sores and scars. The bit of Byron that you hunted for is called 'To a lady on being asked why I left England in the spring.'

<sup>1</sup> By William Cory.

“It is a glory of our literature that one writer corrects or supplements another. Wordsworth’s *Excursion* is a real antidote to Byronism, and is as good to some of us as Carlsbad to a dyspeptic German. We have, all good literature must have, reflective writings of what is called a morbid strain. Shakespeare’s *Sonnets* are perhaps the most permanently interesting things of that complexion; read them if you never have. Cowper’s *Castaway* is the most genuine pathetic thing of the kind that I know, the most outspoken, but I dare say there is more of it in Heine, whom the German scholars make much of; but then we have a victorious set of writers of the cheerful strain, such as Walter Scott and Curren Bell, who dispel the shadow of death. Our literature is a supreme blessing to us, yet I find in my loneliness still more comfort in the sustained action of our nation: Graham at Malaga shying stones at the assassins, and Baker trampling on the demons of the Equator, and Glover raising recruits on the Gold Coast, and the serene activity of Lord Northbrook, Lord Dufferin, Sir Henry Elliot, and many others; all this is real meat and drink to me. The same principles of justice and prudence can be applied, as I learnt from that wise man Sir H. Taylor, to the smallest parochial affairs.”

For a few days in the October term William Cory was our guest at Cambridge. Pleasant hours were spent in Henry Bradshaw’s<sup>1</sup> rooms at King’s, and among my friends at Trinity. Bradshaw, to William Cory, as to all who were fortunate enough to know him, was the salt of the earth. His unimpassioned affection was the mainstay of many a young and troubled soul, while his learning, so

<sup>1</sup> University Librarian, Fellow of King’s.

universal and modest, inspired us all with the wish to be worthy of his friendship. No Cambridge man was held by William Cory in profounder reverence. I remember well the evening of William Cory's arrival in Nevill's Court. Albert Grey was curled up on the sofa reading *International Law*. Henry Jackson,<sup>1</sup> who had been lecturing us on Aristotle that morning, was playing whist with Ebrington<sup>2</sup> and F. W. Maitland.<sup>3</sup> I was the fourth. Mr. Cory was charmed by Albert, whose first remark was, in allusion to my recent return from Knowsley, "We got him away from that Tory clique to see Ristori play *Medea*."

Mr. Cory made us laugh by saying that nearly every man suffered from three delusions: one, that in some attitude or other he was good-looking; two, that in some remote way he was connected with the peerage; three, that when whistling a tune it would be recognized by the hearer. Albert capped this by asking him if he had heard of the three reasons given by a Yankee for not "liquoring up." One, that his brother died of D.T. and this was the anniversary of his death; two, that he was a total abstainer; three, that he "liquored up" ten minutes ago. Albert Grey's high spirits and enthusiasms were from his boyhood constant factors of his noble character. Without much scholarship he was the delight of scholars. He was equally at home among Dons and Undergraduates, among the "Apostles" or the members of the "True Blue"—a riotous dining club. William Cory loved him from that moment for himself, and for the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Sir Henry Jackson, O.M., K.C.B., of Trinity College.

<sup>2</sup> Now Earl Fortescue.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Professor of Law at Cambridge.

sake of the grandsire, of whom he had written in  
 "IONICA,"

That Earl, who forced his compeers to be just,  
 And wrought in brave old age what youth had planned.

That evening, when alone together, Henry Jackson, discussing our little group of undergraduates, picked out Gerald Balfour<sup>1</sup> and F. W. Maitland as the two most likely to take pre-eminent places in the life of the country. It was not a bad shot, for both Arthur Balfour<sup>2</sup> and his brother Frank<sup>3</sup> had taken their degrees, but he missed Albert Grey, and William Cory, with a Whig bias, and a keener historical nose, bracketed him with the other two. During that short visit, either in Jackson's rooms, or Jebb's<sup>4</sup> or mine, he met the two Balfours, Frederic<sup>5</sup> and Arthur Myers, his old pupil Arthur Lyttelton, S. H.<sup>6</sup> and J. G. Butcher,<sup>7</sup> Hallam Tennyson,<sup>8</sup> Edmund Gurney, and Maitland. They were the pick of a fine lot of Cambridge men, as fine—so he said—as his own contemporaries thirty years before.

After his return to Halsdon he wrote letters full of amusing raillery touched with sentiment, about his visit and my friends, quoting his own lines from  
 "A NEW MICHONNET" which begin,

a stranger to thy peers am I

after which I for some time passed on to him letters from Albert Grey, from Arthur Lyttelton, and

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Gerald Balfour.

<sup>2</sup> The present Earl of Balfour, K.G.

<sup>3</sup> Fellow of Trinity. Killed on the Alps.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Richard Jebb, Professor of Greek, Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>5</sup> Poet and founder of the Society of Psychical Research.

<sup>6</sup> S. H. Butcher, afterwards M.P. for the University of Cambridge.

<sup>7</sup> Sir John Butcher, K.C., M.P.      <sup>8</sup> 2nd Lord Tennyson.



others, until he came to believe that he had found his youth once more.

“The strength of his head and the goodness of his heart shine through the whole,” he quoted, when returning some of Albert’s quips, of which the following<sup>1</sup> is a specimen: “I have been all over the shop lately, criticising the troops and feeling all the patriotism of a true born Englishman as I witnessed the march past, the most glorious sight since Xerxes sat on the rocky brow—an immense natural shaped amphitheatre enclosing a space of two miles wherein the British Force lay massed. The whole of them visible—as well as the thousands and thousands of spectators. I thanked Heaven more than ever we were not connected with any of the dirty criticising Gentiles who had come to see the show. Probably they pronounced it a mere flea bite, but, Heavens, it will be a nasty one for any Army who may chance to scratch it.

“Arthur Lyttelton gave me the substance of a fractional part of your letter which consisted chiefly in abuse of me for not writing. A compliment which I hurl back at you with all the increased vehemence due upon the proportional length of time that has elapsed since our last farewell, unrelieved by one glimpse of that pretty and peculiar crowquill writing.<sup>2</sup> His other communication was more interesting, namely, that the charm of the fair E.H. had failed to oust from your memory the image of one still more fair. But come back at once for the remainder of the Vac. and you will be convinced that a life unshackled by a shadow of restraint such as that of which we had so pleasant a smack at Halsdon, and such as we lead here, is infinitely preferable to a life whose orbit is circumscribed by the inclinations of that ‘Sibell’ who,

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Albert Grey to me.

<sup>2</sup> Of mine.

more charming than an angel, may sometimes have desires that clash with your inclination. In fact Cambridge during the Long is the very best place in the world. It embraces all the advantages that seclusion can offer, that occupation can give, and that society can afford. There is nothing to tempt one out of one's rooms either of an evening, and one's afternoons are always fully occupied. Last night by the bye a little dissipation, sitting down to a rubber of whist as a kind of grace to the week's work—about 11.30 p.m.—H, the Senior Wrangler, was one of the party for whom I made a very strong cup of some excellent tea—tea of which I am looking forward to giving you a cup—a new lot and the best flavour in the world—and the cost of which is about a fiver a cup. The eminent mathematician after drinking with some difficulty  $\frac{1}{2}$  the cup, says about the end of the first rubber, 'I say, Grey, is this tea made of cowslips?' which remark disconcerted me so much that they got the odd trick against the best hand that Albert Grey ever held. Cyril Flower<sup>1</sup> has been up here for 3 or 4 days. They call him 'Flowery Bowery.' He is a nice fellow. Not an atom of malignity and unbounded aplomb. Jebb has a great belief in his capacity and sets him down as one who ought to be the great novelist of the day. His object in coming was to look after brother Herbert who is reading for the 'general.' Did you ever hear a saying reported to emanate from the Master: 'Jebb is a man who devotes the few spare moments he can snatch from the adornment of his person to the mismanagement of his duties.' Bitter and very unjust, don't you think?"

On looking through William Cory's letters written after this visit they seem to me to become more impersonal, more vigorous in tone; with only

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Battersea.

now and then a sad reflective tang. "Be always benevolent to near-sighted people. We are a pitiable set." Here again is a touch of the "NEW MICHONNET." But then he immediately adds, "I am thinking of writing a cheap plain intelligible history of Modern England since 1832 *explaining* all hard words like Parliament." So much politics had been talked in Jackson's rooms through the thickest imaginable haze of tobacco smoke, that William Cory's letters seemed to me overloaded with political topics which hitherto had been only lightly touched upon in his correspondence with me.

"Gladstone is too much of the 'cheap Jack'; he falls far short of the sublime dignity of Mr. Pitt, but he deserves to be the foremost man as long as he keeps up his health and animal spirits. I mourn if good officials like Cardwell, Goschen, and Forster lose their seats: I mourn for Dodson<sup>1</sup> turned out of Sussex.

"It is remarkable that no Tory is brave enough to speak of undoing what has been done about Army Reform, the best, the boldest, I think, of the present Ministry's measures. If I were Disraeli I would say plainly: 'I am not bound to have a policy. A list of novelties. Let Gye and Mapleson<sup>2</sup> advertise rival lists of new Operas. I, the successor of Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, offer only to carry on the Government, to stand up to Gortschakoff and to Bismarck, and I do not admit that I am bound every autumn to invent some new law, nor every time I am beaten in the House to invent some new cry. I will look through all the public offices and improve them. I will appoint good men to *rule* dioceses, colonies, etc. I will regulate taverns and

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Monk Bretton.

<sup>2</sup> Directors, respectively, of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Opera.

support quarter sessions and found new County Colleges, and disfranchise those Peers who shirk committees and debates, and punish election bribery very strictly, and legislate quietly on the reports of Commissions.'

"Whereas he is in the miserable old attitude of the Lord Derby of 1852, putting his feet together and turning out his toes, getting ready 'to bow to the decision of the country,' waiting, even asking, to be squeezed by deputations and public meetings: offering a reward to agitators and bores who will forthwith as soon as he is in office, become much more importunate and menacing. Yet I respect thoroughly the quiet mustering of the virtuous people, the 'nice' people, the people who are afraid of licenses, and the people who wish to maintain the honour of the country abroad; such men of course try to keep out of Parliament a Labouchere. I am struck by the scarcity of young men of fashion among the Candidates and also of Academical men.

"The Enemies, the men whom *we* (that is, men who think as I do) cannot be expected to tolerate, are the haughty Lords, such as Cairns and Salisbury. I anticipate as the chief result of the coming Tory triumph, a violent attack on the House of Lords. Look out for it.

"Good old Munro<sup>1</sup> has sent his beautifully printed version of Gray's Elegy to me as 'the hermit of Halsdon.'

"I tell him, and you may say the same if you have a chance, that my living here does not at all mean indifference to the few good people who have been at Cambridge kind to me; I am always ready to welcome any of them with their friends if they give notice: but it is not for me to ask them *ultro*.

<sup>1</sup> H. A. J. Munro, Professor of Latin at Cambridge.



“Whig principles flourish more than ever and enable me to think quickly on every public event.

“Birds are so hospitably treated here that they take liberties: it would please the poet Courthope; his book<sup>1</sup> is pleasing and creditable, but I soon get tired of it; there is nothing about birds so really poetical as Keats’ *Nightingale*, and Mrs. Browning’s ‘*Sea-mew*,’ ‘*Amadeus*,’<sup>2</sup> being the illustrious and lamented Mackworth-Dolben so far interested me: but it is a very weak imitation of Lycidas and Adonais, and the book, though it had some charm for Sturgis,<sup>3</sup> seems to me despicable, very disappointing: but Popery almost destroys poetry: Englishmen who write good verse as Anglo-Catholics cease to write good verse as Roman Catholics. In our older literature there is no good Papist poet: there is a weak rhymer called Habington, a sort of Waller. What they call Latin sacred poetry is, as far as I know, all low: nothing left to the imagination of the reader. ‘*Autocrat of Breakfast*’ I began at the end and rather liked; years ago I had begun at the beginning and failed: it is remarkable that the clever Americans of the last few years seem to strive after the laconic style—reaction against the garrulity of their popular newspaper writers; but their best writing, I think, is found in their bluebook ‘reports.’ I am not aware that any of them since Webster and Calhoun has been a master of political language. Professor Cairnes is a wise man and I was very glad to read what he had to say on Ireland, but I have forgotten it all, and must look at it again before I send it

<sup>1</sup> “*A Paradise of Birds*.”

<sup>2</sup> “*Amadeus*,” by Lord Braye, an elegy on Digby Mackworth-Dolben, an Eton poet, who died 1867; his poems were published some years later.

<sup>3</sup> Howard Overing Sturgis, an Eton boy; later the author of “*Tim*” and “*Belchamber*.”



back. Perhaps this was the most useful to me of your many loans. Cairnes was my support during the American Civil War. Herbert Spencer seems to write only on children, not on boys and girls; seems to know nothing from observation or experience: as an opponent of Spartan or ascetic education he might have been useful some generations back. Just now I imagine we want writers on education to dwell on the *duty* of being regular and patient in school; going to school should be made much of as a civic duty: one might write a 'civic catechism' beginning with more simple conceptions than that of renouncing the world. Seeley's *Livy* would have suited me last summer when I was reading Latin: I think him a really brilliant man, original and graceful.

"I try to be just to Disraeli. He seems to me a good judge of *men*, and I relish his one political maxim: 'Every live nation must desire territorial extension,' and I doubt not he has the qualities of a 'good fellow,' that combining of reserve with downrightness, that union of fidelity and fastidiousness which makes a man your permanent ally and messmate. I cannot suppose a man, even though he hoists 'the banner of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas,' and talks of custom as more important than law, to be devoid of virtue and English feeling, when I see him trusted as a leader by Christians such as Hardy, doctrinaires such as Derby and Northcote and Carnarvon, and young men probably unspoilt, such as the popular George Hamilton<sup>1</sup> of the Rifle Brigade whom Gib Acland<sup>2</sup> used to talk of.

"Disraeli has done one real tangible service to

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Hamilton, afterwards Secretary of State for India.

<sup>2</sup> Second son of Sir Thomas Acland, M.P.

the country—put a wet blanket on election bribery: any one who imputes a legislative achievement to one man (which is fair enough though not scientific) must give him credit for the abolishing of parliamentary committees on bribery, etc. But apart from any one bit of legislation he has of late done good less tangible: (1) by ‘pruning’ the periods of Gladstone and making him more prudent; (2) by keeping up the pride and hopefulness of the Tories: had they seen no hope of getting back to power, they would have committed themselves to forms of insolence and paradox or ‘retrograding transcendentalism’ and would have fallen into *tricks* of railing and carping. As it is I conceive there are a dozen or a score of intelligent Tories who have in Opposition studied the art of government and are all the more fit for going to school now in Downing Street, and I am glad they are gone there before stiffening into unteachable conceit. It is a solid triumph to a Whig to find all the prognostics of angry frightened Tories, uttered in 1832 and in 1867, utterly falsified. *We* have always trusted the people. We still believe in the art of persuasion and in the sovereign value of electoral responsibility. Fifty years ago *we* believed that England, then strong in recent success, would be far stronger if she contained many more citizens interested in politics. Castlereagh in 1817 was afraid of the people, as you may see in his letters to the Duke when in Paris. Liverpool and Sidmouth governed by coercion, and yet feared riots, for riots were the substitute for voting: it was a touch of their policy, the concession of reform in 1867 to Beales and the grille-breakers of Hyde Park, and that I hope is the last bit of Tory *low* statesmanship that will be seen in my time. We must let people outgrow their old errors; it is not wise to taunt Disraeli

with mistakes made long ago: but I blame him sternly now for his utterly wrong thinking or talking about the recent coercion of Ireland. He sins, when he sneers at the failure of the conciliatory measures. A good man said to me at the time of the Irish Church Bill, when I said it would not conciliate the priests or Fenians, 'no matter, we ought to do our best even if we do not reckon on complete success.' This has ever since seemed to me the wisest and most virtuous thing I ever had taught me. It corresponds to the Pauline doctrine 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

"Another test of their virtue will be their conduct about the Endowed Schools Commission; if they give up all those wasted funds to local-selfish people, they will sin and suffer. Other things I hope they will leave to the Whigs, who will come back (under Forster perhaps), relieved of Bright, Ayrton, and Kimberley, and will go deep into the reform of legal procedure and will smash the attorneys for half a century: an achievement quite beyond Disraeli and his merry men.

"By the bye, I enjoyed *South Sea Bubbles*,<sup>1</sup> the only really good book of all that you were so good as to send."

His letters harp on the political maxims that he had learned from the Whig parents of Eton boys whose homes he visited, and the Whig historians who have coloured our national story. "It is of no use putting a man into high office who is not a gentleman," he writes, a phrase reflecting the doctrine of all Whigs from 1688 to 1832. "I am grateful for your good account of Buxton, and hope he will grow up like his father and grandfather. You are quite right to speak at the Union.

<sup>1</sup> By George, 13th Earl of Pembroke.

“Read Miss Edgeworth’s *Forester* in *Moral Tales*. The really hard thing is to be *grave* and civil too: however, it is all in a nutshell, ‘honour all men.’ That is, as long as possible. People are to be treated not politely but respectfully till they prove unworthy of respect. It is not respectful to use the *ritournelle* of forced laughter or to preface a sentence with a feline grin.

“Taking a historical view of the ‘failure,’ such as it is, of Disraeli, I say that he is in a fair way to a considerable expansion of his one and only organic improvement. He invented the Election Judge, *i.e.*, he started us on the right track in stopping bribery, *i.e.*, by the systematic forming and enforcing of rules through decisions. Now, by adopting Shaftesbury’s plan he is going to get the same thing done analogously for the *mala prohibita* of the Church: if next year or the year after, he and Cairns adopt Lowe’s proposal to give the Church Judge power over criminous clerks, this will be a still further expansion; and all this is exactly in accordance with the closet or doctrinaire views of ‘philosophical jurists.’ The Conservatives are, *ex vi termini*, the party of Order. By adopting Archbishop Tait’s and Lord Shaftesbury’s Bill they establish order, and you see it is just what Gladstone would never have done. It is what many a Whig would have failed to do. Tories can do it, and that with the hearty support of Whigs. It is High Statesmanship. ‘Free Church in Free State’ is a foolish jingle. Free Church means Church exempt from law: where its freedom begins the freedom of the State ceases. Perhaps you don’t know that real axiom, ‘every man’s freedom ends where his neighbour’s freedom begins.’

“I have heard quite lately a new and solid anecdote of the Great Duke, which I will tell you when

you come. In many months I have seen *one* man that could tell me an anecdote.

"I had not heard about Pembroke.<sup>1</sup> I suppose the lady is the daughter of that Lord Talbot whom I remember travelling with in Argyllshire in 1849, a naval man, dead now. I wrote when Pembroke was about thirteen, that is twelve years ago, that he had some originality. Likewise I foresaw that Sidney<sup>2</sup> would be a very fine typical young gentleman. I should like to have the teaching of politics to him.

"I, like you, read Latin; some Ovid, some Tacitus, some Livy, the style refreshes me. Lucretius, having no style, does not suit me. You should try Terence, it is rather like French. I have been giving a young man sense for a college essay on free trade, 'still in the embers glow,' etc.<sup>3</sup>

"Don't let Vernon Harcourt or any one persuade you that International Law is at all important relatively to real Law. Suppose you have a room lined with bookshelves, and sort the branches of knowledge therein, don't allow more than the third shelf of an Eton Bureau to Wheaton, Vernon Harcourt, etc., etc. In the Foreign Office it would take more space, it is a fringe of statecraft.

"You should talk to my friend Frederick Pollock<sup>4</sup> of 12 Bryanston Street about law. He is (probably) the only high philosopher that loves the real English Common Law. He tells me it is (now) superior to Equity—more satisfactory to a philosopher; he is one of the contributors to Pall Mall and Saturday Review and in the S. R. he has just reviewed, very powerfully, Green's edition of Hume.

<sup>1</sup> George, 13th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Sidney Herbert, afterwards 14th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>3</sup> Misquoted, "Ev'n in our ashes live," etc. (Gray's Elegy).

<sup>4</sup> Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., K.C.



"You sent me, though running into debt, Mill's three papers. I thank you and I read them at once and branched out from them into a little thinking and reading. His invective against Nature can be translated into Edward Irving's account of nature as poisoned or dislocated by the primeval curse. Edward Irving writes magnificently about it; I wonder whether Mill ever thought of the possibility of this theological answer. Much of what Mill says about the horrors of Nature is said better, at least more strikingly, in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. There is a defect in his analysis of nature, as we use the word. Nature as Wordsworth treats it is left out. Moreover, Mill should have said that in personifying nature he was only condescending to human weakness and that he did not mean to fall into the error of Realists (cf. Hallam on Pascal).

"The 2nd Essay is not at all exhaustive and I think I shall soon forget it. The 3rd seems to me very strong, very like the Mill of my youth, the Mill that led me captive in 1846. I should like to know what Carlyle says to it. I still think that Calvinism, horrible as it is, is the only strong position for any one to hold against the materialist.

"Perhaps there will be some day people with our sensibility who will be relieved of our aching doubts about reunion with beloved persons. Seneca, Pliny, Quintilian, perhaps Cicero, may have felt as we feel about losing people. I can't tell. Quintilian's lament for his son is about what I feel."

Through the late autumn months he lived his normal lonely life at Halsdon. All his friends were at college or at school. It was only during the "holidays" that he could expect the longed-for visitors. But he walked in the lanes, or drove to petty sessions "giving a lift in the trap to farmers, farmeresses, paupers, and all sorts of folk."

Or he would take flowers, such as lavender, myrtle, and "Chat honeysuckle" to cottagers. "So much for nature," he added, after telling me of these exploits.

"What made you name Arthur Balfour as one who would like to see me?" he asks. "I should think he was too far promoted to look back at all on an old teacher, but he was a good listener once, and I should like to hear him speak or see his writing."

In what he called his "quaint Albert Dürer anchored life," delighting in the sociability and inquisitiveness of his goats, he kept questioning me about old Eton boys grown to manhood, whose names he came across in letters or newspapers. "Stephen Spring Rice is to me very interesting; he had, perhaps has, a fine mind, a modest manner, a soothing voice; do you ever see him?"

And reverting to an older epoch :

"I take great pride in Alfred Thesiger;<sup>1</sup> he too was in boyhood a bit of nature, passionate or highly strung, full of tears, courageous, tasteful. I remember with comfort that I was good to him and took great pains with his excellent elegiacs, though he never was sent up for good. If you ever see him tell him I look every day in the Times for his name and see it very often.

"Please ask your political friends what are the present prospects of Trevelyan.<sup>2</sup> I observe how he abstains from speaking on other topics than that which he has made his own. This is *prima facie* formidable to others, but it may mean laziness or fastidiousness. If he pays due respect to country gentlemen and ladies, I fancy he may be a leading

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Justice Thesiger.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Trevelyan, O.M., M.P., afterwards Irish Secretary.

man when Vernon Harcourt is played out. There is a good opening on the Liberal side for a real gentleman, not a man who pretends to be good humoured, but a man with a really good manner like the tall Whitbread<sup>1</sup> and with steady activity of mind.

"*Sincerity* is worth something in politics, even in the age of Disraeli and Hardy must hold the good will of thousands of good people, whom Harcourt offends. Harcourt has quite overdone his task as an Erastian. Yet I perceive that he has driven a nail into the coffin of Prelacy: the exclusion of Prelates from Parliament will be one of the solid results of the Conservative reaction (as I said last winter) and Harcourt is now the leader of their assailants, as I believe Lord Falkland was in 1640. Bishop Wordsworth is helping on the movement; have you seen his correspondence with the Wesleyan parsons whom he will not call 'Reverend.'

"Ask your relative,<sup>2</sup> is 'Reverend' in any way a legal designation? Can any one prevent any one else from taking it?

"Do you care to see John Coleridge's (C.J.)<sup>3</sup> early poems? I have just found my copy which he gave me when we were literary allies. I wonder what he would pay for the little, very little book; perhaps nearly as much as Thirlwall gives me for a copy of his juvenile productions.

"Lord Hartington will be a Peer too soon, and I can't make out from the papers whether he is industrious or vigilant. How men fail: how many there must be gnawing their thumbs in impatience and finding the years slipping by without their getting a chance. Whereas a man who is primarily a patriot enjoys every year (except such years as

<sup>1</sup> S. Whitbread, M.P.

<sup>2</sup> My father.

<sup>3</sup> Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

61-62 when we went astray in Virginia) the growth of our Empire and influence. I am surprised at seeing 'Imperial' in the Bill of Rights.

"Arthur Coleridge<sup>1</sup> is so far a good guest that he hates Ritualism and Popery, and tells me about the judges. He says your Father will get Cockburn's<sup>2</sup> place if Cockburn dies in the reign of Dizzy. He gives me a woefully bad account of Cockburn. I have become a deliberate, sturdy Republican, and teach the doctrine freely. I read nothing but *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"I write at the bureau in Zoar,<sup>3</sup> which knows your secrets, 6 p.m., just after a hailstorm which came from an orange sky. Mary Coleridge,<sup>4</sup> aged 13, is reading *Waverley* to her mother, a good woman who is sitting by the fire on my lady's chair, while Florence, aged nine, is having tea in Mr. Pitt.<sup>5</sup>

"You are lucky to see Longleat.<sup>6</sup> I suppose, on Fergusson's authority, it is altogether the best of our big houses. I remember Bath<sup>7</sup> having fisticuffs with my manservant in the miserable little 'drang' or passage between Gulliver's and Hale's,<sup>8</sup> then Middleton's.

"I read your letter in the 'Times.' Your protest against making war easy is rightly intended and ought to be reiterated till the Britons understand it. But it was almost wasted on that particular rule; what the Times had said was too well established to want reassertion. It should be

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Duke Coleridge.

<sup>2</sup> Then Chief Justice.

<sup>3</sup> Name of a room he had added to Halsdon.

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of Arthur Duke Coleridge, a poetess and writer.

<sup>5</sup> One of the rooms at Halsdon.

<sup>6</sup> Home of the Marquis of Bath.

<sup>7</sup> 4th Marquis of Bath.

<sup>8</sup> Eton Dames' houses.

directed against, (1) the exemption of private property, (2) the interference of neutrals in looking after the sick and wounded. The only private property that one would try to exempt (and that only in ordinary wars) is that which cannot be replaced, such as a Warwick Castle, or the Wentworth picture of Strafford, or Lord Leicester's sea-dyke, or the Musgrave magic glass. The reason for exempting things is that war is supposed to be a temporary deviation and that our enemies will be friends before the sea-dyke can be rebuilt: thus the Spartans generally spared the *olive trees* of Attica, as the olive does not bear fruit for thirty years, and by that time Sparta might be wanting Athens to come and fight against Thebes. It is on this general ground that one would spare the Louvre or the Pitti; the things inside cannot be replaced. But in a war which is not political nor accidental but the inevitable conclusion of a real vendetta, such as the late American Civil War, it is almost reasonable to take steps beyond the ordinary devastations.

"I did not object to the Northerners choking Charleston Harbour though I should not have liked Nelson to choke Copenhagen or Reval harbour. The interference of Englishmen in ambulances clearly encourages people to go to war, makes it less expense to the government, less horrible to the families of soldiers (besides this, we were after the first throw-off helping the Germans much more than the French, because the Germans were recharged, as winners, with the care of wounded prisoners).

"My friends Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, who worked all through the war at St. Quentin and elsewhere, agree with me in this view. At the time when people were subscribing and I refused, I found one man on my side, Charles Lyttelton.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 8th Viscount Cobham.



“What the Shuffleoffs and Gutsaches are proposing, that ‘occupied’ countries are to be still, is dead against the typical case of national resistance. Spain in 1808-12. I am however glad the Russians take the lead in this discussion. Any discussion of right and wrong is good for Russians. These abominable tricksters who serve Alexander are unconsciously helping towards the break-up of their bureaucratic tyranny. Their horrible conscription is at the same time driving their Crimeans into free lands. On Alexander’s death we shall have a jolly split at the edges of their great land.”

As the year 1874 closed, I told him of the death of a French friend, whose brother fell at Gravelotte, in his teens, and whose memorial ring William Cory had always seen me wearing.

“I wish there was *one* Frenchman or Frenchwoman that I could help,” he replied, “Just to ease my heart of compassion for that sensitive generous race. Do you know there is no word in German for ‘generous,’ which is convenient for Bismarck.”

And the year ended on the following note in answer to a comment of mine on the Irvingite church, and the eloquence of its founder.

“Edward Irving preached about fifty years ago on the parable of the sower and in his Supplementary lecture of that series he inveighs against the poets who worship Nature, shows that it is full of dislocation and atrocities, imputes all this to the wrath of the Creator (calls the earth elsewhere the anger-stricken work of God), goes on to show that redeemed Man has resumed his Lordship over the creatures and that the Church (of Scotland) has restored the earth or healed its wounds. All this is set forth in language so flowing and archaic that at the tenth reading the discourse moves and charms me, and I always wonder that Irving’s

eloquence is forgotten. As to Nature as a soothing healing influence one must read, *straight on end*, Wordsworth's Excursion. No book can sweeten the mind better, after a course of Balzac or Carlyle. Nature in Wordsworth seems to careless readers to mean only atmospheric effects and symphonies of wood, rock, and lane: on looking closer you perceive that the 'music' which 'passes into the face' of 'nature's darling' (Lucy) is 'born' not only 'of murmuring streams' but of children's earnest games, old men's earnest gratitude, Timothy's tears for Ellen, and all those delicate fragrant parts of humanity which unaccountably were not observed by Burns and Cowper, and were left for Wordsworth to reveal.

"Read Keats' fascinating letter about Wordsworth, about 'the chamber of Maidenthought' and the half-open door through which Wordsworth has passed, and Keats thinks he has to pass, leading into a chamber of sorrow, and so to a richer sort of thought. Here you have Keats apart from those who might be mistaken for his brethren, Shelley, etc. Here you have the transition from Wordsworth to Tennyson, Currer Bell, Mathew Arnold, Ruskin, George Eliot, and all the genuine poetical writers of our time and land.

"I cannot prove, but I am inclined to guess that J. S. Mill when he wrote that paper on Nature was specially bored and worried by some pillster and forgot his poetry. Yet he like Jeremy Bentham was highly sentimental.

"Irving, in one of the earlier lectures on the Sower, describes early manhood in contrast with worldly middle age: here he gives in his hasty sketch of ingenuous youth something of an account of what Wordsworth's followers (of whom I am one of the steadiest) mean by nature: last year a girl of eleven

suddenly kissed me when I gave her a birthday present; I call this nature: it is easy to bring it under the Darwin formula, nor does the doctrine of evolution to my mind mar or cramp the poetry: my habit of thought about beauty, youth, 'ardency,' grace and the like seems to me to be entirely compatible with philosophy: I am not bound, if able, to define the Nature which I have rhymed about (as in some old lines called 'A study of boyhood'). I say I do not undertake a definition: but I will venture to say only that my 'nature' excludes the idea of human [including theological] designing or contriving—in another word it is unworldliness: they that are unworldly without ostentatiously weaving for themselves a lot of supernatural gauze are my friends: such is Philip, my gardener; and when I go about with him, though no doubt we design and contrive things, yet Wordsworth would own us as of his company. Do you know Ruskin's splendid passage about Giotto?

"Do you ever meet Lady Maude Parry?<sup>1</sup> She used to seem to me a bit of poetical girlhood when I was at Wilton<sup>2</sup> long ago. Miss Farren<sup>3</sup> likewise. I had a happy journey Westward thinking of her.

"Everard Primrose comes to me this week, and we will talk *war* by the hour."

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the Earl of Pembroke, wife of Sir Hubert Parry.

<sup>2</sup> Home of the Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Nellie Farren of the Gaiety Theatre.

## CHAPTER III

1875-1876

IN January 1875 Albert Grey came again to Halsdon. My notebooks are full of scraps of Plato, of history, of Matthew Arnold, and of maxims taken down on the margins of the books we read with William Cory. "No English village obeys a foreign King," and "Age is for youth a natural priesthood," and "to be a great statesman one must have a capacity for great friendships," and so on.

Albert went from Halsdon to Lord Shaftesbury's house at St. Giles, to pick up his sisters, and William Cory was once more a Niobe. He was suffering from Chat's admission into the Roman Church. "I have never yet been able," he said, "perhaps my own fault, to keep up an old intimacy after my friend turned R.C." He thought it might make less difference in the case of a woman—"for women," he said, "seldom cared much for freedom, fatherland, and the like. But a man who loves the priests more than his country, a man who wishes no good to Italy, a man wheedled and flattered by a Capel, a man tied to clerical aprons, a man habitually reckoning on Purgatory and Penance as a sort of hedging or insuring, such a one I can hardly respect enough for friendship. As long as they are true Englishmen I don't half mind their ritual vagaries: but when caught in the meshes of 'other worldliness' they are too self-conscious, too like lap dogs."

In Chat's case this fierce disappointment, this

vehement misgiving, passed away; he gradually, as time went on, modified his anger at what he looked upon as a betrayal of his teaching; he admitted that "now Chat has gone to the Pope, his mind is at ease: he will be merry, imaginative, not without sentimental sympathies. A correct thinker he never would have been unless delivered from artolatry, and that superstition is as strong in the English Church as in the Roman Church." But he wondered "timidly, whether he will ever write to me again."

A little later he began to explore the possibilities of the future; he found himself considering what was best for Chat "due to his mother, and to Father Christie," and adds that he had written him a dissertation on *Jesuitry* which if he liked he could show to the Fathers. "It won't offend them and may do them good."

When he heard that there was a chance of his friend being taken under the wing of Lord Ripon, as private secretary, he wrote: "The 'Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre' is truly delightful at this stage. It is a curious fulfilment of my special wish and plan for him, that he should fall under the sway of a good high lady. I imagine his walking with Lady Ripon<sup>1</sup> through Fountains Abbey, through paths often trodden by his dead friend." The young convert to Rome had been disowned by his father; but his mother helped him, in so far as she was able, and of her William Cory wrote, "she would almost serve for a Balzac story, a pendant to 'The Lily.'<sup>2</sup> When women are quite rational, we shall lose the Harmony of the two sounds in human nature, and if there are any angels to listen to that harmony, they will be the losers."

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta, Marchioness of Ripon.

<sup>2</sup> Balzac's "Lys dans la Vallée."



Later in the year the old teacher and pupil met once more in London.

"Chat was disappointed yesterday at your not appearing with me when he and I met at Charing Cross. He had a grand, wonderful, Turneresque view of London from Greenwich Hill, where we sat some time hoping in vain for fresh air—dreadful weather. Chat told me a good deal yesterday: *penseroso* more than *allegro*. His face is drawn and is more bony, and his expression changes less freely, but the voice remains. What I should, in the dark, prescribe for him just now, as the sequel of his studies, is a residence in Rome; without it he will not know his Church: it is like studying the Tropics in the Kew series, to study the Great Church in South Kensington. I don't wish him to go to Rome to be rid of his illusions, to be disgusted or the like; quite the reverse, I wish him to become acquainted with the central, permanent, tranquil, aristocratic Catholics of Europe, or rather of that country which is in no maps, the country of those who think less than you or I do of citizenship." And he adds: "He may be driven into the priesthood by stress of domestic troubles. The Priesthood is a very strange thing, it would be hard to explain it to Plato or even to Bacon, as it is now; yet it can be traced with ease from Jerome, just as the popular preacher is the lineal descendant of Chrysostom."

During the winter he complained of being dull but "no one was ever better trained to dulness," nor was he so dull as to fail to read and understand Maine's new book,<sup>1</sup> while he thoroughly enjoyed the Greville Memoirs. Especially he revelled in the picture of Stanley—that Rupert of debate—whom for the first time he seemed to see and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government."

understand as he was in his prime. He found Greville himself as interesting as his memoirs, but blamed Reeve for not omitting certain offensive passages about Queen Adelaide, who was "a thoroughly good woman." "Greville speaks of the splendour of King William's and Queen Adelaide's *private* rooms. I saw them in 1835, and though not used to smartness I remember that I thought them shabby, such as a very ugly black wooden inkstand and a square solid basket for firewood. The only showy thing was the Malachite vase, then just come."

He complained that one of the objections to solitude is that it breeds stinginess and fretfulness about little money matters; and he longed to "publish something that would whisper for me to a few lost friends and a few unknown friends."

He remembered tunes. They were a great solace in his lonely hours, "chiefly good when running through some thought not by them engendered." He kept urging me to throw up my work at Cambridge—I was lecturing in connection with the University Extension movement—for he railed at what he called the prolongation of boyhood, and pressed me to get away from places where "seniors fuddle themselves down to the level of the understanding of their juniors. Your letter is the best you have written me, very wise. Teach your friends to (1) keep our place as the protectors and disinterested friends of the small states of Europe, (2) to train up Greeks for the new State, (3) to get Portugal out of Africa and rule all the way from Perim to Natal, (4) to be civil to Hungarians."

He was anticipating by many years the Cape to Cairo policy of Rhodes. But he prompted me in many phrases that I found telling, when faced by audiences in Whitechapel, and when trying to lift

lectures on political history above the rather dreary level of the text-book. "Suggest," he writes, "to Arthur Balfour or any young politician of unclouded mind to go to Zurich and Appenzel, and then to Norway to study Democracy. It is really absurd that you should all grow up with the *Saturday Review* idea that Democracy means the same as Republic and can only be found in America.

"The best thing I have read for some time is the article in the *Fortnightly* by Cairnes on Spencer. Grey luckily left it behind. I wish you would try to save me a copy of the current number of the *F.R.* in which Cairnes goes on with it; he is something like a philosopher; I heard of him from Paul's<sup>1</sup> very clever friend Asquith.<sup>2</sup> I can't stomach Cairnes' Political Economy: those P.E. men are frogs imitating oxen; all they have to say worth knowing lies in a nutshell; it is just like the four rules of arithmetic, indispensable, but nothing to vaunt.

"What you say about the future Queen of Prussia<sup>3</sup> corresponds with what I guessed or believed, and points to troubles which may perhaps abate the pride of the Bismarckians. Yet they are mainly in the right. They are making what Rossi called 'a compact state.' It can not be done without a good deal of bruising and squeezing: in this case I think there is less wrong doing than in any former case, say the Norman Conquest, the Henry VIII revolution, the Richelieu consolidation of France, the Cavour amalgamation of Italian estates. Great politicians must be judged with great latitude. It is quite certain that Melbourne is one of the few public men we have had who have not had justice done to them. The Queen can no doubt help greatly towards making his claims

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Paul.

<sup>2</sup> The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards the Empress Frederick.

known, and her splendid reliance on *us*, the readers, may perhaps carry her far enough to take the step proposed.

“Mr. Butler<sup>1</sup> of Harrow with children and wife come here after Easter for eleven days, and I hope to get some ‘sursum corda’ talk about politics.

“Certainly do not go to the Carlton or to any political club: no one can be sure of being able to stick to a Party, particularly in a country like ours in which the questions at issue are not questions of first rate importance. It causes a risk of being in a false position, as Gladstone was at the Carlton, Lord Bury at Brooks’. I suppose the Carlton is an election agency. Brooks’ is not. At a time of general election even a lukewarm Tory, or a trimmer, would be out of his element at the Carlton. Yet to give it up involves a pecuniary loss and a good deal more besides.

“There is a paper in the *Revue*, last year, by old Montalivet, Louis Philippe’s friend, about the *Conservative* policy of Casimir Perier in 1831-2. The word with them means ‘highstatesmen,’ supporter of authority; in our country it has not this meaning: it was not till last year, when they set their foot on clerical anarchy, that the ‘Conservatives’ of England took up a strong position as supporters of authority. The Whigs in 1833-4, again in /48, had to do the coercion or resistance to anarchy: the rôle was quite natural. They had always believed in the temporary supreme validity of ministerial (‘crown’) decisions, only of course on the implied understanding that these decisions were to be justified by reasoning *afterwards*, not necessarily beforehand. True Democracy would require the assent of the multitude beforehand. I think, as a general rule, a young man commits himself incon-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Montagu Butler, Head Master of Harrow and afterwards Master of Trinity.



veniently if he proclaims that he is a Conservative: at least in England: he allows himself thereby to be claimed by selfish, lazy, prudish folk. Laziness and scruples are sure to grow up fast enough anyhow. They can take care of themselves. An ardent reformer is pretty sure to become conservative when he marries into a worldly family, when he has encumbrances, when he becomes post-prandial. He will be happier at 40 or at 60 if his mind can fly back to a year of generous impulse and aspiration when he admired a Canning, a Peel, a Manin, a Cavour, a Hampden. 'Youth is the age of admiration,' young men who are called Conservative are often the hearty generous followers of some one who seems to them heroic.

"I can't doubt Pembroke is a Conservative only in that sense; safe enough, if he can keep clear of the insolent men of pleasure and the fastidious men of taste, who sneer at popular movements, but Rosebery is safer. Dr. Arnold in my youth taught me and I never forget, that the whole bias of human weakness goes towards inaction, stagnation, selfishness; therefore one should, at least profess, try to be, an improver, a world-betterer (Cambridge slang of my time).

"A prophet, like Carlyle, has a sort of right to lift up his voice against popular cries of reform, because he can say 'beware lest you be self seekers all the while—beware lest you set up idols and forget the permanent goodness, etc.' But at any time a lover of freedom, say John Milton or John Mill, can with perfect consistency rebuke his liberal comrades and tell them they are going astray.

"It is incomparably satisfactory to me to find that the Frenchmen of this year have got the courage and parliamentary cohesiveness which were missing in 1789-92, instead of being helpless because their



Mirabeau is not respected, they now combine in a solid new product, the revolutionary courage of Gambetta, the simple minded elasticity of Chanzy, the grave, sober, sad fidelity of the best Orleanists. The Whigs of 1688 and Burke would bless them with joy. For the first time there are good Frenchmen really grateful to England. I have wished myself in the midst of a crowd under Manin's statue at Venice.

"A French writer wrote about 'the Conquest of England,' 'my hero is not William or John, or any man, but the Saxon people.' So my children are France and Italy and when Butler comes I will break out in vain babblings."

In the spring he had been asked by Lord Fortescue to Castle Hill to meet Lord and Lady Halifax, whom he loved and admired. But expecting a visit from Montagu Butler, perhaps, as he said, in vain, he reluctantly refused. "As to Castle Hill, what I regret is not seeing Lord and Lady Halifax once more: they have been in a peculiar way good to me, and when I last saw them, when he was in broken health, I was specially welcome. It is part of my slow death not to see or hear of Lady Halifax and her family. Lord Fortescue alone has been able to give me any account of them" and he continues:

"I have been so languid since I last took to bed Easter Monday, that I ought to move somewhere; if I felt sure no one was coming I should perhaps go to Aix-la-Chapelle for the Doctor, not that I really care about being well.

"I don't think I shall care for the wretched old Shelburne,<sup>1</sup> but ought to look at him. If Butler could but have come here it would have revived me. As it is I have been reading good *old* things in

<sup>1</sup> Fitzmaurice's "Life of Lord Shelburne."

Ruskin, besides Kane, Darwin, and A. de Musset. I have been reading a forgotten book in Franklin's Travels; he was a bit of a muff, at least compared with Parry, Kane, and great explorers: I don't wonder he was lost in his 2nd trip: the men with him were, I have heard, superior men; Crozier and Fitzjames. I fear the new party under Nares will give trouble and cost life to their followers and escuers.

"If Albert Grey gets into Parliament tell him to bottle a good many of the hints that he would like to give, and the questions he would like to ask, either in Committee or in the House, but to let out many of his critical remarks to some man ten or twenty years older in the smoking room. Observe how Trevelyan abstains; read in Grote or Plutarch how Pericles, the type of Mr. Pitt, used to send down Ephialtes to make the lesser motions for him in the assembly. Reserve, economy of power, latency, without 'formal affectation of prudence, of course without cowardice, or undue love of popularity, or undue display of teachableness, this is to be aimed at.'"

At this time Lord Ravensworth was dangerously ill, and his death would have opened a door through a Northumbrian constituency for Albert Grey into the House of Commons. But meantime Albert was appointed to accompany the Prince of Wales to India, and William Cory urged me to warn him not to rely solely on Sir Bartle Frere, whom he thought "too soft and sweet," and to get, when in India, into touch with men "with less suavity and more spice and devil in them." And he sent Albert, through me, lists of books to read before starting.

Montagu Butler did not disappoint his host. The atmosphere of Halsdon was lightened. During the next few months he seemed to hunger for news

of old friends and pupils, when not absorbed by politics of the day which have lost all their interest now, or not immersed in books with which I kept him well supplied.

“I notice Pembroke’s not speaking on the Exchequer Bill; he did not agree with Hardy about it. Not surprised at your bad news of him; I wonder whether his brothers and sisters will grieve much; he used to be fond of Sidney and Reginald, but beyond them all was indifference. Though he cared not for me, I was good to him and rather useful and I shall mourn a little for him.

“It does you credit to remember me in the midst of such society as you get.

“You might as well have told me something about Lord Dufferin. I remember him a brilliant little boy called by our Tutor ‘Orator.’ Likewise I want to hear about George Howard,<sup>1</sup> also about John Wodehouse<sup>2</sup> and his announced marriage.

“If you can without obtrusiveness name to Harcourt, and to your Father, Sir Roland Knyvett Wilson, now grinding under Wren for the E.I.C.S., mention him as a Benthamite capable of doing good work with legislators like Fitzjames Stephen; I shall be obliged thereby. The man was once a marvel of literary taste and power, he is now, I think, an Anarcharsis Cloutz in style; but a true lover of truth, a manly wholesome creature. He and Frederick Pollock are to me what the Gracchi were to Cornelia. Wilson was my pupil ten years at least, and I used to walk and talk with his father, a dry sailor philosopher, the only man I ever knew who, being a linguist and a draughtsman, was also an original and correct thinker and a pure patriot.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 9th Earl of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards 2nd Earl of Kimberley.

“Though it hardly shows much on the surface I am firmly persuaded that we still abound in educated patriots. The blessed thing is that our men are just to foreigners all the while, and many of them, especially the academical men, are imaginative besides being just, and enter, like guardian angels, into the very souls of other nations.

“The improvement of the *Times* lately is a phenomenon of great value; think what folly reigned therein fifteen years ago and less than that. Paul’s courage and candour and acuteness and breadth are very remarkable; his friend Asquith, so far as I could see, is quite as good, and should do well at the Bar.

“I have no doubt Lansdowne has the tournure of an aristocratic statesman; but he made a mistake the other day in his censure of Lord Strathnairn. I once advised a debutant in the Commons to abstain altogether from *complimenting* his seniors: it seemed needless to warn him against snubbing them.

“The right line to take for a man of Lansdowne’s age is to work hard at the topic and leave out as far as possible the persons. He is to Morley<sup>1</sup> what a St. Leger horse is to a provincial plater. I am sorry Rosebery is still addicted to badinage; let him fall in love. Pembroke delights me by his hatred of bores and conventionals; it is as refreshing as a breeze to find a young man showing such distaste for the proprieties. I think he has made a mistake in cutting me, he will never get a more honest admirer.

“Camperdown<sup>2</sup> is a man that I would go to if I wanted half a crown. I am sure he has a thoroughly good heart and clear head. Sometimes I get lost as in a vision when I remember all those boys, now

<sup>1</sup> The 3rd Earl of Morley.

<sup>2</sup> The 3rd Earl of Camperdown.

men; most of them prosperous I hope. If there were but a wishing-cap, a cap of darkness to put on that one might listen to them without troubling them for civilities.

"Elliot writes me a delightful account of an English soldier-farmer worshipt by his poor neighbours in Macedonia; and of the starving Phrygians crying out, when is the Queen of England coming to reign over us. This coming the same morning as your mention of the young Italian sets me up; in solitude one's country is sun and moon, wife and child.

"The Italian should read Massey's account of Mr. Pitt's age, Guizot's English Revolution, and Washington, Erskine May, and Macaulay; it is Macaulay's History I believe that guides the Magyar statesmen more than anything.

"I read through the play<sup>1</sup> in one day, and after a little thinking I give you the benefit of my criticism in a form that may beguile the insipidity of London talk about it.

### QUEEN MARY

"The obvious question is—do we find the play a real play, fit to be acted?

"To this question I answer yes. It is sufficiently lively for the stage, it is swift, but not too swift for an attentive spectator; there are frequent jerks and jolts, and the gaps between scenes as well as between acts are painful to one who thinks a play ought to obey the classical unities, still it would keep one's interest and it would give one a fair amount of strong impressions. I read it without a tear or a tingling (the fourth reading of Gareth affects me much more); as compared with a really good play

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson's "Queen Mary."



such as Marion Delorme or Hernani or Tour de Nesle, it is unsatisfactory; compared with Philip Van Artevelde or Julius Caesar, it is uninteresting; compared with Bothwell, interesting.

"It has enough spectacle, enough stage business, enough declamation, enough to bring out the powers of such an actress as Kate Terry was. Yet on the whole I conclude that I would not go to see it acted. If it were a first-rate tragedy it would I think make a good opera, and I cannot think of it as set to music. N.B. This test is not, to my knowledge, applied by critics, but I submit that it is a fair test: I believe the best Greek tragedies would make tragic operas: so would Vergil's Dido, the one splendid subject left out by the composers hitherto. Giving up as unattainable luxuries in a historical play the unities of time and place, one may still ask for unity of action. As in a trial one asks for the issue, so in a drama one asks for the main result, the upshot of the action. In this play what is it that we are kept waiting for—either hoping or fearing? In Macbeth we look out for the frustration of the ambitious scheme. In Cymbeline we look out for the clearing of Imogen's fame—and so on.

"In Queen Mary I suppose no one cares for her being punished by disappointment in matrimony for her cruelties; on the other hand hardly any one can all through the play keep up the feeling of generous compassion, as one does in that splendid prose drama, Scott's Abbot.

"In fact Queen Mary Tudor is such a bit of morbid anatomy that not even this great poet can make her a heroine or an object of romantic pity like Queen Mary Stuart, or Marie Antoinette. If Tennyson means one to feel for Mary he fails on the whole, though here and there he succeeds: and certainly it is wonderful how near he gets to success.

“Beforehand I should have vehemently dissuaded him from trying such a subject at all. Her hysterical longings are almost nasty. The Brighton poisoning woman Edmonds is about as repulsive. A woman within a few years of the time of sterility craving for a child and then going into cruelty after the illusion is dispelled is not to be made attractive even by the best poetry.

“What makes the case worse is that Philip is such a mean chétif man, not even redeemed from vileness by being the champion of a cause: it would have been better had the writer brought on the stage some high Spaniard to do honour to the Catholic cause and the Imperial.

“The really interesting person of that time is Philip’s father; and but for the necessity of sticking to history (enforced I suppose on Tennyson by Swinburne’s extraordinary historical correctness in *Bothwell*) it would have ennobled the drama to bring Charles V to bear on Mary’s fortunes; even a message from him indicating his own beautiful unwillingness to persevere in fighting against a nation’s creed would have been refreshing; in default of that or the like I think more might have been made of the cosmopolite Reginald Pole as a set off to the Englishman: of course history forbids anything more than what the poet has done for Pole; so much the worse for the drama. A great play ought to have some fine character in it, some one that we can admire. In this play I look in vain for such a person; the only man I care about at all is Lord William Howard, though I acknowledge immense cleverness in all that is written about Wyatt, Paget, Cranmer; yet the only passage that I care to read aloud as a bit of moral trumpet music is Howard’s praise of Ridley and Latimer.

“Splendid skill is shown in the exhibition by unforced touches of the homely people under and behind the smart rulers and the distinguished victims; all the better because, besides the poor and the stupid folk, there is the flower and type of the nation, Elizabeth, so represented as to give one encouragement and repose in the midst of all the degrading pains.

“I doubt whether I shall ever read the play again, because no glories of dialogue and description can console me for the shamefulness of our submitting to be burnt for fictitious offences by fiendish priests, all along of some uterine malady.

“I ought, before, to have admitted that the bloody miscreant is by Tennyson made as pure as any art can make her by her pious vindictiveness on her mother’s account, a tolerably wholesome fountain of criminality.”

In the spring of 1876 I had come to a decision that William Cory wholly disapproved. I gave up studying the Law, and settled down in my Cambridge rooms, going twice to the East of London to lecture in connection with the University Extension movement, in which my Cambridge friends, especially Frank and Gerald Balfour, were interested.

The leading spirit of this movement in Cambridge was Professor James Stuart,<sup>1</sup> whose rooms were next to mine in Nevile’s Court. I had also been given a commission in the Militia, through the good offices of Henry Manners,<sup>2</sup> and had been out for our annual training. The following letter shows the trend of William Cory’s mind in connection with the letters I wrote to him during the months that followed.

“About the Army, none of the debates or articles

<sup>1</sup> Professor James Stuart, M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Now 8th Duke of Rutland, K.G.

tell me that the Reserve men are as firmly tied to their battalions as are your Militia reserve men to theirs. It remains to be seen: but I sadly fear they will escape altogether when wanted.

“The progress of the Militia is of very great importance and gives me comfort. Yet I think it a mistake not to fasten each Militia battalion on, as a real integrate part of a regiment, to its county corps. The brigade Depot does not seem likely to effect cohesion. However, the Militia is becoming a great *county volunteer* force, only in becoming fashionable it is also becoming extravagant: my poor nephew, who has to count his shillings, has to join with the few officers of his Devon Artillery in giving Inspection lunches to 100 people. I suppose almost all your fellows would go without hesitating to fight an invader in Ireland. How many would go to defend Antwerp? A fair lot, I think: if Belgium were worried by a Mentschikoff long enough for the thing to get through the common papers into pothouse talks, as the sufferings of the Turks did in /53 and the wrongs of the Spaniards in 1808, we should get myriads of lads for the war beyond sea, but the plain fact stares me in the face—that Moltke may be before and almost round Antwerp, with torpedoes up the Scheldt, before Hardy has embodied the 1,300 stocking weavers with whom you drill.

“I shall be obliged to you if you would point out to the croakers that in time of peace we must not expect young men who like real employment with progress and increase of pay as they rise in skilled labour. We can hardly expect any but *idle* men to go into the regular infantry. But that in a war of any duration which cut up our trade, we should find swarms of artisans, miners, seamen, clerks, wanting pay, and seeing in the army easy



open paths to honour and emolument. All right if the war lasts a year or two, but not if we are to be content with those who mobilize in a fortnight and dictate a treaty after two months. However, there ought to be no war on political grounds without a hearty hatred or indignation to stir up the common people.

"I think of buying French Rentes, partly out of love of France ; great and increasing is the charm thereof. I am reading Lear: plenty of wasted poetry in it; the initial absurdity of Lear's quarrelling with Cordelia and spooning the two hypocrites, makes it as ridiculous a play as I wish to read. I have no doubt that Shakespeare was often hard up for a plot, and would shudder now at the praise bestowed on two thirds of his plays, *as plays*.

"I find Macbeth full of good stage business. Splendid contrast of two characters. Yet it creates in me no pity, no indignation, a great deal of it is no better than one would find in Ford and Fletcher ; on the whole it is very powerful and wants a good deal of rewriting. He was a very clever man and if he came to life he would quiz his devotees, and admire Tennyson and Victor Hugo. Yesterday the Torridge in the curve above Brightley at sunset seen from Lalage<sup>1</sup> was more beautiful than the Thames; it is a treat to row on a weedless stream.

"It is very good of you to look after me so constantly. When you came yesterday I was probably searching for Lancaster Gate, an hour's walk from Regent Circus. It appears that London authorities think it rational to call a hundred big houses a gate. I spent four hours in a house of 'light and sweetness'—F. Pollock's. I think his wife perfect and admirable. I went thence by myself to Figaro and enjoyed the music, in spite of the *horrors* of the

<sup>1</sup> The name of his boat on the Torridge.



amphitheatre stalls front row, and the disgusting barbarism of the English people of that level. I shall go again to-night for Lohengrin, and sit among the hindmost and just listen; I met Francis Grey, Albert's uncle, lately, and found him unable to hold his tongue, overcome, almost crazed with love of Lohengrin. Albert himself accosted me close to his palace when I was with Doddy Johnston and was very friendly and as conversational as the roar of cabs permitted.

"I had a very calm rational interview with Tiny and a touching account of dear old Ranfurly's<sup>1</sup> death.

"I have been very lucky in meeting people; unlucky only in not being able to go to Powderham,<sup>2</sup> where I was asked 'to meet the Judges.' A very great honour for me.

"I went to breakfast with my 'member,'<sup>3</sup> and gave him a lot of new notions about his own topic, agricultural holdings, etc. When I went he said at the door—'You should have seen my daughter's face looking at you for the sake of Gib.'<sup>4</sup> It is satisfactory to know that rich people in London retain so much fidelity and sensibility.

"I got off the wedding and pleased the pretty bride with a trinket bought at Phillips; ruinous. I go to Oxford next Thursday (after the Albert Hall concert) partly to get a nephew established there. I was forced by the Mouse and Charles Wood<sup>5</sup> and their parents to go to Hickleton once more, August 9, on the way to Cheshire. There is no one after all like them for me. They were my real

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Ranfurly, died 1875 in Abyssinia.

<sup>2</sup> Home of the Earl of Devon.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Thomas Dyke Acland.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Thomas Dyke Acland's second son.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards 2nd Viscount Halifax.

friends long ago, the people that gave me a little life after the failure of my first ten years of manhood. Charles Wood took me for a long walk on Thursday and we thoroughly explored Lambeth Palace. I thought of him and you at the Prince's<sup>1</sup> ball last night as I cabbied by it just before midnight.

"I think it is a pity you give up Law: your Father must be disappointed. A grounding in Law seems to me the best thing attainable for young men, and Balzac is probably right in saying that no one ever does much ultimately who has not, between twenty and thirty, made a serious and persevering study of something. See how trumpery and shallow the ordinary clergymen are at 40, and the schoolmasters too.

"Your letter written in the train does you great honour. You will find it fatal to the brain to write in the train, which is a lame rhyme. I cannot think you wise in going again to Cambridge. You should go to Gully.<sup>2</sup> What you have been doing lately would answer better, perhaps quite well, if you were in the Foreign Office or in Parliament; but it will by no means do as a substitute for the methodical study of law.

"When you come here, please to bring with you all those French books for which my mouth waters, as many volumes as you can borrow of Foss' lives of Judges: I crave for full knowledge of what Mansfield and Eldon did.

"The charming thing would be a history of English Law showing in detail the secular struggle between chicane and liberal justice. Please to get the Guards increased; add one battalion to Fusiliers, one to Coldstream, add an Irish regiment, to be

<sup>1</sup> First Marlborough House.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and Viscount Selby.

slowly raised to three battalions; add a Canada regiment.

"Get that dull man Derby<sup>1</sup> to be civil to Lesseps: get the Queen to invite Lesseps to dinner; get her statue put up at Port Said, get our people to subscribe to his noble scheme for restoring the Gulf of Cabes (both near the Syrtis, North East of Algiers).

"Derby has no right to say that we don't mean anything political. Disraeli knows us better."

During the summer and autumn I saw little of William Cory, but he wrote constantly to me to the Isle of Harris<sup>2</sup> where I spent a couple of months, and later to France and Switzerland, where I lived some weeks in company with Prince Gortschakoff, the ex-Russian Chancellor, his sons and nieces.

I was working at the time on a series of articles on Cavour, inspired by a young Italian, Capelli,<sup>3</sup> a friend of my father's, one of a family long attached to the founders of the Italian *irredenta* movement.

William Cory's letters were written from Halsdon and from Castle Hill, the home of Lord Fortescue. The Whig leaven was working in many of us, and I was finally free from the "Tory clique" from which Albert Grey had prided himself upon extricating me a year before.

"Quarterly Review on Tennyson is despicable and exasperating. May I lend your Azeglio<sup>4</sup> to Pollock, he is getting up the Charles Albert period to criticize and expose an Ultramontane, O'Cleary's, book. I am sitting alone at the bureau, at which you used to write, in the West room, which hears

<sup>1</sup> 15th Earl of Derby, Foreign Secretary.

<sup>2</sup> At Fincastle, then rented by the Marquis of Ripon.

<sup>3</sup> Il Marchese Capelli, Secretary of Embassy.

<sup>4</sup> "Vita del Marchese Azeglio."

the wind. This morning I was copying rhymes (not mine) and picking roses and tying up a luncheon-box with a very old white ribbon taken from a long hoarded royal bridal favour, now cut up by my republican penknife: and I was taking my lady friend for the last time to see Philip, whom she calls a sweet old man, simple as a child; I gave her my last jar of this year's honey; one day she packed a box of flowers for some poor lady left behind in the ladies' hospital in Marylebone. Yesterday she walked back from church partly by the side of a beautiful little girl, who rode the donkey for a treat. The little girl comes again tomorrow to ride again and to sit in the boat: unluckily (as the French say) she has an ugly little sister and a hoydenish mother, both inevitable accompaniments: she is the fifth or sixth that I have fallen in love with during the six weeks since I left London: one was aged 12, whom I invented as an actress, discovering in her a grain of Farren fun, and the discovery, verified in Charades, gave great joy to her mother, aged about 35, a very complete widow, who made us laugh violently by saying she weighed eleven stone and a half; mother and daughter together were most cheerful company, though devoid of sentiment. I have gone through the gamut of talk, ending with the Frederick Pollocks: they above all put me on my mettle: she, without flattery or over-penetrative inquisition, explored all my little strata and conglomerates of experience and reflection: actually wanted to read, and did read, things I had written: also she had the truly rational wish to know her wise husband's boyhood through me, and he took a dry shy interest in the enquiry, and remembered a good deal of his five Eton years, apparently perfect contentment: but besides these personal matters we really went

far and deep into almost all the topics that interest philosophers, critics, and politicians. This may seem a gross exaggeration, but at all events it was a decameron of trio discussions without polemics and we were happy in the use of our minds and tongues.

"We rowed in Lalage, visited Torrington; they sat two hours listening to petty sessions with great interest, and approved of our acquittal of two poor Dolton girls charged with larceny. We went to Hatherleigh and caught the view cleverly just before rain. Every night *they* went out on the lawn to see the stars: they delighted in the place: in the forenoons they corrected the proofs of their book 'Contrasts in Law and Equity.' Pollock is so well trimmed in intellect that he takes a sufficient, nicely graduated interest, even in the details of criminal law: he knows (he says) no history, and in fact there are great gaps in his information: but he has the bird's eye view that holds Darwin, Savigny, Spinoza, Bentham, Clifford, Balfour Stewart, Huxley, Lindley (his teacher) in right adjustment and co-ordination. In reviewing a Popish account of the recent changes in Italy, he made good use of your Azeglio, which he has left here."

"When I was away I read one very important book, 'Memoirs of Sir John Reresby'; Bob Lowe<sup>1</sup> came to the house full of it: he was not aware that the book was quoted often by Macaulay. Bob was almost a pessimist about the House of Commons: this arises, I suppose, from his self-esteem and from the approach of old age. He was very much pleased, justly, with his skill in unravelling the Foreign Loan swindle: I will tell you about it some day: it struck Pollock forcibly.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke.



“N.B. I did not attempt to make acquaintance with Bob. I was terribly pressed to stay longer at Hickleton, partly to help to amuse him, but I kept my engagement elsewhere, and saw Bob only one evening and morning: he is quite what I knew he must be, very hardheaded and active-minded and open: and going to good houses seems to have cured him of any oppressive ferocity that there may have been in him. He spoke very eulogistically of two men only: Duke of Somerset and Northcote: in the second case he is returning blessing for banning, *i.e.*, a year ago Northcote hated him, but perhaps loves him now: so placable are English politicians.

“What is all this to me, compared with the altogether surprising affection bestowed on me in that house: the dearest of all houses. Lady Halifax spoke very heartily of her nephew Albert,<sup>1</sup> and I gave her a very good account of him. I told her, thinking that she would care more than she did, about the Queen's letter, which I had lately read, addressed *through* Dean Wellesley to Mrs. Monsell, widow of Dr. Monsell, whom she valued as a preacher. In it she expressed in the most simple plaintive way her craving for friends and human comfort: odd, sad, quaint.

“It is not good for anyone to be made so much of as Kings and Queens are. It seems hardly possible to escape the bad effects of that kind of training.

“Frederick Wood has grown under my eyes from childhood to full manhood without a moment's break of continuity: mere expansion and fructifying. His mind is in beautiful order, a fair product of education and of inheritance.

Your sage and highly wrought letter from

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 4th Earl Grey.

Vevey came this morning and made me wish to learn more about Greece. Did you see the article on Greece by Emile Burnouf in the *Revue* 1st September? He takes a cheerful view of the little kingdom. It looks as if King George were tied to Athens, not allowed to visit his friends; perhaps they are afraid he will never come back if once out of Athens. I wonder whether his court is at all useful in keeping up a standard of taste and dignified generosity. Of course a President's court would do as well; the really necessary thing is either a dear true lady like Elizabeth of Austria, or a young man of fine manner and loftiness and grace; I have a notion that Eugene Beauharnais was such a prince; please get me information about him and his portrait.

“Likewise I want portraits of Mirabeau (fils), of Lally-Tollendal, and of Barnave; cheap photos from old prints. Attend specially in Paris to 17th century portraits by and after that high-souled grave artist Philippe de Champagne. There is a good little notice of his works in Victor Cousin's treatise on ‘the beautiful.’

“Read and bring home Joseph de Maistre's ‘*Soirées de St. Petersbourg*’; ages ago I was told to read it, by Maine; also Benjamin Constant's ‘*Adolphe*,’ the book so much honoured by Balzac; also a French translation of ‘*Sorrows of Werther*’; I have been maintaining that Goethe would have been just as good had he written in French. Frederick Pollock adores Faust, and gives up Wilhelm Meister to scorn.

“When you come here bring German dictionary and grammar, and let us try to read Faust. When I was 21 I was taken through part of it by Armytage of Trinity, in requital of the Greek and Latin I taught him, which helped him to get his Fellow-

ship. I wish to be candid and teachable even about German literature. Likewise to satisfy Cornish<sup>1</sup> I am going through a lot of Shakespeare and I wish you to ask About or any clever Frenchman whether he admires Lear, Macbeth, Twelfth Night, or any of the Histories. I am of the same opinion as ever, that he did his best, did all he could, and beat mankind in the Tempest.

"The German Franz Horn gives an account of Caliban cursing Prospero which really might be, and polemically ought to be, used in a newspaper to describe the Pope and the Syllabus.

"Be very good to the French and explain to them that we English people are their best friends. I wish to know all about Gambetta; your story<sup>2</sup> about his poitrinaires is not much.

"Charles Wood told me this which I shall forget if I don't write it down. A lady of certain age says to him 'I was in a coach, upset; there we were in a heap with everyone's feet round everyone's neck, wedged in. I lay still; I saw my footman standing not far off: I called to him "Frederick, pull me out, the black legs are mine."' Teach the French people that Shirley is the book of books.

"Just now there are wise Pollocks and others looking for cabs in the Strand, and considering what neat epigrammatic phrase they shall employ at tea to-morrow about Irving's Macbeth: I am becoming too timid to scoff, but there was a time when I should have scoffed at the fuss made about Macbeth. As it is I content myself with saying it is a Porte St. Martin play. One of the few plays I have heard (can hardly have seen) which stick in my

<sup>1</sup> F. Warre Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, 1893-1916.

<sup>2</sup> Gambetta said of doctrinaires, that they were thus called because "il n'ont pas de doctrines, comme on appelle poitrinaires ceux qui n'ont pas de poitrines."

heart is Rip Van Winkle;<sup>1</sup> the Pharisees would scoff if I were to say, what I feel, that it is a pendant to the incomparable *Tempest*, diablerie employed to chastise sin and purge the heart. It was before your time.

“There was a very clever young Oxford philosopher at Eggesford, Smith, fellow of Trinity: teaching Lymington.<sup>2</sup> One day he joined very effectively and wisely in my talk with Jock to whom at his wish I was explaining our old socialism of 1848-50. Smith heartily backed up, and elucidated my advocacy of the leading idea, and almost fanned into a flicker the embers of that romance. They got a very grand courageous training in the Oxford philosophy school: this Smith, Asquith, and Paul are my evidence and they have now what we used to have and the typical Oxford men had not, a capital habit of facing one another and placing opinions front to front and having it out fairly, what I used to call ‘comparing notes.’

“I have read Lord Houghton’s *Monographs*: in that elaborate and hardly honest book there was one thing truly taking, Lady Duff Gordon’s account of her visits to Heine. Since I came home I have been reading Heine’s scraps, prose; full of bitter wit, not much else; as a Jew he interests me, not much as a German. I wish I had a set of good French translations of German books. Ever since I found Ouida charming in French (*Deux petits sabots*) I fancy French would make me relish even the sorrows of Werther or Goethe’s epigrams, or his *Elective Affinities*.

“The German language ought to be abolished as a written language, bequeathing a few score words to the English tongue.

<sup>1</sup> Jefferson’s play.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards 6th Earl of Portsmouth.

“What is the name, and what are the details about the Trinity College musician Stanford?<sup>1</sup> He has been at Leipzig with Arthur Coleridge, who writes to say, only I don't know whether to believe him, that this Stanford is much struck with my suggestion of Marie Antoinette as a subject for tragic opera, wants me to write a libretto for him. It seems this Stanford is making songs or other music for ‘Queen Mary’ and wishes for an opera subject. Don't spoil his game by telling any other *composer* about Marie Antoinette; but if there is a young poet, say Myers, that cares to write the poetry for him by all means let him, for I am far too stupid and sleepy after my digging. When I get talking I am sometimes mistaken for an intelligent person, but I cannot here at home keep my head fixed long on a thing, and I miss the odd stimulant given to the head by reaction against clericality and sermons.

“I was rather alarmed by two sealed letters at once; I thank you for the photos and owe you probably 4/- for them; Eugene Beauharnais is the one most new to me and most pleasing; I believe he was a good man; I doubt whether I asked for Camille Desmoulins, the sight of him now reminds me of Rabagas in which play he is a revenant with the queerest theatrical effect I know. The man that interests me and of whom I wish to know more is Lally-Tollendal; if I could write my play he would be in it.

“Have you read ‘Miss Rovel’ by Victor Cherbuliez? it came out in the *Revue* last year and I luckily put it off till last week when I read it straight on end with true joy and admiring. I had a guest here at the time to whom I could hardly

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Mus.Doc., Professor of Music at Cambridge.



speaking for the book's sake. For the last three days I find my head running, as on a tune, on these few words: 'Je meurs en regrettant ma sœur Alex Simon, et ma bien aimée Annie Rowan,' written by a young French sailor and put in a bottle with English farewells; I keep on wishing to hear of Annie Rowan and it is a delicious name, and a Frenchman in love with a Scottish maid is quite a hero of romance.

"I should not wonder if the dissimilitude became a charm in France as it has, since Waverley, become a charm in Scotland for the English, the substantial sympathy between the English and French nations being nearly as close as that between England and Scotland. One gets 'harmony' thus, and it may be said that this is the great advantage of studying a foreign—say Greek or Jewish—literature; for distance in time does just as well, or nearly as well, as diversity of contemporary nations, to give the musical interval and consonance.

"It is curious in Waverley that Scott begins his career by making so very much use of the French tincture; the Baron, Fergus, and Flora all have it; he seems to have felt that it gave a glamour to what would be too hard and homely.

"I pass no day without something that interests me: but it is not always easy to find anything that can be expected to interest another; in lonely life it is hard to judge whether this or that observation will interest anyone at a distance. However, one thing has happened. Elliot has been here; on a Sunday morning the bold Griffiths said with a little chuckle when he called me, 'Mr. Elliot has come.' Utterly without notice; mail train; got out at Eggesford, sent his bag by the mail cart, did not think of getting into it, walked, four hours in the dark mostly, and in a half storm; lost his way.

That day we sat in and talked. I found my notions rapidly crystallizing as I dropt them into his sound mind ; I formulated several bits of politics off-hand, new to myself ; this is the great privilege I have still. What I used to enjoy as a teacher, the sudden originating of things whilst talking ; to do this is the one thing that compensates for great privations.

“ Elliot was still sadly ignorant of what he knows he ought to learn ; real modern history ; how things came to be as they are since 1814 ; I taught him a little, but it is clear he is not taught in Pera or in the Foreign Office.

“ Do you know the portrait of Walter Scott in my copy of St. Ronan's Well ? It is beyond compare charming ; when I look at it I seem to see either my Father or myself as I *should* have been.”

Castle Hill, North Devon.

“ Just trying to read Lanfrey's Napoleon, a book I find in the bedroom, amongst Lord Ebrington's<sup>1</sup> prizes ; another book here is Ruskin's Lectures at Oxford, which are nauseous, rigmarole, stilted, forced, obscure, purposeless, so far as I can get. Bunsen's Life I tried ; I learnt from it that that eminent man, the prince of the softheads, died in four languages : his ejaculations and valedictory gasps were Latin, English, French, and Prussian. What we used to call attitudinizing. Likewise I find from Mendelssohn's letters that Goethe valued his own MS. of Faust, as much as Sugden his will, and gave away scraps of it as relics : also that he went on at everything, saying ‘ ganz stupend ’ which is a bit of language hardly resembling the pearl that should fall from the mouth of a worshipt artist.

“ I have read also a heap of elegant cinquecento

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 4th Earl Fortescue.

Latin verse, beloved by Lord Grenville, who gave it with a longish inscription to his nephew: but my Lord is no safer a Latinist than the overpraised W. S. Landor, as I gather (partly) from one of his proposed corrections. I read this desperately, by the only accessible hearth, this forenoon, waiting for a woman to cease chattering; at last I resorted to copying with a pencil into a notebook a lot of lovely Italian out of a book which I must try to get: published anonymously by Murray in 1827. *Select Italian Sonnets with translations*, dedicated to Mathias, a gem of a book.

“I have been looking over the sacred poll-books of his Father’s county contests, to see how my Father and Grandfather voted, as I do, for the Acland. But for two short days at Eggesford I was in a different sort of life. It supplies me with a touch of sentiment and it warms up my vocabulary: there only I get almost eloquent. We talk of the distribution of wealth, the community of sufferings, and the sublime hopes of Gauvain.

“We had, four of us, at table, a model debate on the grand, never wearisome, question, of the equality of the sexes. Jock<sup>1</sup> the Eton boy, listening and knowing, but too shy to state Comte’s view about it: he is a very interesting lad; there is the knight errantry of his uncle Auberon<sup>2</sup> in him, I fancy, and when that is tempered by the mellow doctrinaire considerateness of Carnarvon, it makes, will make, a fine compound.

“On the whole my five days’ excursion may be thought profitable, and I wanted my flues cleaned. I mean the house flues, not my mind’s pipes: it is a plain truth that I am not too modest to write

<sup>1</sup> Hon. J. Wallop, now 7th Earl of Portsmouth.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Auberon Herbert, M.P., brother of the 4th Earl of Carnarvon.

down, that in comparing notes with the people I meet, I am more the teacher than the learner just at present, owing to the very bad luck of not meeting Sidgwicks or Cliffords. Since the Pollocks no one has helped me intellectually."

"At Castle Hill it was very delicate nice work for me to go over with my Host the great politics and social topics of our youth, for the instruction of Charles Acland, who really wished to learn from us: it would take twenty pages to report it. I got a sort of posthumous notion of what the Whigs were in the Melbourne Russell time. Of course I have skimmed the subject with Lord Halifax, but Lord Fortescue was much younger than Lord Halifax—only about five years older than I am; he was reared in the high Whig school, escaping nevertheless the narrow rigidity of those older Whigs, who were almost bigotted to 'Laissez faire.' He blundered over his reminiscences of Carlyle and Mill, but was teachable: he is good and of the true breed, the liberal aristocracy, whose principles and *inherited* generosity counteract the personal twist. Nevertheless, I had to exert myself to make him charitable in his views: his clever daughter Susan listened silently and was amused. Charles at Harrow is a jolly animal, with a good mouth and a neat little way of nodding and smiling and speaking low, very fond of hunting: John<sup>1</sup> in the Sixth Form<sup>2</sup> seems very good, high-bred, intelligent, likely to be a first-rate Cambridge Athenæum<sup>3</sup> lad. Did you ever hear how Sir Charles Bagot, cousin to the Duke, said 'I like three hours

<sup>1</sup> Hon. John Fortescue, Librarian at Windsor, author of "The History of the British Army."

<sup>2</sup> At Harrow.

<sup>3</sup> The Athenæum is a well-known undergraduate Cambridge Club.

for dressing, but I can if necessary huddle on my things in an hour and a half.' This made me laugh, which is a treat.

"The basis of Whiggery or high-statesmanship, as against despotism and also against management by phobies (either Tory phobies or popular phobies) is that which is said to have been the lifelong idea of the late Charles de Remusat, 'faith in human reason.'

"I once heard one of the most hide-bound, attorney-minded Tories say 'you can get on perfectly well with them' (no matter who) 'if you explain to them the reasons why you order a thing.' That was acceptable wisdom, and I took it from odious lips, as I would have taken it from Manin or any other high saint.

"The Whig says: 'You my adversaries are in a majority now. If I were an ultra-democrat, a counter of noses, I should submit to you as having a transcendental, sometimes called Divine, right: if I were a red cap I should buy dynamite and blow you up: if I were a Tory I should go to church or to bed: as it is I go to work to turn your majority into a minority. I shall do it by reasoning, and by attractive virtue.'"

### *Melbourne and Althorp*

"I have not looked to any book nor asked anyone about your question. The general truth about it is that Althorp was a plain squire, who said 'Thank Heaven I can never be Prime Minister, for I can't talk French.' Lord Halifax told me this and I dare say it is in print. Melbourne was the only hard and cool-headed man available: he was not *afraid*. He was felt to be far cleverer than John Russell, who as late as 1842 was (esoterically) acknowledged by the Whigs to be not



strong enough to be their leader. Melbourne had done *work*: Lansdowne had not. (You may say better a poco-curante than a dilettante for Minister.) Duncannon was thought able: Query, were his connections so strong? Lord Durham was the heir-presumptive to Lord Grey, and he was abhorred by Lord Grey's son-in-law and others: in fact Melbourne was the man to snub him or shelve him. Palmerston was a recent convert from Toryism and had not the necessary character. Grant (Glenelg) was the cleverest of the lot, but he was sleepy. A party which had to keep Brougham at arm's length required a very unimaginate or cool leader. A party which had to conciliate O'Connell required a somewhat unscrupulous or Talleyrandic Epicurean. Do you know Melbourne used to leave his private or confidential letters for his private secretary to seal: they might have been read by servants freely. Lord Fortescue told this in my hearing long ago.

"I read Bagehot long ago and have him here; very ingenious and useful I thought at the time, but I have forgotten it all.

"I have read *Adolphe*: I wish to know whether Benjamin Constant owned that it was begotten by 'Sorrows of Werther'; anyhow it is manifestly as I guessed from what the younger writer said of it, the germ of Balzac: the sad thing is, that true and edifying as it is, it can do no good or hardly any to men of *weak* will; yet it may do good to men of *strong* will, in teaching them how to deal with their weaker brethren.

"I read 'Violet'<sup>1</sup> again: it ought to be a British Classic.

"Yesterday was a great day for the bold Griffiths.

<sup>1</sup> "Violet, ou la Danseuse," a novel attributed to Lady Dufferin, sister of Mrs. Norton.

He saved the hunting folk from crossing the Torridge at a bad place, he manœuvred the fox northwards till he was trapped in our garden, and kept for the Earl<sup>1</sup> and the ladies who waited in the middle lea to see the wretch killed; then we had to get luncheon for them: bold G. was really Caleb and I Ravenswood, and Rosamund, aged 14, Lucy Ashton: only they had to go off to pursue their third fox, who discreetly took advantage of its being a Festival and took refuge in Dolton Church.

“Jack Russell was with the Eggesford party, keeping his eightieth birthday appropriately. The desire of fox’s blood is inexplicably compatible with poetical sensibility and zeal for Louis XIV classics, but Lady Catherine had on her face a blotch<sup>2</sup> which was not very pleasing. However, she is a very good soul and very fond of pictures.”

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Portsmouth.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Catherine Wallop (afterwards Milnes Gaskell) had been “blooded” by the huntsman.

## CHAPTER IV

1876-1877

MY boyhood, or young manhood, had now come to its ending, and during the next two years my correspondence with William Cory slackened. It would not be altogether true to say that his influence waned, but my life was more settled and its grooves were deeper.

Many contemporaries had drifted away into the various avenues of life, and a younger generation was round me in Cambridge, only a few of whom, like Edward<sup>1</sup> and Alfred Lyttelton and Howard Sturgis were known to him.

He still liked to hear all I could tell him of the Balfours, Frank and Eustace, of Jenkinson<sup>2</sup> and J. G. Butcher and Edmund Gurney; but he knew nothing of my new friends and companions. More and more we gathered round Henry Bradshaw, and I became careless of my old teacher and often forgetful of him. Perhaps, too, the pressure of my London lectures, the attraction of London seasons, and constant visits to Tynninghame and Mellerstain,<sup>3</sup> the homes of a friend<sup>4</sup> who had become my most constant companion, diverted my thoughts from Halsdon and its hermit occupier. I hunted more frequently and regularly throughout these two winters, and in the summer lived on the river

<sup>1</sup> Head Master of Eton, 1905-1916.

<sup>2</sup> F. Jenkinson, Librarian of the University of Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> These were the Scottish homes of the Earl of Haddington in East Lothian and Berwickshire.

<sup>4</sup> George, Lord Binning, eldest son of the Earl of Haddington.

Thames, in a house which Julian Sturgis<sup>1</sup> and I shared.

Elliot was in the diplomatic service, Arthur Lyttelton a curate at Reading, and Chat an Oratorian, shut away from the world. So the old company was broken up, and to the new one William Cory was only an Eton tradition, the author of an Eton classic but as yet little known beyond its special section of votaries.

George Eliot came again to Cambridge in the month of June, and after her came Robert Browning, around whom some of us sat in the Fellow's Garden while he read aloud "A Toccata of Galuppi" and "The last ride together." I had sent Daniel Deronda as it was issued, in parts, to William Cory, and kept him well supplied with books. I thus salved my conscience for not writing so frequently as before. It was only after some talk with Frank Balfour or George Darwin,<sup>2</sup> or after seeing Ellen Terry in *Masks and Faces*, or after printing some letter or article in newspapers or reviews that I wrote to him. Idleness or weariness or distraction had overcome me. From Auvergne where I spent a month I sent him these verses :

#### BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

Here tired labourers murmur a petition,  
In the dry sunlight going to and fro,  
Bend for a moment at His feet, Whose mission,  
Was to the poor, to weariness and woe.

Here some wayfarer, lonely and benighted,  
Suddenly feels a shadow on the sky,  
Timorously turns to what his fears excited,  
Hears through the darkness, "Fear not, it is I."

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<sup>1</sup> Author and novelist, died 1904.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Darwin, K.C.B., died 1912.

In restful eves of summer days declining,  
When round His head the Western glory flames,  
His sacred symbol reverently signing,  
Dear boys and girls pass to their village games.

Image of pain, and death, and dim hereafter,  
Type of our sorrows and Lord of our sighs,  
Round him unchecked flows children's merry laughter,  
With Him hanging there, man forgets he dies.

He thought poorly of them, but they served to extract from him the little poem he wrote upon the Annie Rowan story which had kept "running in his head." This poem he published in "IONICA," ii, a scarce little paper volume printed in 1877, without either stops or capital letters.

#### A POOR FRENCH SAILOR'S SCOTTISH SWEETHEART

I cannot forget my jo,  
I bid him be mine in sleep;  
But battle and woe have changed him so,  
There's nothing to do but weep.

My mother rebukes me yet,  
And I never was meek before;  
His jacket is wet, his lip cold set,  
He'll trouble our home no more.

Oh breaker of reeds that bend!  
Oh quencher of tow that smokes!  
I'd rather descend to my sailor friend  
Than prosper with lofty folks.

I'm lying beside the gowan,  
My jo in the English bay,  
I'm Annie Rowan, his Annie Rowan,  
He called me his bien-aimée.

I'll hearken to all you quote,  
Though I'd rather be deaf and free;  
The little he wrote in the sinking boat  
Is Bible and charm to me.



In one consignment of books there were some volumes of Swinburne. He commented upon them.

“In the two Swinburne volumes which you did well to send as you would not bring them, the things I cared for were parts of the Italy, the Benedicite of the towns on Mazzini; even if he was not quite a great man, anyhow it was good they should think him one: does not Swinburne care for Daniele Manin? To me he is the great man, the type of an Italian patriot: odd that he does not appear in poetry or novel. Cairoli comes next in my hagiology. Swinburne does not name him. I am more republican than ever since reading all that last night.

“The antiphons of Clithonia and Clorus are fine: otherwise the play does not interest me. I prefer Leonidas or Chevalier d’Assas or the twenty men at St. Sebastian, who ran to get the mine blown, of whom one escaped. I prefer these to the volunteer victims of superstition. Eleazar the Maccabee beats any, Macaria or Codrus: the Jews in the Asmonean age utterly eclipse the passions of Greek patriots. Erectheus has in it no rests or monotones; it is all *obligato sostenuto*, *exaltano*, etc. In a genuine Greek play, Sophocles, Electra, or Antigone, the romantic parts are thrown into relief; not so in Erectheus (horrid word to spell).

“I have lost my Atalanta, so I can’t compare the two as the flattering reviewer in the Saturday Review—probably Frederick Pollock—does.

“But it is impossible to reproduce or trump the sensation given by Atalanta: it was a wonderful triumph for Swinburne to write a poem which completely kindled and lifted a middle-aged devotee of Tennyson. His Chorus is altogether too sugary, luxuriant, and unbridled in the Stasima or set pieces; very effective in the antiphonal duetts and trios

with the women. The unity of time (as in OED: COLON:) is strained: it is hard upon *us* (on *me*) who stick up for the Unities: your Shakesperian will flout them all the more brutally for this abuse of the Unity of Time. I wonder whether the excellent Clifford approves of Praxithea's 'tribal self,' certainly it is carrying the tribe to the nth, as they used to say at Cambridge.

"Clifford is beyond compare admirable, but yet I think the Pall Mall leader is right in commenting on his good letter. It is because of the antitheism involved in Darwinery, etc., and the danger of breaking up when we lose the theological clamps, that we politicians shrink from trenchant measures.

"The old Napoleon has taught me once for all (in a letter to Joseph) that a statesman must not pretend to be civil, and be patronizing to priests, but must make it his duty to be really friendly with them: only of course he must never allow them to interfere with the making or administering of laws. Evolution may perhaps provide the State with some new thing: possibly Jowett and Colenso may in our time be shaping a new quasi-religion: we preserve the framework of establishment and if so be we let the Essenes (healers) elbow out the Chasidim, and pious Sadducees displace the Pharisee. I was taught by a narrow Whig years ago that Colenso must be retained, because who knows but the Church may altogether Colenso as it Cranmered or Calvined. Clifford would have to stop one's showing hagiological pictures (as I yesterday showed Jessie, aged 9, Saint Hubert kneeling to the crucified stag).

"He may do much, I have done a little, towards bringing up young people without kinks. But as long as there is the terror of darkness (night) we cannot altogether get rid of childish delusions. I

wish him well, that is, Clifford: he will infinitely help teachers: yet they will always have to unravel.

"I am very glad to hear Henry Sidgwick<sup>1</sup> is happy and going to be happier: it seems a very good match: Frederick Pollock tells me of it with pleasure.

"Lord Lytton's appointment gave me a twinge of joy: that the world should be governed by poets is beyond all dreams: if only he has a good heart like Dufferin. If he has the courage, give-and-take, patience, elasticity of a parliamentary man. If he can apply to Calcutta merchants, as I do to Devonshire squires and farmers, the principles of poetical charity (what Wordsworth gave us) then his high imagination will set him as an eagle above the Russians and above even so very good and wise a man as Lord Northbrook. I should like to live to hear of his splendid superiority. It is two and twenty years since I was asked by a lady interested in him to read his manuscript poems and to say whether I thought he would in spite of his Father be a literary conqueror. Then, long after, I read the songs in Tannhauser, the book in which Julian Fane served him as a foil; since then I have seen only a few extracts from his Fables: enough to know that he is 'in the succession.' I am getting to admire Dizzy.

"I am getting quite sociable and popular. On Tuesday I went with my good cousin Charles Palmer to our Town Hall to listen to our Bishop and parsons on Temperance, and as the magnates had sent excuses I was put on to move a resolution, and I was praised for my speech, and called a 'thoughtful layman.' Jones the sawbones was there and told me he'd give £5 to be able (*i.e.*, I suppose, independent enough) to make that speech.

<sup>1</sup> He married a sister of the present Earl of Balfour.

He indemnified himself by making speeches to me in Palmer's parlour, when I wanted facts about the workhouse. I was fain to treat his rhetoric as George IV treated Peel's: (but it was Jones, not I, that used the word damn).

"The bold Griffiths fancies you are not strong enough in health for India—'not so strong as Mr. Grey.' 'One glorious hour of crowded life, etc.'<sup>1</sup>; this line is quoted wrong, as by me, so in a very pretty book which I have just devoured."

He alludes in this letter to a discussion which my father had with Robert Lytton,<sup>2</sup> who had asked me whether I should like to accompany him to India. My father and mother objected strongly, and I did not press them. Four of my father's brothers had died or fallen in India.

The story about Peel was familiar to all of us who had learnt history from William Cory. Sir Robert was staying at the Pavilion, and the King had some political notion after he had retired to bed, and sent for Peel. The Minister, thinking the King was dying, came in a hurry in his bedgown. He began some solemn and rhetorical harangue, using particular actions familiar to him, and the exasperated Monarch said, "Damn you, Sir, don't stand there pawing the air, put your hands in your pockets"; to which Peel, nettled, replied, "Damn you, Sir, I have no pockets."

In his next letter William Cory writes:

"I have done an odd thing; invited a Japanese here. He wants to learn something. I invite him for a month only, to see if I can stand him. At the worst it will be Lenten ashes; perhaps he may turn out as good as the waif."

The Japanese, whom he called Sanjo—perhaps it was his name—was the ultimate cause of the two

<sup>1</sup> "One crowded hour of glorious life" (Scott).

<sup>2</sup> 1st Earl of Lytton.

volumes "A Guide to Modern English History," which were published about a year and a half after this visit, and which, to his disappointment, were unappreciated by the public.

At this time some of us were putting together a volume of patriotic songs, and this explains the following letter:

"There was a Miss Smedley, of Bideford, not long ago, who printed a little volume of rhymes; in it there was a scrap that has haunted me, about some veterans living in a monastery in France, who heard the noise of invaders and dashed at them saying:

Soldiers we were and monks we are,  
But Frenchmen all the while.

I dare say it was not good, but it runs in my head. In my little MS. book there is a thing by L.E.L. about a soldier's grave. I dare say you have read it and condemned it. There is probably somewhere a good rendering of Korner's sword song, which had an effect on the Germans in 1813. Perhaps there may be some rendering of Beranger that would suit you. In 'Rebel Rhymes' and in the heaps of Northern rhymes of the Slavery war there would perhaps be something available. Somewhere in magazines there must have been rhymes about the British woman at Matagozda, Cadiz, who took the bucket from the drummer boy; see Napier.

"As the Naval Chronicle, so probably the Gentleman's Magazine, in the great war time, held heaps of sanguinary verse. Go to the British Museum.

"I am lost in Héloïse, Remusat's Life of Abélard; a beautiful book, it makes France more interesting than ever. Talk of Laura and Beatrice; they were but dolls, Héloïse was woman of women: above the inventions of George Eliot and Victor Hugo; and think of her living seven hundred years



ago, when our Britons were up to nothing. Whatever Lord Derby may persist in saying, *we*, the fiery taxpayers who fought Nicholas and don't repent it, do wish for a protectorate of Egypt and something more. I delight in Dizzy saying 'England is a great Mediterranean power.' He almost says, with me, we will fortify Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez, to link with Gibraltar, Malta, Perim, and Aden. 'The leopard sitting on his chalk cliff perceives that his claws have grown,' says the applauding, admiring Frenchman.

"I have been reading Lewes' Biography of Goethe, who is made out to be not such a Tito as he represents himself in his Autobiography; he was wonderful in early manhood for keeping clear of the ebrieties or distemperatures of the generation which was throwing off the yoke of french taste.

"All my cherished antipathies are peeling off: if it goes on much longer I shall be in danger of liking William Makepeace Thackeray and Gortschakoff.

"I must adopt Comte's rule of having holy days set apart for special cursing; his objects were Julian the Apostate and Napoleon I. He made the most surprising mistakes about the middle ages, and his main idea of setting up a non-supernatural Catholic Church is, I think, not favourable to right judgment: yet he seems to be a necessary forerunner of the Clifford system that is forming now for you. Clifford is trying to foster Utilitarianism on to Darwinism, so I am told by his coadjutor Frederick Pollock; see F.P. on Grote's Ethics—Pall Mall Gazette—which you did well to send me. I keep the article.

"The Rector, whom Sanjo calls the Bonze, has come to talk about our village troubles. Sanjo is a truly good soul. Eminently well balanced, con-

siderate, apprehensive, domestic. He likes children. I can't keep him beyond the month."

I have forgotten my letter to the "Spectator" to which now William Cory alludes. It had something to do with the Crimean War, probably taking the line that our English blood was shed, as it has so frequently been, in order to put down bullying, not to keep the Turks permanently in Europe. So many of us then believed that the mission of England was to improve the world. William Cory writes:

"I dare say your letter will provoke some rejoinders in the Spectator. If so and if you write again, please to work out the consideration of the reasons why the 'Liberals' of /54 did not reckon on the permanence of Turkey. Also explain that we were *then* set against our old pets the Greeks by the zeal of the Greek traders in the Black Sea for Russia. Greece had been lured and drugged by Russia and set against us. The 'Liberals' must, I think, be admitted to have erred, when they tried, happily in vain, to keep Moldavia and Wallachia separate. If you look back to the Aberdeen Foreign Ministry of 1842-6 you will see what was the Eastern Question of those days; it was about the independence of Servia.

"In /53 we had a special cause for sympathy with Turkey, which you have overlooked. The Hungarians, crushed in /49 by Russian interference, took refuge in Turkey: and we admired the Turks for spiritually receiving them. It was a protest against the despotism of Austria as well as Russia. The common people are as good in European and Asiatic Turkey as in Russia or India: we have to substitute Franks and well educated Greeks for the Ottoman swells who now rule these people. It is abject of some of our newspapers to write up the Turk Upper Class, see

Palgrave's Essays; not a good book, but fair evidence as to the incurable socordia of the Turks. What can be done in many countries is to displace an official class, a privileged class. In doing this we leave the tribes alone, we leave undisturbed the great mass of the people; the one nation (Italians of Lombardy for instance) or the many intertwined nations as in India.

"At present the Sultan won't or can't appoint infidels or Franks as Pashas or judges or tax-gatherers: what the six powers have to do is to get this done quietly, without degrading him in the eyes of his people: it should be done by the joint pressure of the six (reckoning America, seven) Embassies, and it should not be formulated in a public document. That is to say, if we all agree to reform Turkey without a cataclysm, which I think we are bound to try, even if we are not very hopeful about it. Are you aware that even in Pera the municipality is still pure Turk. In Smyrna, even in the commercial part of it, the European traders have no voice, except through their Consuls, in a round-about way.

"We want Shanghais in Turkey; that is a plain bit of business, nothing doctrinaire in that. Now work these points hard."

In March 1876 William Cory's health began—we all thought—to fail. He was constantly complaining, and his spirits flagged. "Since my ailing," he wrote, "I have sent Pollock lucubrations. I *instruct* him about fugitive slaves and dissenters. I think I shall not live long enough to exhaust my money and I almost give up the notion of saving, so I meditate buying the French translation of Gervinus' Modern History and other such things. My friend Charles Wood has shilly shallied so about Christie and Co., that I shall not

be able to sell 'Shilly Shally,'<sup>1</sup> etc., this year, and perhaps I may be glad to have the old things on the walls to show *him*, for he promised to come here this summer."

In answer to a letter of mine written from the English lakes, he says:

"I remember Grasmere and the grave, and the lines on the death of Fox: the lines which I got sent to Graham to stir him when Peel died, not that Peel could be loved as Fox was.

"Sanjo goes away next week. I shall miss him: he is an excellent creature: when he gets an over hot potato or even a hot bit of meat, he says it makes him perspire and he wipes his brow. I suppose his skin has pores more open than ours: he has gained flesh here, and he shows his little wrist as if he were conscious of increased strength, but I don't ask him to join me in digging. He is particularly civil in a shy way to servants. At every meal I give him a lesson; the last but one was my favourite doctrine of expropriation—that no one is absolute owner of space. The last was on patronage, titles as bribes, etc., etc. He will be a Metternich Lowe by the time he gets to Japan.

"I have formulated for Everard Primrose (fresh from Dalmatia) a plan for Vaticanizing the Sultan and turning him into a legal fiction.

"The first Statesman in the Lord's is Tait. The second is Cairns. They would both do better for a P.M. than Dizzy. Salisbury goes wrong; arbitrary, etc. But what should we do in time of need without aristocrats of that fibre. He is (who else is?) laborious, fearless, prompt, and haughty. He has, though nearly spoilt by flattery, ceased to give needless offence or to indulge antipathies. I

<sup>1</sup> A water-colour drawing by Stanfield, now in my possession.

look on him as foeman worthy of our steel in peace. Should we fall out with Russia, Spain, Brazil, which is likely enough, he would be as fit for fight as Castlereagh. He is something different from a clerk raised to the nth.

“Read Villemain’s *Souvenirs*. His account of the *Cent Jours*, written in 1855; the first chapter is a masterpiece; it has all the merit of history and French novel combined. His calm praise of England is nectar to me.

“The character of Severin in Cherbuliez’ last novel is to me new and delightful. He is an exquisite writer. If you go to Paris ask about him: details, please.

“I am sitting in the billiard room for warmth, with a pigeon sunning himself outside. This day next week I was to listen to Clifford and Huxley at Pollock’s.

“Dizzy’s brain is softening and the ‘old man’—his spite—is showing as the veneer cracks off. I thank him for helping to make Monarchy vulgar. If they want to please the Colonies, why not cross the proclamations ‘& Co.’

“I should like to see all the working Judges (excluding the swells perhaps) meet to ballot for the election of *two* of their number to be set free for *two* years from all judicial work, to codify and prepare laws. I object to an odd number. The two best men should agree on every word. At the end of the two years, on a fresh ballot let *one* be re-eligible.

“They would do much better than a Minister of Legislation. They would relish the innings as a change. They would, as representatives, have incomparable authority with Parliament. It would be a ‘fusion’ of Benthamic legislation with Eldonine evolution. Neither a Cockburn nor a FitzJames could sneer at Blackburn and Hall appointed by ballot.



“P.S. Letters gone to post. Daniel Deronda begun. It flashes on me that Gwendolen to whom you allude is the spoilt child in Daniel Deronda. I had not kept her name in my head these three weeks. Why should I? I can never fall in love with any of George Eliot’s people. Not one of her young women charms me like Shirley Keeldar, Caroline, Lucy Snow, Molly Gibson, etc., etc.

She is a very noble sublime writer, but her human beings don’t live with me for life. Perhaps Caleb Garth does; his image blends sometimes with the memory of my own Father. She has not yet created man or woman for me to love. Not quite. She is not such a real woman as Mrs. Gaskell or Charlotte.”

He was well enough to go to London and there, at Sir Frederick Pollock’s house, he met Huxley and Clifford. He writes:

“I read the first part of Daniel Deronda with high intellectual satisfaction, but without the least excitement. Each number of a book like this comes to me like a Plato sermon or Virgil tract. It does not go into my blood.

“I tell Sanjo to translate Silas Marner into Japanese to enlarge the minds of his people. They are, mostly, superb moralities, not mysteries.

“Mill on the Floss is the only one of them that transcends. I am quite sure that it is the one that Charlotte Brontë would relish most, but I can’t go back to it as I do to the beatific Shirley.

“I saw Edmund Gurney here last night and liked him better than the great Huxley, but not so well as the racy Clifford. The mother of my young hostess is a very striking lady. They take care of me, and I shall sit here all day, reading and writing, partly or chiefly for typographical devils. I have stated to Frederick Pollock my plan for a Judge duumvirate ‘legibus scribendis,’ and he seems to see it is much the best way, and he says Jessel is

the man to get things done, and the great strength of Cairns gives an unequalled opportunity.

"A young barrister came here last night and talked nervously and obscurely, but with all his might. When he went away he said to me in a queer way 'I wish you would some day write me a letter,' and I saw he meant friendship for the sake of old times; and to-night I have been listening for three hours to the happy autobiography of my most distinguished pupil, Alfred Thesiger,<sup>1</sup> and he says I taught him, by trust, to speak the truth and to use his wits.

"I have been to-day at the Tower with Everard Primrose. There met Lord Mayo, who was very pleasing and rational. I am going with Everard to Woolwich for a day's gun-worship next week. To-morrow I hope to see my good kinsman Arthur Wilson, R.N.,<sup>2</sup> who knows Japan. It is quite a topic. Friday next I go to Suffolk. April 19th to Eggesford on the way home. Forster, M.P., will be at Eggesford. I feel half tempted to come and live in London. I half fancy I can be useful as a sort of interpreter between the science people and the spiritual people. The cheerfulness of the London people, their enjoyment of affections, music, news, is very attractive.

"Clifford, a very valuable, if not unique, man, is in a precarious state of health; has had his solemn warning from Clark, M.D. The same man that sent Huxley to the rear. This is most deplorable.

"Faire son droit—to study law. Faire son salut—to study salvation. Cognate phrases both indicating processes and methods; not quite what one cares about as humanity.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Justice Thesiger.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., G.C.B.

"I have fallen in love with an unknown silent girl, knitting in the Park, so I am not a bit crushed or withered. I defy the Pope or the Devil to make me a misanthrope or to set the children against me. Gurney made us laugh with his triad of artists—Homer, Raphael, Miss Farren."

The theatre in 1876 was at its zenith in London. Irving was playing Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tennyson at the Lyceum. Ellen Terry was moving crowded houses to tears and laughter. Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) unforgettable; and Nellie Farren drawing all the world to the Gaiety by her exquisite fun and pathos.

William Cory was taken, I think it was in April, to the Lyceum, to see "Queen Mary."

"I went last night to the Lyceum. It looks as if everything had been given up for the purpose of giving two hours out of the three to Mrs. Crowe. The play might have been acted in four hours without wearying the stalls and the boxes. Galleries should have been abolished. Their behaviour was such that I was glad Tennyson was not present.

"I saw George Eliot. I was glad she came to do honour to Tennyson. Tom Taylor, Robert Browning, Millais, Locker were there, also Mrs. Watts and Frank Miles were pointed out to me; but I wish I knew there were dozens of intellectual men there.

"Spoilt as it was by mutilation, it was a glorious torso, altogether nobler than Hamlet, etc. I am doubting whether it would be more exalted than Kenilworth. I am sure it is not so rich in character, and as to plot Kenilworth is supreme. It appears to be now certain that the highest thinker cannot adequately set himself before worthy minds dramatically. Certain conventional sounds uttered by Mrs. Crowe, though she did wonderfully well and

evidently worked on a high ideal, let the whole thing down, just as certain brassy sounds in an organ mar a bit of music. Query: Whether Rachel<sup>1</sup> would have escaped all such blemishes.

"Irving *once* gave me a new sensation by the last line he spoke in the fourth act, but I forget what it was. He did extremely well: I think he has made us feel more than ever the perfect wickedness of Philip, and it is as well to have that kind of thing presented without caricature, as the fruit of certain systems. But it will be hereafter hard to find a first rate actor willing to play a part so absolutely chilly, stiff, and fiendish.

"Frederick Pollock, Henry Sidgwick, and I thought Brooke very good: he was new to me; he has more range of elocution than any man I have heard, but I don't care if I never hear him again. As a masquerado or fancy dress affair I suppose it was as good as possible. It gave me, not being used to such luxuries, some new unexpected pleasure to see portraits moving in true light. Totally different from anything I have seen at any opera. The dresses are very costly and they are to be seen, still fresh, in America; therefore the play will soon be withdrawn from the Lyceum."

In looking back over the two years, 1876-7, I see more clearly than I saw at the time the play of the drifting seasons. Youth is heartless. William Cory never complained as he had complained of another friend in "Notes of an Interview" that but little remained of former kindness. But amid the moral and mental turmoil of those two years I confess that I forgot the poems he had written and the kindness he had given me for the past ten years. In one letter he observes: "It looks as if you had

<sup>1</sup> Elisa Rachel, the French actress, died 1858.

been in mental distemperature during the so-called summer—probably neglecting work of all kinds except dancing.” He, “after five weeks tongue craft” found it odd to “go back to my silence.” From his London visit he went straight to Lord Portsmouth at Eggesford and thence to Halsdon. He wrote :

“I came home on the first warm day and my shrubs and humble flowers are more forward than at Eggesford and my scenery better ; but I was very happy there ; it was a wonderful feast of human dainties compared to what I am used to.

“ ‘Jock,’<sup>1</sup> the boy aged 16, now at Ainger’s, is quite ideally thoughtful and gentle. Forster<sup>2</sup> was quite taken with him. Liliās is caressingly courteous to every one and behaves as if she loved every one. She came out of doors bareheaded with a message to me ; her Mother fags her for every message and delights in her ; she is proud of Watts asking leave to draw Liliās as a sort of early Italian face for a gold ground : she wore a high dress rather grave, dark with zones of white at proper irregular distances, and danced therein with a weak back and a sliding step, a contrast to Forster’s niece, who sprang like a bird to her partner and held her pale face up like a caryatid when waltzing.

“On the first of the three nights there were three Academical men : Professor Adams, Professor Bryce, and a most interesting little shy philosopher of most engaging manner, called Raper, of Trinity College, Oxford, whom I have never heard of, but found to be a ready-made friend. I was sorry he went off so soon : we three (including Bryce) had a careful critical talk about Queen Mary, Macbeth, Lear, Erechtheus, Shelley, etc., and it was nuts to

<sup>1</sup> Hon. John Wallop, now 7th Earl of Portsmouth.

<sup>2</sup> The Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.



me to hear Bryce saying fearlessly just what I say about Shakespeare; Raper in a great measure assenting.

"It was a little awkward to have to tell them about Queen Mary with hereditary Marian Catholics listening. I don't altogether admire Bryce, though he seems very robust and sensible. He was great fun personating Gladstone in a Charade.

"Forster has a mean head and face, eyes too small and of a bad colour; yellow flaps on his cheekbones, a sound, grave, parliamentary voice, no charm in it: he almost obtrudes virtuousness, industry, indifference to praise and blame, abstinence from luncheon, etc. I should think he must be on the verge of old age. I should doubt his temper being much better than his manner. In my little experience he is the only man except Lord Stratford de Redcliffe that I ever talked with, who was a politician without being a man of academical training: and they are to me proofs *ex converso* of the inestimable advantage for a politician of our English 'liberal education.' He has hardly any imagination. How am I to know that he has the high courage, the power of loftily resenting, the art of heartily encouraging, necessary for a leader. I guess he has not. He went out of his way to tell me that his character had been formed by Carlyle, though he could not abide Carlyle's worship of force: he said that whether right or wrong, doing good or evil, Carlyle had beyond anyone influenced our people on the whole for good; *i.e.*, as I gathered, by making us think of things unknown in the philosophy of Macaulay; religious things, etc. He quoted Lord Houghton's saying of Macaulay, when asked about his religious views. 'I suppose he believed in a Whig God.' He said with reference to the biography, 'Macaulay reaped the crop, he

did not sow,' which I think very correct, though of course not sufficient. He has never looked at Mill's Logic: knows him only by his Economy, which when it came out made an impression on him. Could not see, did not try much to see, the importance of either Mill or Newman in forming new habits of thinking for us. Harped on Carlyle only, recognizing no coefficient. I said to him: 'Carlyle has been to us a Jeremiah. I wish he would before he dies give us his blessing, bless us for all that we have done, or tried to do, by legal processes, for justice and humanity.'

"I said this very solemnly with emotion. What do you think Forster answered? 'It is better to do without praise,' as if a nation could have its head turned by an old man's approbation. He did not see the hardship of the case: our getting all the scolding and Germany all the flattery.

"Therefore I say Forster is, though a very good, wise patriot, and invaluable as a secondary legislator, not quite the man that I should care to see at the head of the Liberals.

"I am coaching my relative Clare Deane for the Indian Cavalry, and selling books, cows, and horses to pay for his outfit: £350 at least: he will do. He is strangely lucky to be a Lieutenant at 20, as it seems he is sure to be. He has some good feeling, some breeding, some diligence. He can ride a little and has a fair voice and a very good ear. It is a promotion to my family which I value, to get one into the Queen's Army. Hitherto we have been only naval. I like to rise in the stirrups. The lad is not the sort of lad that I have been wont to care for, but he will suffice.

"At the end of August my clever prosperous nephew of the E. I. C. S. comes here with wife and children for a month.

"I value Freeman's letter and also the Fortnightly on our Eastern policy; it is absurd to *trust* Disraeli in such a matter: we must have meetings in all the towns. Freeman must speak at a dozen of them. My listeners in Torrington entirely agreed with me a fortnight ago when I spoke much to the same purpose as Freeman.

"Get people to read Ranke's *Servia* (published by Bohn). I am very well and active. I tried to get Everard Primrose to go with me to Copenhagen, Stockholm, in August. Rosebery has been here, and very happy we were for three hours. He carried off the old print of Jerusalem.

"Lord Cardigan on hearing his wife say 'the soup is beastly' said 'Powdered menials, leave the room.' And on the door closing, 'The word you have uttered is a word not used at *my* table.'"

He was unable to settle down at home; his restlessness, the outcome of physical troubles led him to seek relief in companionship and change of scene. A month later he wrote:

"I expect to be at home again on Friday, August 11, at the latest 5.15. Portsmouth Arms. The trap would fetch you at the same time with light luggage; heavy things could come in a cart. I have a faint wish to go to Portsmouth on the way, to see Arthur Wilson of H.M.S. Vernon, who teaches torpedo work. I have been with the Wood family in Staffordshire, and talking about Palmerston with Lord Halifax. When we parted he urged me to come to Hickleton and promised to go through Althorp with me there; but I did not go, partly because they had no one there but the daughter now on the eve of marriage, and her sweetheart coming down to see her would be bored by finding me there after finding me at Hoar Cross; but chiefly because I was more wanted here.

But it is pretty and pleasant to find the old man liking my company after so many years taken in discovering that I was fit for the honour. It is still more pleasant to see how both of them sweeten and brighten as they get older.

"We had beautiful expeditions in a country quite to my taste, and if I walked alone I made friends with the rustics in a manner that surprised my invalid hostess, who in her carriage is kept away from them.

"If I live I am to go back to Hoar Cross next year. Their sumptuous institution will then be finished; as it is, their Church is quite unique in perfect richness and dignity.

"There was one very good sensible man there, E. Bouverie, ex-M.P., well worth meeting. Arthur Strutt sang to my surprise that Drummond tune, which you seem to have heard at Skindle's. Two Harrow men have sung it in my hearing; the other was John Dundas, M.P. Arthur Strutt is a capital man.

"Dizzy is quite right to become an Earl. The artist Myops has made a cartoon representing the Queen with Empress atop of her, Richmond with three coronets like the man with three hats in Cafoosalem, Abercorn, Holker, and Christopher Wordsworth at dessert; Dizzy coming down to take his stool at the corner as a good boy and offered a sugar-plum called Earldom. Lemoine's account of Dizzy has some good points, but missed the point. Dizzy's great merit is judgement about men's abilities, claims, and propensities. No P.M. that I have read about has been like him in this knowledge of character and skill in dealing with various capabilities. He is like a very good cricket captain who can not only choose his eleven, place his field, and settle the order of innings, but can



keep them backing up each other and not running each other out. His ministry this time must be, I think, the result of the most admirable skill in compounding and arranging. On the whole they *behave* better than any set of ministers ever known. Their characters improve. He is to be praised for snubbing and keeping at arm's length a great many obtrusive men. I wish Edward Stanhope may get a step now. I see Beach is talked of for the Cabinet, which is apparently quite fair. Nothing would interest me much more than the confidential correspondence of a P.M., about the men whom he is advised, and declines to put into places.

"The man whom I have known who has Dizzy's gift is Hornby, D.D.<sup>1</sup> Gladstone has a generous indiscriminate sympathy with clever men: but he does not know how to play the game of bringing people out. Thirty years ago he alienated Northcote by neglect. Whom has he enlisted?

"I gather from what you say that there has been fear of Derby's leaving the Government; if he goes I shall not cry. He has never got beyond the Goodford<sup>2</sup> level: never said an enlivening, kindling thing. He would be a very useful minister in Austria or Holland. He has fibbed in saying that our fleet has been brought together to protect British subjects, a very proper fib for a clerk. He has, as far as I can make out, put a wet blanket on our pretty little pyrotechnics in Egypt. I wish he would become permanent Under-Secretary or else retire to Lancashire."

As his health suffered William Cory seemed to grow cynical and less appreciative of the foolish things I said and wrote. An account of four hours

<sup>1</sup> Head Master of Eton, 1868-84; Provost, 1884-1909.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Charles Goodford, Head Master of Eton, 1853-62; Provost, 1862-84.



spent in the company of George Eliot at Trinity evidently bored him, but he was roused to some show of the old interest when I told him of the brilliant star, George Curzon, that had arisen at Eton, under the auspices of one for whom he had no liking. He urged me to bring my friend Binning—then my constant companion—to Halsdon, but piqued by some too casual or caustic expression, I took no notice—neglect that I have ever since regretted. Years later, when we feared that Binning had fallen at Abou Klea, where he showed splendid gallantry, William Cory wrote some lines that he tried but failed to fit to one of Brahms' loveliest melodies. Although during this period his letters were less frequent and fuller of trivial things connected with his home—or else bursting into ephemeral politics that now seem barren of interest—they occasionally strike the familiar note.

“I have just copied into Althorp's Life a delightful account of him, given by Jeffrey in a letter to Lord Cockburn. Oh, those happy Whigs of the time before and just after the Reform Bill, who knew not the strife of Sadducee and Pharisee nor the subtleties of Cardinals. I am searching queer feeble old books for poetical Characters of Men and Women, for a compilation designed by Catherine Wallop, whom I have shocked by saying that the book will be flunkeyesque.

“In the search, amongst the inanities of the 18th Century, I come upon the unhappy Savage, full of pain, passion, fury, revenge: a genuine man, forgotten.

“Did any one ever meet any one that had read ‘The Bastard.’ It would suit Alexandre Dumas, Junior.

“Have you read the novel *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*. It is very good.

"I constantly think of the Oratorian,<sup>1</sup> not always with the meekness or self-abnegation which I strive for. At least he might have said *he* was sorry to 'give me pain' by taking leave, and his way of sending things back was uneven or capricious to say the least. 'Let the dead bury their dead.' 'Let us take hands and work, for this day we live together.'

"Contemplatio vitae melior est quam mortis.

"Jeffrey growing old said he disliked *one* man fewer every day.

"I think you are quite right to lecture on *politics* to working men, provided they be not flattered too much. Are you reported in the Longacre Chronicle, or the Charing Cross Gazette?

"I found Reid's book<sup>2</sup> more froth than substance, but it gave me a twinge. It told me that Caroline Helston was alive, and I began feebly to ask where she was to be found, that I might court her; at 60, no odds. I dare say she is as young in heart as I am. Something out to be done to protest against the 'sympathizing appreciating' twaddlers of whom this Reid is a specimen. I suppose the leading thought is 'Oh you see it is only a few chosen spirits that can get behind the scenes.' It is a sort of lady's maid monopoly of insight into the back hair. The Charlatanerie of 'I know more and I give you just a glimpse of my esoteric knowledge' is quite different from the reserve of Talfourd in his first account of Charles Lamb, and of Sir Denis le Marchant in his account of Althorpe.

"I sent to the Cambridge University Press, this week, sundry rhymes enough to fill forty-eight pages exactly.<sup>3</sup> Not published, but just to 'give' away for a shilling a copy privately, as I was tired

<sup>1</sup> Charles Williamson.    <sup>2</sup> Wemyss Reid on Charlotte Brontë.

<sup>3</sup> "Ionica," Part II.

of copying out, and at the same time I never could tell that there might not be a few, say ten, pupils, who might like to see certain things. Of course there is a percentage left out, for fear of discord, and of what is sent to press there is perhaps not half that can be interesting to strangers. But one must risk something when between the prison bars one stretches forth a hand to the passers by. In 1858 I thought myself a smothered if not a still born bantling, and about two years later I found there were a few people interested in me and they have cropped up from time to time since. As to the 'Shilly Shally,' it vexes me to think that between the first and the second owner comes a dealer who probably makes £20, which would have enabled me to gladden 100 cottages. The little I got for the 18 things is all gone in one cheque to my poor kinsfolk.

"I am retrenching a little, yet building for £40 a rose-house where there will be a lover's or a smoker's seat. I should like to see Victor Hugo and Swinburne, not Reid. I am going over some of Cherbuliez again, more critically. He is a rare fellow."

"It was not Pollock who told me of Reid, but Paul, nor do I feel sure that Pollock thought I had actually a hand in the Edinburgh Review article.

"If Coleridge has abused Eton because Sir John Taylor Coleridge delivered a silly lecture at Tiverton on Eton school's shortcomings, he shows more tenacity and implacable stiffness than good sense. Apropos to him perhaps you *may* be interested in knowing that Maxwell Lyte<sup>1</sup> met him, and asked him for help to give an account of Dr. Hawtrey, when he was writing his book about Eton. Coleridge said to him, 'Do you know William

<sup>1</sup> Author of "The History of Eton College."

Johnson? he is the best man to go to for information about Hawtrey.' This of course I take as a compliment, but I am not bribed by it. You are probably aware that Lyte took the advice and gave me a few hours of intellectual holiday and moral freedom when I was in the Belgravian lodging after parting with Chat; I wrote about Hawtrey with a happy emotion. Last night I took up his German Bible and remembered him again. I hope Coleridge does not indulge himself in complimenting Hawtrey at the expense of Hornby. You may accept my disinterested testimony in favour of Hornby: with all his errors he certainly renewed, after sixteen years of oldmaidishness, the genuine trustfulness and cordial liberality of Hawtrey in dealings with Masters."

During the autumn of 1877 William Cory's physical powers appeared to fail. There were signs of a complete collapse, and he was ordered to Madeira. He had become attached to one of his lady pupils, a Miss de Carteret Guille, whose parents lived near to Halsdon. I knew little of this at the time, absorbed as I was in pleasure and sport, to the detriment, as he had observed, of my work.

I remember little of the crude lectures I delivered in Whitechapel, far more of the rattle of our horses' hoofs as I rode home through the mists of the Fen country with George Binning, after a run with the Fitzwilliam or the Cambridgeshire.

The idea of William Cory's marrying was a matter of jest with us, who had looked upon him for so long as stricken in years and in feeble health. But

a time worn sage without a home  
a man of dim and tearful sight  
up from the hallowed haven clomb  
in lowly longing for the height.

In October 1877 I had been asked whether I would go to London as Private Secretary to Lord Hartington, the Leader of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons.

Nothing had been settled when just before Christmas I went to Halsdon for the last time.

In the early days of the new year I was at Devonshire House, and William Cory was in Madeira gasping for breath and life.



## CHAPTER V

1878-1879

“**Y**OUR appointment is given me as bit of news to-day.” Thus wrote William Cory in 1878.

I was installed at Devonshire House on 14th January. “Not elated,” I wrote, “but perhaps after the long political training I have had at your hands, I am as well fitted to be Hartington’s Private Secretary as most of my friends. My feeling is a mixed one; half gladness to possess the knowledge and power, which such a position brings, and half regret at leaving Cambridge and habits that are endeared to me. On Wednesday last Lord Granville asked the Duke of Sutherland to his Ministerial dinner before the opening of Parliament. The Duke answered, “Dear G, If you had asked me a week ago I should have been delighted, but I have accepted an invitation from Lord Beaconsfield. A poor devil must dine somewhere you know.” This is what I feel.”

From Madeira he replied: “A lot of letters had to be forwarded to Cuddesdon and so on here. Among them yours. These bits of kindness made my bedroom a cave of waiting. One was from Elliot from his ship on the way up the Adriatic to Vienna. I ask you to forward to him through the Foreign Office my answer, which may amuse you if you care to read it, and may perchance change the scene for you a little. When in London you must be for a time belaboured, shampooed, and sweated by the tautologous indiscriminating emphatic parrotlike

talkings about the topic of the day. There are other fish to fry besides the Grand Turk. I forgot to say that I thought your paper on George Sand well written.<sup>1</sup> I am very well off here; the hotel is the best managed and the pleasantest I was ever in, and about ten or twelve of us meet every evening in the airy simply furnished drawing room for cards and tea. Of these, one Davison, mathematician, astronomer, Greek scholar, is as clever and agreeable as any man I ever met, and very civil, even more than civil to me.

"I read, write, ride, go to a very pleasant club reading room where there are many books; it looks over this deep pure bay, and yesterday I heard a *gull* there and an invisible goat; both were home sounds. The island is utterly unlike anything I have ever seen, wholly superior to the Riviera from Nice to Spezia as I saw them in Spring. The natives are singularly gentle and 'slow,' the Britons cheerful: there is no prevalent invalidishness.

"I cough much, having begun soon after landing."

It was settled that he was to be married in Madeira if his health improved. His brother, Canon Furse, was to accompany his future sister-in-law and perform the wedding ceremony.

"You will not grudge a minute to read that I had a telegram from my Brother two days ago to say that it is 'settled' for May, and for Madeira; *i.e.*, she will come here under his escort, I hope with her father too; he behaves very handsomely but being in very feeble health he will perhaps shrink from the voyage. It seems to me beyond anything in novels, strange and incredible, but I accept it with very great gratitude, particularly to

<sup>1</sup> This, I think, refers to something I wrote for a French "Revue."

my Brother who has done the thing wonderfully well: she goes soon to stay for some weeks at Cuddesdon, and the gossips in N. Devon must wait, but will not be much 'intrigued' till April.

"The last gentlefolks I spoke to were Lady Portsmouth and Lord Carnarvon at Eggesford Station. Well, I left no offence given or taken that I know of. I weep whenever I think of the Dolton singing dancing girls; of Philip and James and the other good simple hearts; but there is the same humanity in most places. Yesterday little Estella Reid, aged 7, of Millwaukee, was quite happy sitting with me on the only bit of rock, which is a stump of ruined pier, over the waves, listening to stories of virtue. I wrote for her 188 lines of 'Tomriad' rhymed romance of Tom Sawyer. I sent home a copy for Charles Furse, my nephew. I am going to do another shorter thing.

"I cough here but I can walk fast up hill. I reckon on having by May 1 about ten or twelve acquaintances who will take a little kindly pleasure at my wedding; anyhow they will like to see a fresh girl with a good complexion, even if they pity her. It is certainly a very wild eccentric business; if I had no such authority as my Brother's to lean on, I could not let the girl do anything so reckless. I cannot trust my own judgement. I reason it out and come back to the conclusion that I ought never to have indulged the wish, and yet that I am not going to do her any permanent harm.

"Can you find a copy of my booklet in the waste paper of the box I sent you; if so, be so good as to make the three corrections of the press:

maid for maiden . . .	page 1
town for doors . . .	„ 16
soul for self . . .	„ 12

and post it to Rev. E. D. Stone, Eton, who has applied to me. In deference to your judgement I

have copied into my copy some lines about a mother looking at her son's picture. 'The Tomiad' puts me on a new track: it is classical but not quite artless: just a little like Hood, I think.

"Trevelyan's speech is very powerful and to me refreshing: but I suppose he is thought a Cossack by your Marquis and the fogies, and he ought to be told to beware of Macaulayesque geography, such as 'Medway' and 'Save.' How are Selkirk folk to be expected to know where the Save flows. However, it is of great importance that we have a very incisive original witty man, honestly, cordially, with high animal spirits, assailing Beaconsfield. Every wit should now be let loose at him full cry: no quarter. Bob,<sup>1</sup> the hammer of heretics, should smite him. Goschen, the only John Bullish patriot on our side, should thump him. Argyll should tell the Queen that she does wrong to yield to his cajoleries. Paul<sup>2</sup> should examine him. *Caput lupinum*.<sup>3</sup>

"Among the many good Liberals do not forget Charles Acland: he will make an excellent member of Parliament. Look out for Bruce and the little cricketer Bruce,<sup>4</sup> Elgin's brother. If you ever meet Walter Campion,<sup>5</sup> Spencer's private Secretary, remember he is an old affectionate pupil of mine, and of a sweet cavalier breed, with a graft of liberality on that good stock. *Vive la jeunesse*. Let not the senes severiores quench the spirit.

"There is here a languid high bred Lister-Kay, apparently related to the Kay-Shuttleworths, who *faute de mieux* makes friends with me; he must be very ill, but he goes home under stress of ennui."

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke.

<sup>2</sup> Herbert Paul.

<sup>3</sup> A favourite motto, inscribed on his walking-stick. I believe the idea is to be found in Lucan, "Wherever you meet with error—*caput lupinum*."

<sup>4</sup> The Hon. R. P. and C. J. Bruce, sons of Lord Elgin.

<sup>5</sup> Of Dawny, Sussex.



I wrote to William Cory often during the spring and summer. We were in the throes of the political quarrel between Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby. I told him of a visit to Latimer where I heard Mr. Gladstone say of Lord Derby "He cannot do, a difficult right, and would not do a dangerous wrong," and of Lord Salisbury, "He can do a difficult right, and may do a dangerous wrong."

I wrote to him political gossip from Studley Royal,<sup>1</sup> where I had met Cardinal Manning, and from Bolton Abbey.<sup>2</sup> He liked to hear about theatres and theatrical beauties—of Ellen Terry's exquisite performance of Olivia,<sup>3</sup> of Nellie Farren in Little Doctor Faust, and in September, which I spent in Paris, of Jeanne Granier in *Le Petit Duc*. But he rarely commented upon the news I sent him, believing, as he frequently said, that the secret of good letter writing was always to "break fresh ground." Sometimes I told him a story that failed to amuse, and only goaded him into vituperation. Once Lady Ripon, trying to soften the severity of Sir William Harcourt's momentary criticism of Lord Hartington, said something about his irreproachable honesty, and Harcourt broke in "Yes, but in his case honesty is not the best policy." This only drew from William Cory a diatribe against a politician he never liked. He had never fallen under Harcourt's undoubted charm as a friend and companion. He was more amused at something which De Luynes<sup>4</sup> had said to me in Paris—that the Legitimists were *le monde*, and the Bonapartists the *demi-monde*, but the Orleanists were the *revue des deux mondes*. He was interested in the

<sup>1</sup> Home of the Marquis of Ripon, K.G.

<sup>2</sup> Seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> An adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

<sup>4</sup> Honoré d'Albert, Duc de Luynes.



Russian Ambassador Schouvaloff, a high player of the diplomatic game, a man of strong intellect and weak morals, whose manœuvres in *salons* and *coulisses* were an endless source of denunciation and merriment.

During the last two years, 1878-9, of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry the Near Eastern questions dominated politics. Problems that are still, after an interval of forty years, rending that unhappy portion of Europe, were then racking men's minds and dividing their counsels.

I have not eliminated all references to these questions, as I have done in the case of most other political matters, because so much of what William Cory writes upon these subjects seems still fresh and germane to existing issues.

"When I was at Cambridge," he wrote, "free to scribble but without a guide, I tried to gain a £100 by writing an Essay for the Hulsean prize on the influence of Christianity on the abolition of slavery in Europe. I rummaged for facts far and wide, really worked pretty busily; all at once it dawned on me that the *chief* reason for the cessation of serfage was that *it did not pay*: for this reason (also for another) I gave up the enterprise, and I am glad I did.

"Soon afterwards I read Sir Charles Lyell's Travels in United States, two books; he went twice; he reported all that was said and shown him in favour of the slaveowners, his gentleman-like hosts; but both times he said quietly that he was sure they would some day discover that free labour was cheaper than slave labour. Years went on: the newspapers and reviews again and again told us that slavery was in the United States what gout is in a body. I believed Lyell. I used to say, teach, that some day it would cease for being

unprofitable. The American here sat up one night with me talking over these things ; at last he said : ' If you were to propose to any leading Southerner to restore slavery he would be angry : they would not have it back if they could : if there had been no war nevertheless in twenty years they would have given it up.' Now is not this satisfactory to me as a proof of discernment in the days of my unguided loose thinking yet I do not agree with my friend that the Southerner would have found it out so quick.

"However, you should note, mark, and digest this historical truth : people who were supposed to know all about it were cock-sure up to 1861, and later than that, that cotton could not be grown in the Southern States by free labour, and now thirteen years after the end of the war the cotton states are more productive than ever."

The discussions in Lord Beaconsfield's Government having led to the resignation of Lord Derby, William Cory wrote :

"Derby is like Hudson with the champagne before dinner, *a good deal of lost time to make up*, having been stodgily discreet and hidebound for two years he breaks out at last into delightful imprudence and impropriety. I half liked him whilst reading his speech : at least I liked him for human frailty, for blunt sulkiness, for cool grumbling : but his speech had the defects of his diplomacy, it not only suggests nothing, but it discourages others from suggesting ; he makes you feel juvenile if you propose to do anything. Derby says to us, I am not to let you do anything so juvenile as either to encourage Bosnians, or in your other mood to fetch Ghoorkas to Malta. I think he deserves solid kind praise for keeping steadily before all people the conscientious objection to a political war, a war

of precaution, a war of pride. But to get a German *power* into cohesion you want a man of more imagination and ardour; and it is absurd for us to undertake to curb Russia in the interest of the Eastern powers without their help.

“As to stopping Russia, we, the powers, are to stop her, speaking roughly, west of the Halys, or West of Taurus; but her contest will soon be with *China*. India is the safest country in the world from invasion, except perhaps Bolivia. China is at this time more aggressive and formidable to Russia than Russia is to India. We have nearly, not quite, finished our aggressive business in Asia. China is in full swing and bids fair, is pretty sure, to be next century a greater power than either Russia or England in Asia. Constantinople is tenable perhaps for an army at a vast expense, but will be starved as an entrepôt, as long as we hold the Dardanelles and North Ægean. We have only to hold Lesbos and make a Minorca of it, and Constantinople must shrink into a pleasure place with barracks. Lord Lyons must go to Conference prepared to originate, to criticize, to amend several alternative plans for putting the Sublime Porte in commission for administering the Bosphorus region, *both sides*.

“The account of Vera<sup>1</sup> and her acquittal and the riot, coming on the heels of Tourgeneff's *Terres Vierges*, is to me quite spirit stirring; to think I have a chance of living to see even Russia emancipated. I had lately read in some paper an argument that the Russians after going South and seeing free Roumania, free Servia, free Bulgaria, must go home as missionaries of freedom. If it is true, that in the four Villayets of Macedonia, which Ignatieff turns over to his Bulgaria, there are many more Turks than all other races put together, then we

<sup>1</sup> Vera Sassoulitch.

should all protest against the annexation. There is a certain plausibility in the proposal to make a Bulgaria big enough to stand up against Turkey and Austria, but on consideration one sees that two or three new Servias would be strong enough, taken singly, because they will be under the tutelage of the great Powers; Turkey will not be nearly so likely to meddle with them now as she was to meddle with the Servia of 1844, etc. Egypt ought to be delivered from tribute to Turkey."

"My nephew John Vidal, R.N., who is gone this day to Halsdon for his honeymoon, writes to me that his invention for raking torpedoes has been tried by our kinsman Arthur Wilson, R.N., of the Vernon, and found very effective; he says it works *like a cockroach*. I hope he will get some cash for it from Mr. Smith;<sup>1</sup> he wants it badly, being married on his pay, no certainty of employment.

"It is pleasant to me to think of that happy innocent *poor* couple enjoying Halsdon when the tulips are out and perhaps my first (and last) new potatoes forced under a frame are eatable.

"Two years ago I was 'put off' by Huxley, whom I heard one evening talking to Clifford and Pollock, and I then told Pollock it was evil; Huxley's way of speaking. Pollock explained it by saying Huxley had been very hardly treated in former years, was in fact avenging himself.

"I dislike the railing, still more the aping of religious language, such as the imitations which Mallock condemns. I find Goldwin Smith quite authoritative as a theist; perhaps, because he is my old mate; after these many years he seems to come to me with his open hand stretched out. Once in all this long time I have written to him;

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., at this time First Lord of the Admiralty.



it was when he came back from the United States after lecturing on the Civil War; I wrote to ask him to reprint the lecture here, he did. I reviewed it in the Daily News, and had the comfort of putting down his name amongst the names of high saints in politics, such as Turgot, Rossi, Romilly, Manin.

"I think now of these people. Goldwin Smith and my other high-minded mate Henry Coleridge,<sup>1</sup> and a few others, as Dives perhaps thought of Lazarus, or Napoleon at St. Helena thought of Soult and Macdonald. I have meditated and elaborated sixteen 'themes,' Latin and English, for Nuces; they are really miniature or idyllic 'views' of history, from savage times to A.D. 1600. I want to get them added to the last part of Nuces and printed in the Clarendon Press Series; if so please to get a copy, you may learn something: the sixteen contain many of my pet views with new notions; the last is about the spirit of Chivalry, explained to be begotten in regular soldiership by retrospective imagination. I made sixteen just to complete the number of fifty, but of course I could write twenty more in fairly good English and Latin.

"I have feeble health, things go wrong every other week: but I should probably be far less well in your island; this climate is very good for weak people."

After six months of marriage he wrote that he was sure that he possessed a perfect wife. At first he found her mind too forgetful, as well as unfilled, but she grew apace, so he thought, in understanding and had the sense to see that they both needed guests, visitors, correspondents, if only as topics for their talk.

In the summer of 1878 his tenancy of Halsdon expired, but he continued to pay the wages of his

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Henry Coleridge, S.J.



old retainers, so as to make it easier for his brother to keep up the place without a tenant. Canon Furse was then at Halsdon with his children.

"I read a little here," he wrote, "but I get sleepy at all times, and feel decay in every way." In reality he was slowly recovering some measure of health. His interest in his book revived. He was without works of reference, and was forced to rely upon his prodigious memory, and such volumes as could be sent out to him. He plied me with many queries, which I often could not answer to his complete satisfaction. He wrote:

"I have resumed my Guide to Modern English History and have just done with my favourite topic Castlereagh, writing with really very scrupulous judicial care, though sorely tempted to be Gibbonese. I shall soon have done with Canning and Catholicism and Greece, and before I begin Reform Bill I want Samuel Bamford's 'Life of a Radical,' which I tried more than once to get at the London Library. My bookseller is not very clever at getting a book; he has sent me the Life of Drummond of Hawthornden, instead of Lieutenant Drummond; I cannot find the right title of it, but I daresay he will have got the Lieutenant's Life by this time. He seems unable to get Albemarle's Memoirs. I forgot in earlier times of reading to find out whether the Claphamites took a strong part in opposing Emancipation of Catholicism. I used to have Wilberforce's Life and like a fool gave it away: can you look at it and see whether he and his Evangelical friends exerted themselves on the question. What is the title of Clifford's last book, not the 'Ethics of Belief,' but the book about pure science? I have not heard yet whether he is coming here, probably not.

"(1) Was the Lord Binning, of whom Canning

said in 1827 'let him have Scotland,' the same as the Earl of Haddington who was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1842?

- (2) How do laymen get seats in the General Assembly of the Kirk; how many are there? How do they get out of it, beyond absenting themselves?
- (3) Is there a *Life* of Lord *William* Bentinck, the Governor General?
- (4) Are there any really new and really intelligent articles on Economy in the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica*?

"I want to know whether any one in the debates of 1831-2 argued

- (1) against the *non-resident* county vote
- (2) for electoral districts
- (3) against the sub-division of counties
- (4) for the inclusion of Isle of Man and Channel Islands.

"I want a Biography of some one like *Planta* who knew the Treasury business thoroughly; no book or newspaper has ever told me how the Treasury divides its business, quarrels with other offices, etc. I cannot remember, I have been told, why Lord Duncannon was put on the Cabinet Committee for Reform Bill.

"What has become of Lord Commissioner *Adam's* memoir notes about Mr. Fox, mentioned in Lord Cockburn's Memorials? Adam knew everyone from 1770 to 1830. Is it possible to get at (1) Lady Lyttelton's Memoirs? (2) Lord Kingsdown's Memoirs?

"I enjoy sentence making, though weak in head. I find I have forgotten most of what I wrote for Sanjo, and even later chapters. I have also slid into a Gibbonesque way of writing latterly, but I find new original thoughts and expressions

every time I look at my MS.; certainly I have no turn for research, but some turn for reflection.

"I have read Malleston's turgid vulgar volume on the Mutiny; worse than Kaye, which is saying a good deal; yet, like Kaye, it contains matter of the rarest value. There is a retired Lancer here who went to Lucknow in the big Army at the end of the affair, and he and I talk over the thing. There is an Admiral here who knows a little, not much, about Guernsey; there is a fine-minded attorney who borrows my 'Scintillae Juris,'<sup>1</sup> an amusing little pert book; *who wrote it?*

"I have written on politics to my faithful friend Charles Acland, who is to try for West Somerset; a right-minded, truly Liberal travelled man."

"It is clear that an *old* Prime Minister like Dizzy has no sanction to restrain him: if he is proved wrong and is getting the country into a hobble, the only punishment is loss of Office; he loses Office probably only a few months earlier than he would in the ordinary decay of popularity, and at his age it is of no use to tell him that he can never be Prime Minister again. The present Earl Grey<sup>2</sup> is the only man in my time that has been permanently excluded from high office on account of offences against his party; he has lost thirty years of it. The late Duke of Newcastle is perhaps the most signal instance of a wreck through incapacity. It will be interesting to see whether Salisbury will be wrecked; at present it looks as if he would."

Towards the end of the year he wrote again:

"Your last letter is quite a treasury of London and Paris notions; it will give you a notion of my hermit life if I say that the mot about the *Revuc*

<sup>1</sup> By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Darling.

<sup>2</sup> Henry, 3rd Earl Grey.

*des deux mondes*<sup>1</sup> would not be intelligible to any of either sex in Madeira, except perhaps one Foljambe, of the Yorkshire Whig family, himself a barrister and a ritualist.

“Schouvaloff’s effrontery is to me a new phenomenon. New also is Salisbury’s statement about the Czar, that he cannot govern; too weary. Not a new fact, but a new thing for a Foreign Secretary to talk about a Sovereign so plainly.

“I think Lord Salisbury ought to be chidden for saying that when he took the India Office there was *absolute ignorance* about Afghanistan. I have been told by Lord Halifax, that in the Indian Council there is always someone who knows all about one part of India: the Secretary rings a bell and sends for the man just as he reaches a book off the shelf. I protest against a Secretary’s being mastered by a Minute.

“I think the Whigs ought to show that Salisbury has been too *confident* about his own power of dealing with this frontier business, and that his keeping back the question from Parliament was an error.

“My own belief is that *he* is the man who is now on his trial, and in danger of never being Prime Minister. To a man of his age a censure, such as the poor Duke of Newcastle got, is a real punishment; but to a man of Dizzy’s age the loss of Office on losing a majority is not a real punishment, at least not enough to make politicians wise betimes.

“I am not a Liberal candidate, and I like to think of the Sikhs and Mahrattas and Rajpoots gathering round Lytton, willingly, proudly, joyfully; it is the birth of their patriotism, for *them* it is a crusade, going against their old oppressors. That worst of modern English statesmen, Lord

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*.

Ellenborough, had, like Dizzy, a perception of the poetry of politics, and he 'made a point' for the Indians when he brought back the sandal wood gates from Ghazni to the sound of cannon.

"Lytton perhaps has to rein in and subdue some poetical conception: he is of the right time of life for temperate generosity.

"Just think of the two other great Asiatic powers, Russia and China, not to be compared in nobleness of mind with our people. I think the Duke of Connaught should go at once; the good of a prince is that you can put him forward when in his bloom without stirring jealousy, and the 'gratior est pulchre veniens in corpore virtus' is good for the soldiers to see.

"It is hard to be constant now as a Whig. Harcourt and Kimberley spoil Whiggery for me. But Gladstone's observations are to be set off, he would not err as he does if he had been trained in the only school of politics. He is absurdly wrong about the working classes as being the best judges of political questions. Lowe in the XIXth Century last summer was very good in answering him. He is reported as having said in the debate on Stanhope's motion, that Canning in 1826 consulted Parliament about the expedition to Lisbon; if he said so it is a gross fiction. Canning told the House that the troops were, when he spoke, on their way to Lisbon. In mere backing of envoys a Cabinet *must* do things without asking Parliament, *e.g.*, Grey and Palmerston quietly recommissioned ships just back from foreign service in order to have a bigger squadron than the French in 1831, when afraid of war about Belgium. In this they were adding to the Navy without taking a vote. Salisbury ought to read Palmerston's Life and learn from it how to strengthen himself against foreigners by frequent reference to House of Commons. But it would be



impossible to contend with autocrats if our Ministers had to go to the people as often as Pericles or Demosthenes had to go to the Ecclesia."

The preparation of Lord Hartington's rectorial address to the University of Edinburgh fell within my assigned duties. The selection of the subject and the first draft were left to me, and I sent the proof to William Cory for his comments. He calls it the "pamphlet," and many of the remarks in the following extracts refer to the picture I had drawn of Edinburgh in the last days of Whig predominance in the Scottish capital, which was the subject of Lord Hartington's address.

"I am very much obliged for all your curious news, your offers of books, and the pamphlet. You have spoken of Lord Melville in *unmeasured* terms and quite apart from Cockburn's view, and I think it is a serious error: it must irritate moderate Edinburgh Tories. It was a serious mistake of Macaulay's to speak as he did of Melville's statue. Trevelyan ought to have put a footnote: it does not answer for politicians to repeat and perpetuate the heavy vituperations which were thrown off in the heat of strife: it does not do for a Whig (I know one who does it) to speak of Sir Robert Peel as the Pecksniff of politics. Lord Melville was beloved. It was good to be delivered from his thrall, but he was not a tyrant, only a manager. By looking to Ireland one sees how happy Scotland was even under the Dundas dynasty.

"(2) You enumerate Dugald Stewart's disciples: of those whom you name a good many must be unknown to the Edinburgh audience; to suppose them to recognize Charles Grant is to suppose them to be in those aristocratic strata in which biography is meat and drink to the mind. Avoid the banality of a list of names, 'sackbut, dulcimer, and psaltery.'

“You should have chosen Lord Archibald Hamilton as a specimen of a persevering reformer, Jeffrey as a case of long-delayed reward, Cockburn as a case of a man thankfully *blessing* the good work of justice and enlightenment.

“(3) You might have dwelt more on the Scots in India: Munro, Elphinstone, Montgomery, Seton Kerr are amongst the scores of Scottish names which I would *not* have rattled out.

“(4) Generosity might have been specified as the grace added by Dugald Stewart's men to the Scottish virtues and powers.

“The two points you make are very important.

“(1) *Administration* is a process of greater range, grasp, and flexibility than it was.

“(2) *Parliament* is not disqualified for governing. But you might have added, with very great advantage to the Whig cause, that administration in becoming more ingenious has not in our lands lost *authority*, and that to keep parliament in gear the voters and the newspaper readers should try through life to keep up each in his own little sphere *parliamentary* habits.

“Sir Henry Taylor taught me that a vestry, a town hall, a highway board may be a parliament to a man of parliamentary habits, may give him room for the exercise of public wisdom and courage, genuine though petty.

“I enclose for you a bit of the Guardian, which Professor Clifford calls a very good paper. Bob Lowe is getting too solitary, too much of a ‘Hal o’ the Wynd,’ too offhand, too juvenile. I am very glad Dufferin goes to Petersburg; my acquaintance here, the Englishman who has traded 17 years in Petersburg, tells me that the Russians are now fond of the Germans and bitter against Englishmen. We have a Russian swell here, young, gay, and

prodigal, employing his servants to make his guests drunk at dinner. He has a Polish friend, they both end in -sky, with whom he quarrels every day. The Russian has brought out his own pillow cases trimmed with lace.

“Schouvaloff, according to your account, is on the road to Siberia, *or* the Chancery; he seems another Madame Lieven.

“The most interesting and solid part of your secrets was, I thought, the statement that *Cairns* was one of the triumvirs who formed the inner Cabinet. This quite confirms my notion: I shall say in my book ‘he is the only Chancellor that ever stood abreast of the First Minister and made himself felt in the transaction of the nation’s affairs.’ His very great keenness and toughness seem to me to explain to a great extent the successfulness of the present Ministry. I have looked about for their intellect and found not enough except in Cairns: Northcote has it not, I am quite sure. Salisbury, if he ever leads and has no Cairns, will smart like Jack Mytton when he charged a turnpike gate in a gig.

“Disraeli has supreme tact and refined audacity, but he would go to seed in paradox if left to himself. But he did wrong, I think, if he left the Foreign Secretary out in the cold at any stage of the consultation before the Cyprus and Berlin affairs.

“Lord Derby must feel aggrieved with good reason. His late speech at Rochdale shows that he has got back to his rationality. I should like him to be Minister of Commerce and Economics.

“It strikes me that the Foreign Office is overtasked just now. It has to do a lot of extra work about commercial treaties; the Board of Trade should be stronger: the Colonial Office, I suppose,

loses power year by year; at present it has nothing to do with the difficult old business of the Canada fisheries.

"I am very glad to think that we shall soon be occupying part of Thrace and holding Cyprus in fee simple, provided always the French consent heartily. The Duke of Devonshire should invite Dufaure to London. The Queen should be advised to invite M. de Lesseps and give him the G.C.B. and her picture set in diamonds. If she is an Empress let her be magnificent and grateful like poor Napoleon III. What is the good of the Queen if she cannot do honour to any foreigner but General Grant. She went to the foot of the staircase for that Yank, which she never did for a European. Is Grant the friend of England? Has any foreigner ever done more good to England than de Lesseps?

"If you want to be a good politician go with good introductions to Pesth, and find out exactly how far the Pesth parliament agrees and disagrees with ours in its relations to its ministry. It is exasperating to think that we who have our eyes always on the ends of the earth, and pay correspondents for deluges of commentary more than narrative, do not watch the proceedings of our best disciples the Hungarians.

"I suppose Joab<sup>1</sup> has to spend his money to fight Buccleuch for Gladstone. I do not like Lord Derby's throwing his brother over. It is no offence to a patriot to serve in this Ministry; F. Stanley<sup>2</sup> is the heir-presumptive and has done nothing wrong. I can hardly help thinking every new ministry that comes in my day better than the one before: bar 1852-3-4, there has been almost a steady improvement of Tories and nondescripts. Yet the

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Rosebery.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. F. Stanley, Secretary of State for War.

years 1833-4 remain as jewels : and I shall be perplexed if I live to see Kimberley, Harcourt, Granville in the Cabinet."

The "Edinburgh Oration," as William Cory called it, was a success and met with general approval. Lord Hartington, although he adopted my draft, improved and strengthened it after his virile fashion. In due time the newspaper comments reached Madeira. William Cory was hard at work on his book, and I sent him Seeley's *Life of Stein*, which he found useful, and Wheaton's *International Law*, my father's copy, for the book was hard to find. He was anxious to notice the completions of great mansions in the period 1815-35, such as Ashridge, Lowther, Belvoir, but the facts were not easy to find in the little leisure I could give to the search.

In the summer of 1879 Madeira was enlivened by what he called the genial presence of H.M.S. *Druid* ; "an angel to stir our pool."

He was fired once more with enthusiasm for "the strength and splendour of England's war." He made excuses for Lord Chelmsford. He discussed and deprecated the carrying of "colours" into fights against Zulus. He advanced the theory that our attack on Zulus was a prophylactic measure, as were our attacks on Afghans—that we condone the one because there was no disaster, and condemn the other because we lost men. These "tantrums" he thought foolish. He began to long for mention of old friends. "I relish any news about the owner of Mentmore."<sup>1</sup>

The Queen's ship in harbour, and far-off echoes of battles revived his spirits. "I am the most contented of men, and quite youthful and gay. Don't bother yourself about me." Then he continues :

"I received yesterday and looked through twenty-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Rosebery.



four numbers of Daily News, which had been mislaid. I noticed a long article praising your Edinburgh oration, suggesting only that Hugh Miller ought to have been honoured with Dugald Stewart. Thus Guardian and Spectator concur in exalting the Cavendish; now I apprehend that he will be praised so much as to incur disappointment."

"It strikes me that the insuperable difficulty in quiet times is the existence of one sex which is almost always unable to keep its mind fixed for more than a few minutes on any public question, and is nevertheless habitually interested in clerical questions. The ordinary rustic voter, the ordinary small shopkeeper, has to spend his leisure hours with a person whose influence disqualifies him from taking a lively interest in the affairs of the nation, viz., a wife, and at all times there must be a chaos of petty unreasonableness. However, these hen-pecked folk can judge correctly between a fool squire and a non-fool squire. The late elections in France are absolutely cheering to those who hope and have faith in the ordinary human mind. In the long run the squires of Britain are more Liberal than anything else; liberal enough. Just now they seem to be banded together by a special abhorrence of Gladstone, and of Dissenters, and I cannot wonder thereat.

"I conjecture Great Britain will have to run in the King of Burmah soon after settling with Cetewayo. The Germans say it can be a world wide power only as long as it continues to advance; Bismarck said it began to decline as soon as it gave up Corfu. The Frenchman who was here, who is now Duc de Richelieu, spoke to me very sensibly about Corfu; the French who write about Greece are very generous and wise; the language that Northcote

uses about our co-operation with the French in Egypt is most satisfactory. I wish the French could find some fit man to represent them in Turkey with some Briton of strong sense to row stroke. Italy would join in due time. Austria has apparently to try her wisdom in keeping her equilibrium. Observe that it is a poor programme, that mere backing out of the Salisbury policy. It will exclude Whigs from office, as some newspaper observes.

“The *young men* of the nation are to be considered. For their sakes you must devise something effective; trump the Salisbury card. Instead of saying pooh pooh to the protectorate of Asia Minor, turn it into a sort of Dewanee, finance government.

“If France and England can regulate Egyptian finances, so they can regulate Stamboul finances. All the young men of civilized nations will be with them, if they persevere till 1900 A.D. in getting fair play for the Syrians and the Greeks.

“The Queen is too impulsive: but I am not sorry that she has committed Mr. Secretary Stanley to a generous trust in Lord Chelmsford. Gough was superseded for Chillianwalla, but before Charles Napier came to take his place Gough had been kept on the roof of a house, with the ladder taken away, gesticulating in vain and obliged to wait for the action of his elephant-drawn 32 pounders, which smashed the Sikhs.

“And similarly I think Chelmsford may, by help of Wood and Pearson, subdue Cetewayo before Newdigate, Marshall, and Crealock have learnt to talk Kaffir. I only hope no one will supersede Evelyn Wood; he is a keen soldier; in Ashantee he was terribly ferocious and yet he has, it seems, a clear cool head and a jolly cheerful temper. It is very amusing to see how Dizzy and Northcote play their game: how adroit they are in shirking, staving

off, conceding. As far as I can judge, Mr. Bourke and Mr. Stanhope are the least popular of the ministers in either house. If Dizzy dies the Tories should make Cairns Prime Minister, not Salisbury. But I know they won't, and Salisbury will do better for them than such a man as Harcourt for you. I am persuaded that the proper thing for Dilke to do is to propose that all elections be simultaneous as in France, so as to make it very difficult for a rich man to vote in more than one county: it is perhaps too early to propose to abolish property non-residential votes; but simultaneous election could be carried without any long struggle.

"I am very glad to see that they are proposing to raise the next Indian loan in India. I hope a good many Rajpoot princes, Begums, and employers of soldiers will be lenders. Till the natives become creditors of the Empress the security of the Empress' government is incomplete.

"In 1866, when I enquired, there was no such thing known as a native's lending to Government or taking shares in a Company. I hope we shall annex Burmah and open a road to Western China."

He was interested to hear from me that Henry Sidgwick had commented favourably upon some extracts from the "Guide to Modern English History," but he added that Sidgwick had himself written so much better upon the subject in his "Ethics," that he took up that book now and then to see whether his brain was softening. He always maintained that Sidgwick was much more of a philosopher, much more comprehensive than the other luminaries of the day—Matthew Arnold, the brothers Stephen, Maine, Lecky, or Lubbock—and that if Sidgwick had had a good style like Adam Smith he would be very eminent.

William Cory had a curious notion that he might

perhaps translate his "booklet," as he called it, into French, and publish in both countries at once. He prided himself on the habit of writing English so that it went straight into Latin or French or both—the secret being a lavish use of verbs and relatives with much abstinence from prepositions. He strictly observed Alfred de Musset's precept to "strike out the epithets." He constantly sent me conundrums. "What you tell me of the 1853 Budget is very valuable. Ask, if you can, why the Duke of Somerset was left out of the Government in 1868."

"Please tell me, if you can: (1) Did the Speaker give dinners in 1832? (2) If so, did he invite O'Connell? (3) Does Brand<sup>1</sup> invite Biggar?<sup>2</sup> I want to be able to say 'a member of Parliament goes to school in London, is taught manners and rationality; exclusion from houses brings him to his bearings. When taught he is a teacher of London courtesy and reasonableness to his constituents.'

"I was glad to see Albert Grey's name in a Devonshire House dinner list, and Camperdown's as helping Lansdowne. The list of Peers who voted, paired, and walked does not contain Lord Halifax. I fear he breaks: I should weep if I survived him."

He was moved to enthusiasm by Lesseps' Panama scheme. "Get the Prince of Wales to ask him to dinner and take up that project." And he hoped that English people would join heartily in the scheme. He showed a desire to read Tolstoy, and I sent him a French translation of *Anna Karenina*. If there was to be no more George Eliot, he said, he was undone as a Briton, for there was nothing new in English that could feed his poor mind.

"But Cherbuliez survives, I hope he will last my

<sup>1</sup> The Speaker, afterwards 1st Viscount Hampden.

<sup>2</sup> A prominent Irish M.P.



time. I wonder you could find time in June to write or even to remember anything.

“ I am reading critically Dizzy’s rigmarole stilted life of George Bentinck ; it is a potpourri of fallacies. I believe Dizzy must have purged himself since then. I dreamt last night of a respectful rational talk with him in which he took my lessons of political economy sweetly and gravely, and we discussed impartially the merits of a dozen young M.P.s, his and my pupils ; the pleasantest dream I have had a long time.

“ Dizzy is to me what Auld Clootie was to Burns, only I feel that he *has* taken a thought and mended. He behaves very handsomely to the people he employs : it is clear, from the newspapers, that he is more willingly followed by able and good men than were Peel, Russell, Palmerston, or Gladstone. He has made no mistake like the over-rating of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Duke of Newcastle, Ripon, Aberdare : he gives his young men a good innings, each in his turn : he shelves Chelmsford I<sup>1</sup> and generously shields Chelmsford II :<sup>2</sup> he shelves Hampton, he promotes Lightfoot<sup>3</sup> and Stephen.<sup>4</sup> There has been no such picker and backer of men in our time.

“ I was employed and very handsomely treated by Sir J. Graham, and I read his Life with emotion years ago. When Peel died I showed Malise Graham (now a parson) Wordsworth’s lines on the death of Fox ; he showed them to his Father, to whom they were new, and he was moved by them. He was, I suppose, too parliamentary. I remember his ‘speaking’ to me in my little study on the fall of thrones in 1848 : it was a set speech though short. He lacked courage, and substituted a sort of im-

<sup>1</sup> Ex-Lord Chancellor.

<sup>2</sup> Commanding in South Africa.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop of Durham.

<sup>4</sup> Sir James Fitzjames Stephen.



pressiveness. He was a very good 'parent,' as good as any I ever had after Lord Northbrook, who stands alone. I am to this day very grateful to Sir James for treating me *respectfully* when young, poor, timid, and unsuccessful. In the long run that which ensures gratitude is *respect* given by a senior.

"I have read lately two old Revues, (1) on Dufferin in Syria, (2) Jarnac on Lord Aberdeen; both very valuable. Jarnac says Lord Aberdeen had a rugged countenance which lighted up charmingly. He and Guizot were friends to a degree that I think can hardly have been reached by any other pair of opposed statesmen differing in language, etc. Perhaps Gambetta and Dilke will be a similar pair.

"Parliament is asked now as in former times to protect a whole class of men, tenant farmers, against their *bad bargaining*. This is much more absurd than the old protection of native industry.

"Farmers have erred in bidding too high for farms, and some landlords have erred in taking advantage of this folly. Mr. Christopher Nisbet Hamilton told me that he never would bind himself or own himself to be bound to accept the tenant who bid highest: he settled in his own mind what the rent ought to be, kept that opinion to himself, offered the farm for tenders, and refused to let it to anyone who he saw bid too high, even if the competitor proved that he had ample capital and solid backing: you are perhaps aware that he was the landlord who turned out that much quoted man George Hope of Fentonbarns, on political or social grounds; quite in his right in so doing.

"About twelve years ago I was at Burnham Thorpe, close to Holkham, and was credibly informed that man after man was losing and surren-

dering, because unable to pay the rent he had promised to pay Lord Leicester.

“Three years ago I was with a rich farmer in Suffolk, who had left Lincolnshire and was dropping his money in his new farm : it was land that could grow wheat only by stall-fed cattle’s manure. I pointed out to him that the farm buildings, such as the root house, were so grand and solid that they would outlast the supplies of linseed cake then procurable from the Baltic. It is not reasonable to expect that the arable lands of the Baltic, of North Africa, etc., can always supply the poor soils of Britain with cheap manure : in course of time they will keep back for themselves the stuff they now find it answers to sell.

“British *high* farming is like growing grapes and pineapples under glass. For the production of things which spoil quickly, meat and vegetables, it will be worth while to go on with it as long as there is a very luxurious London or Manchester to demand the supplies of these perishables : but the growth of corn by itself (except barley) cannot be remunerative, and I believe the growth of corn as part of the rotation is not thought so necessary as it used to be. There is a fundamental absurdity about farming, inherited from the pre-Peel times ; it is implied in all discussions that the farmer is a patriot ; doing his country a service by producing food. Every man who works hard at getting any commodity is just as useful as a farmer. The man who makes boots which are sold in the Colonies, the girl who sews ineffables which are worn by shepherds in Queensland, are just as good as the growers of mangolds and wheat. If the Duke of Sutherland spends £30 in making an acre of boulderland arable at 10/- a year, he is amusing himself as harmlessly as if he were building a yacht or train-

ing a racehorse ; but he is not entitled to the same credit as Coke of Holkham, or the Duke of Bedford, or the Earl of Bridgwater, unless he proves at the end of fifty years, as they have proved, that the land is still arable at a profit, and even then he has proved himself a benefactor, not to Britain only, but to the human race in general, for he has virtually enlarged our planet by well-directed industry. I believe the farmers who grumble have been rather idle and rather extravagant and rather stupid: but it does not become the M.P.s to reproach them with extravagance. Till the fifteen hundred thousand, who constitute the comfortable classes of Britain, set an example of temperance in meat, drink, locomotion, and other pleasures, they cannot expect the character of the Britons to rise to the Swiss and French level.

“Harcourt will spoil your Cabinet and lose forty virtuous supporters. *Le Roi S’amuse* must be agonizing as a play ; it is as much as I can bear when in music. *Ruy Blas* I have nearly forgotten: I know it is anti-monarchical. I still believe *Marion Delorme* to be the best of tragedies : do you ever find anyone who says so ?

“I am reading to *Madame*, who is new to all this, *Mill on the Floss*, slowly, as she knits silk socks : she does not yet see the lovely sadness of it.

“Is *Mrs. Lewes*<sup>1</sup> going to marry any one ? Does she devote herself henceforth to the remains of *George Lewes*, or does she go on with her own meditations. It is very wonderful that such books exist at all ; they are really supreme. Do people of discernment like *Tolstoy’s* novels. Does any one read and like *George Meredith’s* novels such as *Beauchamp’s Career*. It is not in *Tauchnitz*.

<sup>1</sup> *George Eliot*.

“I am very glad to see Joab joining the Greeks; if there was a Philhellene society I would subscribe £5, having just sold my Haden’s portfolio for £27 11s. 6d. nett; my only successful affair outside Italy and Hungary. If it is really true that Dizzy and Salisbury have dropt or snubbed the Greeks I hate them. Do you meet *Gennadius*? About two years ago he made a speech in London, and I kept the report; it was a brilliant summary of Greek progress since the deliverance, and it ought to be reprinted and circulated. The real old Tory spirit, the curmudgeon cross with the scoffer, comes out unmistakably in a man who sneers at the Greeks. It is, for once in a way, a thoroughly good test of a Liberal to ask whether he favours or spites that nation. There is more to be said for them than there was for Sardinia.

“On the whole I think the misfortune in England is the want of Whig leaders, our having to follow Palmerston in his second manner, the sour Palmerston of 1852, the heartless Palmerston of 1862. He was great from 1830 to 1841, and it is very stupid of the English to forget his efficiency when they dwell on the disappointing slowness of Melbourne. But if he had been a thoroughly good man he would have persevered as the accoucheur of the nations in travail, and we should have had a Greece of many millions and a respectable Servia and a hopeful Bulgaria long ago. I suppose in after ages Dizzy will be loathed as a Mephistopheles Metternich by the nations of Eastern Europe.

“Your Chief<sup>1</sup> strikes no sparks; he seems to be like the steady Chairman of a Railway Company, a sort of Spencer Walpole or Earl of Devon or Duke of Buckingham, in limited sagacity. I am,

<sup>1</sup> Marquis of Hartington, afterwards 8th Duke of Devonshire.

however, in the dark about these days; there is with all the gush of telegraphy very little information to be had about the internal politics of any of the countries besides Prussia; even the smaller states that go with Prussia are in a cloud.

"I see John Walter, M.P., puts his name to the Philhellenes, so that I suppose he has given up all hope of a peerage. On the subject generally you would do well to read what is said of the Parga Greeks exiled in 1820 in *Hughes' 'Travels in Albania.'* This Hughes continued Smollett on pure Whig principles and quotes his own eye-witness narrative. It is one of the many proofs of the wholesome natural interest that scholars and gentlemen used to take in the Greeks; a great deal that is forgotten on the matter is to be found in Gervinus. Others besides Byron and Cochrane were in that affair at one time or another."

"If you want to understand a doctrine try whether you can explain it to a trained *lawyer*; if he fails to understand you it is likely you have a leak somewhere. *You* can of course practise on your parent, which is a huge advantage.

"It is a dreadful mistake the world makes to ascribe a measure of infallibility to old men who are too old and dignified to be contradicted, and whose *life* has ceased *to be examinable*, as Plato would say; such were, or are, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Burgoyne, Lord St. Leonards, Lord Overstone, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord *Palmerston*; *he* is the man of all that I have noticed whose infallibility was most mischievous; he ought to have died in 1856. As to the Canal, it is not necessary that it should be governed by the ruler of Cairo; it is far enough off. It *can* be neutralized; this is done I believe with the Danube estuary; compare Eddystone lighthouse. The



Panama Canal will probably be made by a pancosmic company. But if the Suez Canal fell to France as supreme at Cairo, the French shareholders would try hard to prevent a quarrel which kept ships away. It seems as sound an aphorism as one can get in 'history' that 'a state is ruined only by insolvency.' Greece, poor child, has been treated by her friends, the lenders, like a young Duke by racing men and moneylenders; it is odd that she survives such swindling at all.

"I suppose the morgue people in London are just as supercilious and bitter against Bulgaria as they have been, perhaps are, against Greece and Servia.

"A Liberal's temptation is to rush at a new state and patronize it. But the aristocrats may not sneer after having hugged Jeff Davis. I see an article in the Pall Mall to the effect that England for 30 years had been, till Salisbury and Dizzy arose, almost a dummy in Europe, hugging her surplus; that perpetual deficit is quite compatible with national greatness, in fact is a good symptom.

"The more true thing is that Englishmen have often erred in thinking a nation must stop for want of money, as France under the assignats. The P.M. is proud of the pugnacity of the nation, but the odd thing is that Russia or others should be imposed upon by our demonstrations of 1878; the movement of a mere division from India, the arming of about three divisions at home; there was all the time no solid mass of fighting men; the people who said they were ready for war would not have gone to battle."

His letters were at this time full of minor criticism, mostly directed against old pupils who failed to come up to the standard of "pupil room." Of one he says, he is ensnared by his own wit; and he told him so in Latin. Of another he says that he found

him absurdly incoherent and patched with false ornament. Of another, that he was getting egotistical and clerical. But he showered good wishes on Lord Lansdowne and George Trevelyan. "I used to regret that I did not know Arthur Balfour after he grew up: I met him one day in a bookshop, he was a singularly teachable open-minded lad, and I remember Sidgwick telling me that he found in him much more *justessed'esprit* than in other aspirants."

Arthur Balfour's book, he said, if he lived to see it, would interest him very much. Sidgwick's wise book he found deficient in elucidation, and his comment was just, that Sidgwick was so rigidly conscientious that he refused to make his reader pay for anything he considered stale, so that if he wanted readers he would be forced to "write large" many passages about moral rules which vary from time to time. William Cory always used to say that the book urgently wanted about "Ethics" was one that would show how Ethics grow out of positive laws, how the lawgiver tries to get near their regions of higher or broader purpose, how they in turn purge the lawbook of superstition.

He did not live to hear the best that F. W. Maitland gave to Cambridge men of a later generation. He wrote:

"It is bewildering to me that the whole literary world, French as well as English, has made Thackeray a sort of classic; he is not original, he is not dramatic, he has no taste, no wit; he is a dauber in satire and a servile follower of Smollett, only he tempers the coarseness of Smollett with tractuosity. It is not merely that he has no notion of *surprising* one, has no grand effects; none of the power that there is in *Oliver Twist*, but he is inferior as a describer of life to Charles Reade. I wish you would ask some *foreigner*, who thinks

for himself, what he thinks of Thackeray; there must be foreigners who do not let themselves be carried away by the claquers of the London publishing business. *Christie Johnstone* is of about the same age as *Vanity Fair*; it seems to me a book of altogether superior quality and flavour. I do not in *Vanity Fair* see anything that might not have been written by a blind man to whom people had read novels aloud and to whom clubmen had talked freely. I can understand insular people, with no Academy to correct their taste, being bewitched by Dickens; but Thackeray is not even clever, not even strong; it is all of it just the stuff 'easy to understand' which one would serve up for the common idlers of watering places and parsonages in second-rate magazines.

"*St. Ronan's Well* was written about 25 years before Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*; it is habitually called a failure, yet it has an ingenious plot, dramatic scenes, imperishable characters, amusing talk, high morals and romance, plenty of good caricature. The stuff printed in the *Quarterly* about Byron and Tennyson is enough to make the founders of the Review tap tables by way of remonstrance. I have lately read *Taine* on Byron; he is good; but he does not observe as I always do that Byron wholly beats Shelley in hitting nails on the head, in plain, direct, intelligible, round utterances; at his best in short lyrics Byron has the classical tournure which will keep him afloat for ever; his rhymed sentiments seem sincere, not the mere results of the rhymes. I think he and Burns and Campbell will outlive Shelley and other much commended poets, including Swinburne; but these two have a fair chance in their blank verse which is more honest."

He made a new acquaintance in Madeira, a

Berlin Professor of Natural History, who had humour,—rare in a North German—knowledge, frankness, and heartiness, with what he called the give and take of a travelled man. He was one of those men bearing a poetical name, such as Rosenthal or Friedenthal, dating from the edict of Stein after the Vienna Congress that all Jews of Prussia should take surnames, when they must choose the names of flowers or virtues. It was after talks with this man that he urged me, or Albert Grey, or anyone who wished to have a good topic, to visit Alsace and mix with educated people there. “Be sure it is a very important part of the world, and Bismarck’s handling of it deserves to be studied.” He was anxious to hear about Albert Grey, and wished him to have plenty of time to learn politics before committing himself. For Rosebery he was always on the look out. “I am much obliged for your valued mention of Joab—of course I watch his name in the papers.” In July he heard that I was engaged to be married. He wrote:

“Howard Sturgis gave me a very good description of Mlle. Van de Weyer, and is very hopeful about her. I suppose you will have a home in London: but if you are wise you will get a bit of ground in France or Wales, plant trees and shrubs without delay, and build a room or two with power to add to their number, so as to have a refuge.”

Then he added:

“I take it for granted it is the daughter of the late Belgian Minister, therefore sister of the fine lad who rowed well at Eton about 1858. I remember seeing the Minister with a coppery countenance sitting as a “sitter”<sup>1</sup> at his Son’s Surly Hall or Boveney

<sup>1</sup> “Sitter.” An Eton word, for one who presented a boat’s crew with champagne for supper at Surly on 4th June or Election Saturday.

Mead table, June 4, and his stout wife pointing him out to be laughed at by her companion as they squeezed through the crowd. Did you ever hear how the Minister staying at Savernake, Lord Ailesbury's, broke away suddenly and dashed up to London for an hour and surprised everyone; it was not a diplomatic storm, but he went up to secure some rare volume at a bookshop.

"I wonder whether the family keeps up the combination of cool head, good temper, liberality; if so it is a very good connection. Van de Weyer minor was very stout I think; they used to be very neighbourly with one of the principal landed proprietors of their county, the Queen.

"I have been married a year now and on reflection I think mine one of the most curiously romantic marriages ever heard of in the bourgeoisie; it was a mutual rescue."



## CHAPTER VI

1880-1881

**I**N the spring of 1880, on the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, I was elected for Penrhyn and Falmouth. William Cory was surprised at my standing for this constituency which he understood Lord Kimberley, who had interest there, had earmarked for his eldest son. He warned me that "bribery" was ingrained in the borough, in spite of the excellent folk—notably the Quaker family of Fox—who were its leading citizens.

He imagined that I should leave Lord Hartington, and become a "Deputy Whip and no longer Devil to the Marquis," but I followed my Chief to the India Office, and for some years William Cory wrote often and voluminously upon Indian and other politics. These letters appear to me now devoid of interest, as indeed ephemeral politics are bound to appear to any discriminating reader of biography, unless, as rarely happens, they throw light upon the character of its subject.

He rejoiced in what he called "fine times for the Whigs, the few faithful families that have not been corrupted."

It was true joy to him that Harry Fitzwilliam<sup>1</sup> was returned to Parliament—a "really good-hearted lad, though he stammered like many good souls"; and he sent enthusiastic greetings to Albert Grey, who came in at the head of the poll. He counted up with pleasure the Russells, the Cavendishes, the one Petty, the one or two Fitzwilliams, the one

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. H. Fitzwilliam.

Campbell, who had been elected to Parliament. He was surprised to see that the "pink Marquis,"<sup>1</sup> son of the Duke of Sutherland, was counted as a Liberal: but he praised the "hearty stand up fight" in Scotland. He noted with gladness the success of his "honest friend," Lyulph Stanley,<sup>2</sup> and with amusement the victory of the "little duffer"<sup>3</sup> at Marlborough over his "cameleopard uncle Lord Charles Bruce."

He began to denounce a Cabinet before it was formed, that might contain "Kimberley and Harcourt," and only consoled himself with the thought that the few faithful Whig peers would be able to provide for their sons and nephews.

"I am sorry your beaufre<sup>4</sup> did not win at Windsor; but Windsor ought to be abolished except as the chef-lieu of a 'hundred.' I wish you joy of your election. Those towns are insecure seats; perhaps the inhabitants of most worth, most constancy, are in the background. You had better take your wife to the borough in the summer and see whether she attracts some of the quiet thoughtful people; don't go against the clergy; in the long run they are more magnanimous than the other professional people. You had better get Rosebery to go to Dublin, or else abolish the Viceregalty. You will have no places for Dodson, Frederick Cavendish, or Camperdown; none that will satisfy them.

"You are congested with irrepressibles. The sow should have thirty teats if squeaking is to be stopt.

"It will be hard to deal with Lowe and Childers.

<sup>1</sup> Marquis of Stafford, afterwards 4th Duke of Sutherland, K.G.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lord Sheffield.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Marquis of Ailesbury.

<sup>4</sup> Victor Van de Weyer.

If I was in the House I should hate Childers and be angry, sometimes, with Lowe; he has become an acrid partizan; he exaggerates.

"In the Marquis'<sup>1</sup> manifesto there was very good writing: but he should not use the Yankeeism 'claim' for 'allege,' nor say that a '*purpose* is obtained.' I think that was it, purpose was used when one expected object. The sentence about Afghanistan was excellently pointed. Disraeli's paper was vile in every way. Northcote who prides himself on pure English must have been ashamed of it."

William Cory was working at his "Guide to Modern English History" with renewed zeal, although he complained that he had little strength left, and thought Austria more interesting than England at the moment! He added that England was very interesting when he was at my age, and perhaps was now to men of my age. He intended to reach 1846 in the course of a few months, but was held up for want of books of reference.

"Such a book as mine may possibly rescue some undergrads, B.A.'s, and foreigners from some of the stale utterances of pessimists.

"I find my writing to be *cheerful* in tone, though Gibbonesque and Saturday Reviewesque.

"I am now in 1833 session, having done my Belgium, Poland, and Spain. I wish very much to know what Lord Grey thought of Stanley in 1833, and also what the Stanley of 1845 and Derby of 1852 thought of the Stanley of 1831-3. Often as I have gone over those times it only now dawns on me how splendid he was then. When did he *begin* to be sceptical, almost mocking, to show levity and over pliancy as he did in 1852 and 1859?

"I am able from newspapers to conclude that

<sup>1</sup> Marquis of Hartington.

after Cairns is used up the leading Conservative is Lord George Hamilton; he ought to have been taken into Cabinet before Lord Sandon: he seems to me to have the downrightness, the *fierté*, the range, and the grace of a genuine British statesman, far superior to Peel's under Secretaries in 1843. I began Metternich at the end and exulted in Gentz' account of Castlereagh at Vienna. I do not know how much is new in the book. Talleyrand's letter about Saxony I had never read, but it must have been known to Gervinus.

"I am now beginning at the beginning and afraid of being drawn into Austrian ways of thinking. I wish the Duke of Somerset would just print his critical observations on the Ministers with whom he has served.

"I have had a little talk with my publisher, Kegan Paul, who knows or meets scores of intelligent men; well fitted to reproduce what he hears. When I said to him 'Gladstone has lived too long,' he answered, 'but he is the only thing that saves us from Sir William Harcourt,' and I could not say he was wrong. Gladstone's view of Irish Church-abolishing as the natural sequence of an attack on the police is about the *lowest* politics on paper anywhere. He is further than Dizzy at this time from the Whig standard of government. Gladstone has understood Italian politics from the tourist point of view, but I see no proof that he has ever understood European affairs from the Foreign Office point of view. Northcote is right in saying that there is no harm done by the deficit. Gladstone regards it merely as a shopkeeper. Gladstone is one of the common Londoners who take up topics and lions and things that are in season. On the other hand I think it nearly time for Salisbury to be clipped and pared. His Cabul policy is after all

very wilful. It appears that we have not an Army in India solid enough for a great enterprise, and this Cabul affair is as serious as the invasion of the Crimea.

“I was beginning the Belgian section when your letter came. I go a good deal by Dalling and Tallandier’s review of Stockmar, and I regret not having even seen Juste’s history of Belgium. I have long thought the Belgian business a pattern for Foreign Office people, a triumph of good sense and courage and tact. My appetite increases for the politics of those days, for the persons as well as the doctrines and measures.”

During the winter of 1881 I was too hard worked to be free to write often to Madeira. Such a winter as it was—long weeks of frost and snow—no carriages and few cabs could move along the streets of London. I used to drive Lord Hartington from Devonshire House to the Cabinet or to the India Office in my sleigh. The Government were in the thick of the *mêlée* with the Irish members of the House of Commons, which meant, for us, long and wearisome all-night sittings. I contrived to send books rather than long letters to William Cory. I sent him Madame de Rémusat, whose *Memoirs* he found valuable, as well as excellent. He read and enjoyed some Whyte Melville, clamoured for Meredith; but in those days Meredith’s novels were hard to obtain. I found and sent him Beauchamp’s *Career*.

“I have been reading Macaulay’s *History* for my improvement; in some parts it is too loquacious, but there is a certain power of hitting the nail on the head which one does not find in the Frenchmen. I read some of Carlyle’s *Cromwell* by way of warning.

“Paul tells me that when Tennyson gets a story



furnished him to turn into verse he requires it in a lengthy form, not mere ideas but full sense; he does not invent incidents, even Gareth and Lynette is all in some old French story. (I don't believe this.) Tennyson has given up the idea of making Becket into a play, for want of erotics. I told Paul to tell Tennyson about Marie Antoinette. Paul says (which is almost incredible) that Tennyson cannot read any *book* in French, German, or Italian; also that the political poems of the first volume 'Of old sat Freedom' and two others were versified in one day *from a single speech made by Spedding*. This is worth verifying."

Froude was visiting Madeira and William Cory thought him a "hard frivolity," not kindly, not hearty, not downright. He had heard that Froude was to write Carlyle's Life—Carlyle, an "inconstant lamp" as he called him; and he felt sure that the old Scot's earnestness and accuracy were alien from Froude, who was an odd Elisha for the "rugged Calvinist Bashi-Bazouk called Thomas Carlyle." I sent him the "Standard" newspaper which at that time was supposed to be inspired by Chamberlain. He found it good but inferior to the "Times" in correspondence—that is in letters of "the rich and great, or rather the well informed." The "Standard," he said, suffered from the rule about *leaders*; the mischievous demand for an essay of regulation length whatever the topic may be. What, he asked, had become of Venables, who used to write in the "Saturday Review," and he found no one like him on the staff of that newspaper, so far as he could judge. Occasionally he repeated the old trumpet calls of previous years. We should make no progress in Europe while Bismarck lived. "Remember Ferdinand de Lesseps. It is not too late. I wish you wisdom." He could not

fancy Lord Granville bracing himself up to the task of neutralizing the Panama Canal.

"It could be done by the United States of Europe guided by a Cavour or a Palmerston."

England, he saw plainly, had cut off all causes of quarrel with her only two dangerous rivals, "Uncle Sam and France." Ever since that was done England had been free to act in the Levant, and now was the time. "If we clearly do not act selfishly Americans and Frenchmen would applaud us for coercing Turkey, and we could ignore Bismarck. Don't let soldiers overawe you on these points; hardly any soldier ever takes a comprehensive synoptic view of facts." He loved soldiers, but was not blind to their limitations. He was afflicted by seeing every month good young faces in the illustrated papers representing officers who died in the many little wars England was waging. "But the honour of the human race is upheld by such Government as ours on the African coast."

In the early spring Madeira was Elysian. Fresh oak leaves conspicuous, a burst of camellia blossoms, the bay and incense trees flourishing in his garden.

"I have had a happy week's visit from Albert,<sup>1</sup> the second and the most child-like of the eight Lytteltons. He says that Plimsoll (who is here) went to Hawarden in the Spring and was suspected of trying to invade the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone feels that he has a great friend and comforter in *Bright*, who is quite domestic at Hawarden.

"The family opinion is that your Marquis and his brother Fred are thorough business-like politicians, quite keen, sensible, and safe. The Prime Minister has quite recovered his old footing with

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. the Hon. Albert Lyttelton.

the Queen, and was warmly welcomed back to Office by the Prince of Wales.

"It is clear that no dislike of any Minister has been betrayed in the Royal family. Albert lives at the Rectory, and the P.M. takes his coffee there every morning, and the two houses are fused whenever there are guests. It is clear to me that the P.M. is very happy in his Castle, though he was for a fortnight lately in an agony about the European concert. He speaks very disparagingly of the legal mind, does not trust lawyers in statesmanship. I think it probable that he is much less at the mercy of experts on all subjects than his predecessor. He laments Northcote's over-cautious feebleness as Leader of the Opposition, and would prefer another man. Albert thought it was Smith.

"I am delighted with the literary skill, grace, and wisdom of Lady Minto, having only just got her three volumes about Gibbie,<sup>1</sup> though I read her *Life of Hugh* long ago.

"I was astonished at the clumsy over-loaded drag-gletail writing in almost every page of Trevelyan's *Fox*, but the information is very valuable, and I am very grateful for the gift of the book. It is a pity that a man who once had the proper touch should become so elephantine just because he is stuffed with biographical knowledge. He makes, as others do, too much of Wolfe and Quebec, as compared with the taking of Fort DuQuesne; too much altogether of Chatham; he does no justice to poor North. I enjoyed specially his account of Wilkes, Meredith, and Junius. I should like to go over the book with him, pen in hand, as if he had shown me up his theme.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Gilbert Elliot ("Life and Letters of Gilbert Elliot, 1st Earl of Minto," edited by the Countess of Minto).

“I received to-day a longish letter from Elliot, whom I had sadly given up, with so many more, as lost to me. He seems as dry as ever; sick of his six years copying of despatches about Turkey; but he has written just as of old, and I am truly glad he cares for me. He says of my poor *Guide* that it shocks him by being radical or anti-aristocratic, so I fear he has only dipped into it. He thanks me for the clear definitions therein contained.

“George Darwin made me nearly weep at a luncheon by giving me kind messages from Arthur Balfour, Fitzmaurice, and other Cambridge men. We got up a little luncheon for him, and the best food accessible, but he was ill; however, he walks up here and talks openly and brightly, and is very welcome. This was our first *comme il faut* party.”

On 1 March 1881 the news of Colley's defeat at Majuba shocked London. Everyone believed that peace with the Boers was now impossible, and Lord Roberts was appointed to the Chief Command in South Africa. No one foresaw the decision ultimately arrived at by Mr. Gladstone and his Government. It was generally assumed that the absurd and humiliating defeat of Colley would lead to an assertion of authority by the English Government and a surrender by the Boers. But public opinion had drawn conclusions without taking sufficient account of Mr. Gladstone's infinite ingenuity, or the malleability of his colleagues.

William Cory's martial feelings, his lifelong glory in British feats of arms, were deeply wounded.

“If the men had all died as the 66th did at Maiwand I would be proud of them, but this rout is as bad as Castlebar. I have been driven wild by foolish telegrams; at last I get the papers, and see that the Majuba or Spitz Kop defeat was thoroughly disgraceful and disheartening. A ‘scientific’



officer took, it seems, the pick of his little force to execute a clever device. He put two-thirds of his men, 20 officers and about 350 others, into a natural redoubt, 200 yards by 50. There they lay in ambush, having three days food and plenty of time for completing a breastwork, and I believe the sailors were there with a Gatling. Then for seven hours they potted and were potted at. Then in a few minutes they were hustled out of their redoubt: they did not even fix bayonets. They were swept off by men who had firelocks without bayonets. It is really as bad as Gardiner's affair at Prestonpans 1745 (see *Waverley*). I can imagine the 'Boadiceas' bolting. Captain Denison of *Encounter* said to me that he did not feel sure of sailors on shore being at all *steady*. I can imagine the 58th men unnerved by their previous repulse, being untrustworthy. But it is too shocking to hear of two companies of the 92nd, of the regiment which stubbornly held the Col de Maya in 1813, with fighting that would, as Napier says, have graced Thermopylae; the regiment which restored the fight at St. Pierre; the regiment that Roberts has been praising, full of tough veterans, allowing themselves to be carried away in a loose bully, trampling down Commander Cameron, leaving Colley to be shot down, leaving the Boers with only one man killed and five wounded. This is the upshot of our improved firearms, of our new flexible drill, of our competitive officer's education, of our renewed Sandhurst, of our Colley, the chosen Elisha of our Wolseley; our Colley, the chosen military adviser of our Lytton.

"It is not as if there were any doubt about it; no one can gainsay such an eye-witness as Cameron. I hear indirectly from Froude (who is here) that Roberts, etc., were not surprised at Colley's breakdown, knowing his rashness. They were



silent, dismayed, perplexed about the armistice. I cannot bear to think of it.

“When they talk to me of the Liberal Capitulation I tell them I have faith in Kimberley: he used to say he was dead against giving up any bit of ground.

“But with Bright, Chamberlain, and Courtney, and Gladstone above all, I have misgivings. If you do give up Transvaal I won’t give much for your tenure of Office.”

“I have been forty hours meditating on Colley’s handling of his detachment on that hill-top: he must have allowed about thirty thousand cartridges to be slowly, stupidly, uselessly wasted on stones and bushes, without sending for more ammunition to his reserves or his head-quarters; he must have had his four hundred fellows under his eye, knowing that they were in no sort of formation, no touch, stupidly assuming that the Boers would go on potting till sunset; then when the Boers made that *rush*, which our quasi-Prussian modern drill has for these ten years taught our officers to consider the catastrophe of every little war tragedy, he had no means of meeting it, no counter stroke, no reserve of men in hand. Remember that when suddenly charged by horse, a battalion at Quatre Bras, said to be *young* soldiers, formed in a moment *two lines back to back*; here after these years of drill the 120 volunteers of the 92nd behaved just about as well as the shopkeepers of the rue de la Paix in their fight with the Communards.

“We want, if you please, at this turn of our affairs the converse of proper names on colours and clasps on bosoms. We want significant gaps in the Army List. In my youth we had one, between the 4th and the 6th Dragoons, and it was for the Castlebar Race. I find this actually unknown

to my guest here, an intelligent high-born man, who served in the 1st Guards from 1856 to 1865.

"In 1842 we were led to expect that there would be a second gap, between 43rd and 45th Foot, for Shelton's battalion was in disgrace at Kabul, but I suppose it was let off for the sake of Quatre Bras. If I had been in power I would have struck out the 24th Foot for Isandlhana, where all was lost; *even honour*, all but the colours.

"How can one expect an army to be respected which contains regiments that inscribe on their colours *Chillianwallah*: a rout for which the 14th Dragoons might have been obliterated justly. I have to tell my friends the history of the 92nd and yet the Army List does not say that it carries Col de Maya;<sup>1</sup> and St. Pierre 'Lincelles,' which I have never been able to discover in history, figures on the colours of the Guards. The beautiful battle of *Sauroren* is not to be found in the Army List.

"We go on calling ships by vulgar names, such as Bouncer; snobbish names, such as Sultan, Shah, Royal this and that; unpronounceable names, such as Mutine, and we let our lads grow up with no naval tribute, no naval record of Camperdown, Salamanca, Tarifa, Lucknow, Inkerman.

"I see your brother goes to the Boer War, giving up the Ripons. It does him credit."<sup>2</sup>

A month later the surrender of the Government, a more humiliating defeat for England than Colley's misadventure, was generally known. It had been determined by a Cabinet, bitterly divided and only held together by the usual desire for Office inherent in all Cabinets, that a temporary truce with the Boers should be purchased at the price of a future war. There was not a man of wisdom or

<sup>1</sup> On its colours.

<sup>2</sup> Eugène Brett, Scots Guards, was A.D.C. to Lord Ripon.

experience outside the Government who believed that the pusillanimous policy of Mr. Gladstone would lead to a peace in South Africa. Lord Roberts on his way to South Africa touched at Madeira and said to someone, who repeated it to William Cory, that if it was true that we had made the armistice with the Boers, the people in India would have had their minds unsettled by such a display of weakness. William Cory, when writing this to me, added:

“It is at least clear that Roberts was chosen in the usual grab or pounce way to be a sort of Dictator, and as soon as he was sent off from London the Cabinet compromised his position by stopping the war; this is a curious novelty in misgovernment.

“My opinion at present is that since Bolingbroke deserted the Dutch and made peace with Louis the XIV, there has been till now no betrayal, no dishonourable conduct, on the part of a British Minister or his agent.

“Kimberley’s plea is that if he went on with the struggle he would have to deal with all the Dutch, and it was too great a risk to run. ‘*Pacem duello miscuit.*’ See Horace’s ode on Regulus. Northbrook’s saying, ‘nothing could be more disgraceful than to force a free people to submit’ is so sweeping that it would have compelled Lord Canning to give up Oude in 1857.

“Gladstone is too much of a politician to understand *war*. It is clear that Gladstone and his disciples, after letting Childers do the proper thing (reinforcing, I don’t mean superseding) trumped their partner’s winning card, *gave Wood full powers* to surrender as much as he liked.

“It is exasperating that your masters listen to the Cape Dutch on this topic just at the time when

they shirk the fight and leave our Colonial volunteers in the lurch on the field of battle in Basutoland. But all this is to me a trifle compared with the weakness and stupidity of you Londoners in not seeing or saying that our troops have failed. Colley's two despatches, (1) about Laing's Nek, (2) about Ingogo, show that our mounted men failed; they ought at all hazards to have charged the Boers when they were in the open, mere rifles without bayonets or pits. This is comparatively unimportant, though bad.

“What is to me actually depressing and makes me *ill* is that 350 picked regulars and sailors, after potting for six hours and wasting about 20,000 cartridges in hitting six bodies, on finding a loose bully of Boers within 40 yards of them *did not charge them with bayonets*. What is the good of training, experience, discipline, esprit de corps, if men cannot shoot true, cannot refrain from wasting powder, cannot push down a steep hill a lot of untrained men who have struggled up the hill. Suppose Griffiths and I and Whale had been multiplied by 700 and left on the top of that hill, could we have done worse than the companies of Roberts' favourite 92nd, the two companies of Colley's pets the 60th, the company of picked men from Boadicea and Dido?

“Wolseley in the XIXth Century on Short Service speaks of our victories, Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman. This is enough to make one despair. A Crimean soldier and a leading authority believes that we won a victory at Balaclava! The plain fact is that the Russians that day gained a position of the highest value to them, which they kept to the end of the winter, if not to the end of the siege. Their advance deprived us of the Woronzoff road, the only road between Balaclava and South

Sebastopol, and all our sufferings date from that loss; at Balaclava they took English guns from Turks: the guns were *not* retaken by the English army. Except in a few bits of trench fighting we never obtained any advantage over the Russians after November 5, 1854, Inkerman.

"We pride ourselves on our regiments and we scrape every barrack yard to make up a battalion for export. Yet when it comes to the scratch we are afraid to risk a whole battalion, and if by chance a battalion is destroyed, as the 24th was at Isandlhana, we fancy the world is splitting up.

"I am in bad health, but three hours a day at least I act nursemaid and Andrew delights in me: he is little less than an idol to the parish: he weighs 28 lbs. I hope Oliver<sup>1</sup> will live a good deal in his early years with his parents and with people who speak softly, who sing spontaneously, who pick flowers, who feed chickens. When I sit, as I do every night on duty, by Andrew's bedside, I am truly content; yet I weep every day to think of having to leave him.

"The nurse has taught him a charming manœuvre; when he comes to say good-night, he puts his arms on me, his head on my shoulder, and says in Portuguese 'close to father's heart.'"

On the 19th of April 1881 I was at Newmarket, and when my servant called me that morning he told me that Lord Beaconsfield was dead. He died soon after four o'clock, very peacefully, Monty Corry (Lord Rowton) holding his hand.

Three days later John Morley called on me in Tilney Street and spoke very sympathetically of the statesman he had done so much to displace. He agreed that no more striking figure had appeared in English political life; that Disraeli inspired

<sup>1</sup> My eldest son.



affection as well as admiration in his adherents; that by all other than bigoted opponents he was held in respect; that he was the most magnanimous statesman of our time; that he captivated the imagination of the English people, and triumphed over their not unnatural prejudices.

“Has it been noted in London that this is the first time since, I think, the death of Sir Robert Walpole, that England has been without a *retired* Prime Minister? Considering that there are plenty of retired second and third and fourth Ministers such as Foreign Secs., Indian Secs., etc., it is a remarkable thing that there is no ex-P.M. It shows that the nation is very faithful to chosen monarchs. How many ex-P.M.s in Austria, probably not less than four in Italy? Not less than five or six, I guess, in France; de Broglie, Freycinet, Dufaure, Olivier, Gambetta; in Spain too many to count. Then if England is democratic, democracy in England is not capricious.

“I have so much regard for the English aristocracy that I can hardly imagine its ever tolerating for a year a leader that is not good rather than bad. I believe Dizzy was very bad in his worst days, and began to get better in 1852, when he had to sit alongside of honourable men, such as the late Derby, Spencer Walpole, Duke of Northumberland. I believe he long ago repented his spitefulness towards dear old Sir Robert Peel. I believe he has had a genuine affection for some *young* men, and a singular skill in choosing men for Office and giving them fair innings. But as for wisdom, constructive power, constancy to principle, he is I fancy below the English standard, about a peg below Rattazzi, Soult, Talleyrand; two below Thiers.

“His authority with the party which professes

to be sensible (and is) proves that we are still, after all the Aristotle, Plato, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, etc., apt to be mastered by showy phrases which look like aphorisms, and by that quiet kind of brag which is best called 'London Assurance.'

"It remains on my mind that the recent European policy of Beaconsfield was called by the old Orleanist in the *Revue*, 'hardi et habile'; I imagined it was devised and carried through by Beaconsfield with Salisbury; and the keen Pharisee Cairns. Beaconsfield anyhow must have credit for standing up to Bismarck and for closing with Schouvaloff, other Britons would have been only dogged with the one and stiff, too stiff for business, with the other. It is due to the Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Cairns lot that we have put Austria on the right centre of gravity and got a great way into the dissection of Turkey, without any *serious* blunder.

"I said to a certain ex-Secretary of State lately, 'When there is War the Prime Minister ought to be Minister of War, that is, hoist his flag over the Secretary's pendant and attend to the *details*.' He agreed heartily. Now Mr. Gladstone indulges a hatred of war and armaments, which makes him turn aside from critical consideration of plans such as Palmerston's wooden screw ship building in 1856. It is just like my doctor's disliking accouchements and going to England to avoid his she-patient in the ninth month of gestation. If a man thinks it wrong to fight with barbarians to make the world more habitable for Europeans, let him sit on a cross bench; he is not qualified to be manager of the affairs of the nation which indefatigably pursues this beneficent duty."

During the summer of 1881 he seemed to recover strength, but his wife and child were ailing. The great heat was escaped by a flight to another part

of the island, but plans were already afoot for a return to England.

Halsdon was let. Auberon Herbert had applied for it, but to William Cory's regret the lease had been already signed. The new tenant turned off one of the old servants who was immediately pensioned by his former master, ill as he could afford this act of charity. June, he wrote, was the best June for weather he ever saw anywhere, and he was getting well, but the "two young people looked tired."

He wrote at great length about India and our North Western policy, glorying in the leadership of Englishmen, "not conceiving that there can be any set of leaders more intelligent, brave, and tenacious than the Britons." Controversy raged at the time over the retention of a footing in Afghanistan, and occasionally I took part in the discussion, although to square the freedom of a member of Parliament with the duty of a Private Secretary was no easy matter.

"R.B.B.<sup>1</sup> who lately answered Lord Napier in the *Times* *very smartly* is open to this rejoinder from Lord N.: 'I do not contemplate, as you do, the Russians bringing a field force from Herat in one campaign by the Bolan to the Indus; what I contemplate is their making first a lodgement at Merv, then at Herat, then at Kandahar, and so on. Of course they would not be so mad as to plunge at once into the desert, but they would do in Southern Afghanistan what Skobelev has just done in his attack of the Tekhs; or rather they would do what we did when we took the Punjaub and made it a great military base.'

"Let R.B.B. beware of this rejoinder if he speaks in the House."

<sup>1</sup> My signature over certain letters in the "*Times*."

That winter, 1881-2, Madeira was full of visitors. There were as yet no "Winter Resorts" in the Alps for the unhappy victims of pulmonary disease. They crowded into Madeira. "We saw Helmsley,"<sup>1</sup> he wrote, "and his simply drest wife riding together. He looked comely and bright—not ill. Johnny Kaye<sup>2</sup> was with him at dinner. They waited for their yacht. They were perfectly exclusive, but simple in their ways. Every one respected them. The yacht came. They went to Teneriffe; he broke down there. He longed to die on land; they got him into a boat and into an hotel. He died that night. The good-natured little Duchesse<sup>3</sup> being in the hotel went to sit with her and soothe her, being herself the widow of a dear good gentleman, who was here four and three years ago." William Cory remembered Reggie Helmsley at Eton, one of the most beautiful of a singularly beautiful race, and in those days of boyhood, not so very long before, a gay delightful companion, beloved by us all, who had no suspicion then of the lurking danger.

Lord Fortescue was another visitor—an old friend. They agreed on most points, and amongst them in "thinking Lord Randolph not a bit worse than Disraeli was 40 years ago," and "not worse than Harcourt was, is, or will be." And he adds that there is nothing like a comparison for regulating one's opinions. Lord Fortescue's father had entered the House of Commons in 1803, and his own range of political knowledge stretched far back into the past, so that there was no lack of congenial topics. He charmed William Cory by saying of Gladstone and Disraeli that it had been

<sup>1</sup> The eldest son of the Earl of Feversham.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Lister Kaye.

<sup>3</sup> Duchesse de Richelieu, afterwards Princess of Monaco.

a sad state of things for Whigs to have to choose between a benevolent enthusiast and a political adventurer.

“Madame<sup>1</sup> is quite a Calypso to the R.N. Captains, and her last conquest is that real Ulysses, Captain Burton, the Mahometan, would-be Mormon, etc. He comes here, and is to bring his partner, Cameron, R.N. They go to look for gold reefs behind our southern posts on the west coast of Africa. I go round the world and into the secrets of great geographers in talk with him. *His* secrets (heard from others long ago) I keep back, even from Madame, at least till he has gone. He tells me a lot of new things.

“I read what I can about Egypt. My positive opinion is that the best thing would be for the Powers, including Spain as a Mediterranean power, to agree to ask England to hold Egypt in trust, as she held the Ionian Islands. The worst thing would be to make a bilateral contract with France, Egypt to be English, all else from Alexandria to the Atlantic, French. I can imagine some Frenchmen proposing this.

“Burton talks to me of a scheme, conceived perhaps in spite of De Lesseps, whom he thinks a shabby intriguer, to begin a railway over against Malta (rather Greece) in the old Cyrenaica, to go along the coast, desert but not without moisture, to Alexandria; to make another railway from Kenieh, the easternmost elbow of the Nile, to Cosseir, across a well-known bit of desert, so as to save a lot of distance for traffic. He thinks Mr. Pitt’s notion of a canal between Kenieh and Cosseir (Mr. Pitt thought Bonaparte would cut it) not quite chimerical: the great Albuquerque had a scheme of turning the whole Nile that way into the

<sup>1</sup> His wife.



Red Sea, so as to destroy Egypt, on crusading grounds. This he admits to be rather a large order. He gave me a neat little paradox. De Lesseps ought to be grateful to Palmerston : for if Palmerston had not stood out against the Suez Canal, Louis Napoleon would not have cared about it and the French would not have subscribed for it. Certainly it will never do to reckon on the complete conversion of Frenchmen of business to general sympathy with England. Yet I suppose we never had with Louis XVIII or Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon, so reasonable a hope of French friendship as we have with Gambetta.

"Your Cabinet is with all its absurdities far fitter for these Mediterranean questions than Salisbury would be. Lord Granville seems to me a much abler man now than he was, and it is quite clear to me that our men generally are far better managers of affairs, what they call diplomatists, than Frenchmen. We cannot be sure, but it looks as if Gambetta were as cool-headed and as free from arbitrary absolute thinking as a thoroughly good Englishman. I fear however that he will like his ease rather too much and shrink from stiffening his arms against the torrent of journalistic passion : I suppose France is more than ever excited by journalists.

"The agreeable correspondent of the Western Morning News seems to watch your career with friendly interest. I have looked in vain for your letter on Gambetta, on which he comments. My Berlin friend says two things of Gambetta. 'He is a dangerous man for any country, he is sure to be all powerful in France, where institutions go for nothing and the single popular man goes for everything.'

"D.M. in the Times caught you out as to

Gambetta's self-denial. His present position, leg of mutton and trimmings, brings France back towards that which one hoped she was to get away from, a Monocracy such as the First Consul's and Louis Napoleon's. I guess that good Frenchmen feel that they are bound to trust to the man who can play Bismarck's bowling: if Bismarck dies perhaps it will be possible for France to breathe freely and enjoy parliamentary government, as Italy does. It seems to me from the little I can learn that Italy and Hungary have the English Government such as it was before 1868, and that Roumania happily follows their example. Besides these, Belgium seems to be happy, and Spain likely to be. Greece, too, seems sound, and I bless all these good children, whilst inclined to pity the great States, Russia, Germany, France, and England. I hope for the death or prostration of Gladstone and Bismarck.

"I deprecate your writing as you do of Chamberlain, as if he were to have the shaping of the English procedure, a man who talks of landlords 'confiscating' their tenants' improvements.

"Let our Secretaries of State keep negotiations to London and show just the same *respect* to Gambetta as to Waddington or De Freycinet, and no special flattering complaisance, much less any chilly jealousy. Frequent open consultation with France, not an alliance, only joint action on this or that point.

"Four years ago at table I refuted, to the satisfaction of the listeners, a clever German who was trying to argue for Bismarck's proposal, that we should take Egypt. I remember Lord Halifax's approval in 1877 of my saying 'that pear is not ripe.'

"What Bismarck wants is *Antwerp*.

"He cannot have it, as long as England and

France are on decent terms. The plain duty of European statesmen is to resist all attempts at absorbing against their will the small states of Europe. Tell your French friends that they will have the Germans in Antwerp a year after they have a coolness with England.

“It is one of the sad riddles to me, how it can be that the nation which reasons delightfully and keeps its literary sensibility marvellously free from *niaiserie*, is also, even now, after these eighty years of enlightenment, a nation of such texture that it seems likely to be pushed back, to be, in the *world*, swamped by Teutonic floods; to be at home, relatively to Germany, what Italy was in the 17th and 18th centuries relatively to England.

“Another thing you should tell the Gambetticelli, is that they are making *fausse route* whenever they try to master Syria: their friends the Christians there are too weak, too mean, to graft upon. Whereas if they ruled Morocco, they would have solid quiet Moors, capable, no doubt, of fanatic ferocities now and then, but easier to rule than those Mussulmans who have always been living amongst weak Christians, easier than Nomads or Bedouins. It is *now* the glory of France to restrain and subdue fierce hardy tribes (fiercer, they say, than any races that we have subdued in India); let them persevere in this, extending in due time into Morocco, if they can do so without offending or wronging Spain.”

“*Esprit de clocher*—*esprit politique*. This is a genuine bit of French phraseology. Valbert says the curse of his country is that it does not contain enough men who do their duty; their duty is to *beget men*, and they go on behaving as if it were enough to ‘*inventer une formule*.’

“To you, in particular, with your social training, the dazzling formula, the antithetical mot, is danger-

ous. Even though I myself relish these lozenges I warn others against them.

“It is not self evident that the local or parochial spirit is incompatible with the patriotism of a good legislator. It is not more likely to be true, than such another mot thus formulated. *Père de famille capable de tout—sauf la politique, or, l’esprit de famille détruit l’esprit politique.* On the other hand it is self evident that the State is contrary to the tribe; that the State cannot tolerate the Socialistic Commune, or a federation of clubs, or an earnest company of Brethren, secret and aggressive, whether Jesuitic or Rosicrucian, or a conspiracy of ‘interests’ such as the railway interest, the West India interest, the Bank interest, the East India Company interest, suppose they coexist and combine.

“But the State, the legislature, the ministerial government, has nothing to be afraid in the family spirit or the parochial spirit. The wish to help one’s kinsfolk may spread and branch out luxuriantly without obstructing politics.

“The wish to be respected by neighbours is so far from anti-political, that one can’t imagine a big Commonwealth being safe in the hands of politicians who are above such a feeling, such a habit. Look to Scotland. The best authorities say that it did not make any real progress in wealth, etc., for the five hundred years (roughly) that came before William of Orange and the Union. Since 1700 or thereabouts it has enjoyed the fruits of political growth. The whole thing can be seen. There is no shadow about the case. The *esprit de clocher* has been extremely strong there, even at the very time when sweeping political change was effected.

“Andrew is ill. I sit upstairs in my den, close to his door so as to hear whether he cries or coughs.

I had yesterday a supremely happy hour with him. The wonderful part of it is that he more than any-one or anything makes me renew the early feeling about my Parents who have been gone thirty years. For all this I still appear to people eminently cheerful.

“We are seven here, Etonians. I the eldest: the others are Gordon, Duckworth, Cleasby, Wharton, Gilbert Farquhar, and Hugessen. Duckworth is the first boy I ever taught, but I taught him at his home, when preparing for Eton, when I was an undergraduate.”



## CHAPTER VII

1882-1885

WHEN in 1882 William Cory, worried by the ill-health of his wife, found himself once more in England, he had "run to a skeleton," and was kept alive, he said, by the feeling of battle in the air. He could say and feel *Rule Britannia* as strenuously as when he saw the Guards go from Windsor to fight Nicholas. As his homeward bound ship swept up the Channel, he forgot his pains and perplexities. Palmerston, he thought, was taking long strides over the asphodel meadows. Although uncertain whether the cold would suit his wife, he decided to try the experiment of living at Hampstead. It was a desperate venture, the taking of a house on lease, for he believed that before two years had passed death would have overtaken them both. In point of fact there were ten more years of life before him, and she outlived him. After his long seclusion he looked to seeing the young faces of relatives, the older faces of his friends.

"Next Sunday I expect a visitor, Harry Furse, my nephew, who hungers after my notions on politics and is very intelligent. Of course I should like to see the Minister for Scotland<sup>1</sup> but his note gave me no instructions as to his leisure hours or his more accessible haunts. I suppose if he wants to see an unpresentable person he has a special room for the purpose, but in truth I am not fit to go down to ante-chambers. The only expedition I

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Rosebery.

contemplate is to the Print Room of the B.M., where I hope to see portraits and historical things at my ease. Howard Sturgis has been here: very good of him to make the effort. He says you need a holiday more than usual."

He began to seek literary work, anxious both to earn money for his house furnishing, and to liberate his mind by other methods than by writing letters to friends. Someone told him that Escott, then Editor of the "Fortnightly Review," paid a guinea a page. He was keen for a chance of earning fifteen guineas, and began to work for the "Review," doubtful whether his "stuff would be accepted, but taking pains in a timid way."

He sought Hampstead Heath on holidays, enjoying its glory of sky and its festivity; he thought the people's behaviour better than that of boys on the 4th of June; he took pleasure in seeing, hearing, and speaking to his fellow countrymen.

His boy, Andrew, was "amiable, pretty, and joyful. This makes up to me for growing old. I hope you will in like manner feast on the graces of Oliver,<sup>1</sup> but it cannot be to you what it is to me." Old volumes of Hansard were borrowed and read with thoroughness: and he was pleased to hear through me that Lord Halifax was reading his "Guide" and wished to hear from him.

"Last night I got a letter of two sheets from Lord Halifax," he wrote later, "and in reply I am tempted to ask many questions, but I am too shy and too proud. I did once ask a question of the present Earl Grey through Albert, and got an answer; but I am hopeless about my book.

"Herbert Paul of the Daily News was with me nearly seven hours on Saturday, wonderful good

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 189.

company, flowing with literature, politics, law, all critical yet generous.

"He said, and I believe him, that he was very sorry to go away. Yet I must have bored him with my senile retrospective and stale narratives.

"You may take my word for it, there can be no more honourable, keen, quick-sighted, rational journalist than Herbert Paul; he frequents your House. It would be for the good of the country that he should be trusted and supplied with information by Whips and Whigs. He has no twist or warp in his mind, yet he has very clear, well cut opinions.

"I shall be very glad to see you, but I apprehend you are hardly at leisure. I have an odd wish to go to the Strangers' Gallery on Saturday next, to watch the working men struggling with business. Will you give me orders for *two*? I shall possibly get Harry Furse, my nephew, to go with me."

From the time of his return home our correspondence slackened. I saw him often, and he came to us now and again in the country. He became absorbed once more in teaching—holding classes for girls in his house at Hampstead. Now and then in his letters there was a flicker of the old flame, but he was growing old; his feeble health told upon his spirits.

"I think it something like snobbishness to scoff at Tennyson's barony, for the satirist is attaching undue importance to the thing: that is, importance in its effect on the Baron's character. It is not likely that so strong a man should, by being made a lord, have his head turned, so as to rate himself above a Milton. (Though I for one do rate him far above Milton.) It is not to be supposed by one who knows England that he will be tempted to give himself airs: on the contrary he will, if he goes to Parliament, to Court, to the houses of such men as

Lord Granville, be rescued, at least for the time, from the baneful flattery of interviewers and toadies. Tennyson, when he made his name an inevitable one, A.D. 1842, became known to us as a poetical exponent of Spedding's politics, in the set of poems 'Of old sat Freedom,' 'Love thou thy land,' etc. As a Whig he must have had a feeling for the British Peerage; and there is no (publicly known) reason for believing him to be one of those 'Liberals' who illiberally carp at the class of Lords, the only class we have. The war passages in 'Maud' and the prologue to the 'Princess,' seem to indicate a wholesome English affection for the generous aristocracy.

"To a man of such habits of thought, the Peerage is an integral part of the Britain that he belongs to, and though he cannot court it, cannot even write as Wordsworth did about Lowther, without loss of dignity, he is bound to like it and meet it half way.

"If Walter Scott had not dabbled in hops, he might have taken the step above the Baronetcy. Macaulay gives a clear enough precedent; he was ennobled as an historian rather than as a politician, since he had given up politics for some time. The impudent fellow in the Pall Mall must know that Shelley was a Bashi Bazouk and an enemy of England, and that Burns was a sot, and that Wordsworth was poor, and unfit for the great world and not fully recognized as a fine writer during his lifetime. I really cannot think of any writer that we have had that could have been thought of for a lay peerage besides Macaulay and Scott.

"Tennyson is a *finer* writer than any of them. Our Peerage is a good deal more respectable in virtue and talent than it was in the days of Scott or the days of Macaulay.

"I hope many 'scholars' will feel as much pleased at Tennyson's ennobling, as many Anglican Christians were at Newman's Cardinalate. I imagine that neither Tennyson nor Newman ever angled for the promotion.

"I hold that in taking it when offered each accepted a courtesy graciously, and that each would have been unwisely proud and misanthropic had he refused. The stanza about 'In Memoriam' is disgusting.<sup>1</sup> Of course it is a thing hard to explain, that one confesses oneself to readers and takes money for their being interested in the confession: but it is a brutal thing to say that one cultivates emotions and reflections, such as grief engenders with an eye to the main chance. As a matter of literary history I suppose it is pretty certain that 'In Memoriam' did *not*, and that 'Maud' and the 'Idylls' *did*, bring Tennyson into the position which 'Society,' including the Queen and the Prince Consort, recognized.

"I hope the scholars, that is, the thousands of men who recognize Tennyson as the English Virgil, will combine to put something pretty in his town house."

William Cory was anxious that his nephew, William Furse,<sup>2</sup> who had passed first for the Artillery out of Woolwich, should get a Commission in a Field Battery. He admired the lad, who had been noticed by the Duke of Connaught at some inspection, and because he was distinguished as a "lawn tennis prize getter." But with his usual pride he deprecated asking for "influence or favour," because as a patriot he was sorry that *interest* had anything to do with Woolwich, though, if it had encroached on that "region of fair com-

<sup>1</sup> A libellous parody that appeared in the Press.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lieut.-General Sir William Furse, K.C.B.



petition, it was natural that the *père de famille capable de tout*, should stir every stone."

He continued to ask for books, and read with pleasure the old novel "Mrs. Armytage" and another Yorkshire book, curious and racy, more remote, "Reresby's Memoirs," which had been reprinted a few years before: he preferred the "Economist," because his "friend Asquith writes the politics." He enjoyed with lively interest and some little tenderness Lord Malmesbury's two loosely constructed volumes of Autobiography.

"Superior to all these and to most novels, French included, is Meredith's old book, by me just discovered, Evan Harrington, 1 vol. ; Bradbury and Evans, 1864. This is a brilliant, amusing, interesting, and instructive book ; it is good luck to have found it and got it for five bob. I was told by Edwards, an intelligent, honest, second-hand man in High Street, Marylebone, that Meredith's books could not be got. I am going to try to buy a copy that I have read of his 'Beauchamp' (Admiral Maxse is the model). It is a *scandal* that Meredith is never mentioned as a first rate novelist; he is infinitely superior to Thackeray, Trollope, Hardy, Black, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon; in that opinion I will confront all Grub Street. He is a genuine Wit and Master. Madame is feasting on Evan Harrington. Recommend it: get it reprinted.

"We have been trying virtuously to read Miss Austen. It is to me an article of faith that her *Persuasion* is wise and sweet, but I believe, with submission, her other stories to be worsted stockings to us, in this age. Did you ever read Shakespeare's Henry IV? Years ago I was told that Tennyson swore by it. I have enjoyed it, and perceive that it is, in a special sense, the foundation of Tennyson's

eloquence in blank verse; and I doubt whether this is known to the critics.

“In the way of rhythm I suppose it is the best stuff in Shakespeare, not perhaps better than Swinburne’s Bothwell.

“If I ever see you again I shall ask you about M. Van de Weyer’s<sup>1</sup> reading *Clarissa Harlowe* all through in Palmerston’s anteroom.

“I forget many of my reflections on Malmesbury’s book; one is, that it proves more clearly than any previous book that I have seen, how Palmerston fell away latterly from the character that he had formed in 1831-41.

“I think it unusually silly to magnify the importance of French newspapers, and to go on telling the ill-informed clever men of our big towns that the French are right in proclaiming our *failure* in Egypt as a fact. Nothing that I can read convinces me that we have failed. If the big town men, M.P.’s, were sent for by Dilke and lectured on Egypt as it is, they might be got to see that we have still a great position there.

“You should tell them that if there were no India, no Suez Canal, still we should do right to hold Egypt for an indefinite time. The German was wrong when he said that we began to subside and decay when we gave up Corfu; but he would be right if he said that we began to sink into a Holland or Spain state when we avowed that we could not afford to hold Egypt against all comers.

“We have now reached the real crisis. It is now to be decided whether the gentlemen, the men of pride and of enterprise, are to hold the flag and mark out the encamping ground for the nation; or

<sup>1</sup> My Father-in-law. For many years Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James.

the Calculators, the Budget worshippers, the 'majority.'

"Hitherto in times of glory and times of failure we have been led by the *best informed* Englishmen. That is the expression used by Lord Halifax in talking with me in 1877. He said 'After all, things are in the hands of the best informed.' If the Cabinet has now to be controlled by the big town grandee W. E. G., backed by Granville, it amounts to this, that we are governed by the men who do not know our destiny or our capacity, who do not know that we are the fittest people extant for organizing peoples (not nations), for providing fields of enterprise for all Europeans and Americans. We are giving up our metier if W. E. G. and the other retail people settle this question. If Dilke and the Marquis were to speak up we might even recover the beautiful posture we took two years ago. Well, I am glad I lived then; it was as good as being alive in 1815."

The Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon acted as a stimulus to William Cory's wearied faculties. I sent him Lord Wolseley's letters to me written from Dongola, and he replied commenting with all his old love of war and delight in British achievement.

Stewart's death was a great sorrow to all of us, and there were beloved friends in that battle whose fate was uncertain. I sent him a line on the night when the news of Gordon's death was given to me at Tilney Street—but it was not the fate of the hero that moved him. It was the gallantry of the attempted rescue, and the stand made at Abu Klea. Later, when our fears for George Binning<sup>1</sup> were relieved, he was asked for some sapphics to set to the well-known melody of Brahms' called a Sapphic

<sup>1</sup> George, Lord Binning.

Ode. His attempt was not successful. He was unable to fit his sense of sapphic metre to the lilt of Brahms' air. The poem was printed in "Ionica" when the edition of 1891 was issued.

#### SAPPHICS FOR A TUNE.

*Made by request of a songstress, and rejected.*

Relics of battle dropt in sandy valley,  
bugle that screamed a warning of surprise,  
shreds of colour torn before the rally  
jewel of troth plight seen by dying eyes—  
welcome, dear tokens of the lad we mourn.  
Tell how that day his faithful heart was leaping;  
help me, who linger in the home forlorn,  
throw me a rainbow on my endless weeping.

My attempt on the same occasion, sent to him as a guide, fitted the melody, but he had got his own notion of it, interpreted by a girl friend, and was unable to see that the accents of the tune and the words differed. He wrote:

"Let us understand what is meant by Sapphics; if we go by prosody the model line will be on this mould:

"'Sulky dumbfounded at a sad bereavement'—this three times; then, 'all in a muddle,' for the fourth line. This being the strict type, we are allowed to depart from prosody, from strictness about long and short syllables and go by accent: as, 'thousands of postboys clamouring for whisky'—the essential syllable is the first of the line which must be long or acute so as to start the trochaic movement.

"Emily Brontë's stanzas—'Cold in the earth and fifteen wild Novembers'<sup>1</sup>—used to seem to me, in parts, sapphic, and I once made some stanzas which my Brother, who has taste, liked and I called them Sapphics. They begin, 'Love like an island,'

<sup>1</sup> The poem is called "Remembrance."

and as '*like*' seems a long syllable it is not obvious to the uninitiated that a trochaic movement is intended. Now my stanzas, suggested by Emily Brontë, are of *four equal* lines, and I do not see my way to a stanza of three equal lines—that were not comic, doggerel, or vulgar—and I cannot to-day imagine myself making such a stanza dignified; so before I attempt to obey Mrs. Brett<sup>1</sup> you must say whether you insist on this form or not.

"In my little book there is a thing called 'Stesichorus,' made expressly to give the trochaic movement and the sapphic cadences, but I think without monotony. If this is what you want, say so; but I think you will have to go to a Myers or a Mallock for a 'needy knife grinder' stanza. I observe Calverley has never tried it in rendering Horace."

The lines I sent him were these. They are rather of the "needy-knife-grinder" type.

Silent stars look down on the sandy valley,  
gentle streams slow murmur away to the sea,  
fragrant breeze blow southward my prayer, O my darling  
angels protect thee.

Silent stars look down on the sandy valley,  
sounds of battle dying away in the night;  
weary eyes that close on a blood-stained pillow,  
sleep O beloved.

These lines had no merit, beyond this, that they could be sung to Brahms' beautiful air while his could not, and William Cory admitted this when they were sung to him by one of his pupils.

His military criticisms and analogies from wars, over which he loved to linger, have but slender interest to-day. After Khartoum fell he thought we might have to put out all our little military strength to rescue Gordon plus Wolseley. "I will gladly pay

<sup>1</sup> Viscountess Esher.



10 per cent. Income Tax for that job. Our enterprises are eagle flights compared with the French." Then he continues:

"My feeling about the peril which I expressed when I saw you has never been diminished since, though I could not express it on Sunday to my valiant naval friend, who treated Wolseley's very audacious heroic enterprise as a great war picnic. It sickens me to think that the fellow countrymen of Blücher and those of Canrobert are probably applauding their politicians for conspiring to thwart and snub us at a time when we are doing for the cause of Europe and civilization such a thing as none of them has ever essayed.

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be,  
There are no lads like English lads  
So true and brave as they be.

"So rhymed Tennyson 54 years ago."

The romance of war appealed to him as strongly as it did when he led his lads out of pupil-room into Eton High Street to see the route-marching Guards. Rule Britannia — *sursum corda*—were words constantly heading or ending his letters. He noted the Irish names among the list of fallen at Abu Klea. He always believed that there were enough sound Irishmen to "countervail the sneaks"; and never countenanced persecution of the Irishry, because "it was an Irish Regiment that won Meanee."

When I sent him the "Pall Mall Gazette" which Stead called "Too late," he found it helpful, but pitied Mr. Gladstone. Not that he would admit England to be any the worse for Gladstone's *humiliation*. The nation had not done wrong—except in clamouring for Gordon's mission—a venial error.

The nation had trusted its Government, and could not know that Hartington and Wolseley needed support to overcome the reluctance of Mr. Gladstone to send relief to Khartoum. He writes:

“I have been expressing an opinion which will not be popular, that the Khartoum affair is not a real calamity. I suppose Gordon weakened his own tenure by sending away with his steamers most, or many at least, of his least cowardly followers. If he thus sacrificed himself, it is a fine catastrophe and his singular career ends in a climax. No man was ever more ready to die.

“Any sequel to this year of his life would be, most likely, flat in comparison. He escapes old age. But if he is only a captive it is a more complex and embarrassing event. In either case our nation seems to be committed to a prolonged series of operations, and although one quite understands a Gladstone or a John Morley hating such a long vista of disbursements, one has a right to accept with more joy than pain the prospect of a twenty years' contest with Islam and Intrigue. For this is the life of the nation, and one has a right to wish the nation to be fully alive: it contains at least ten thousand families that breed lads willing to follow the gentlemen.

“The conquest of the Nile valley, if we persevere, will be a signal, a proof of national vitality as the conquest of the Ganges valley and the Punjaub. The duty thus forced on us is an antidote to the temptations towards a Dutch stationary State.

“As to W.E.G., I say to the very few people I see: his delinquency whatever it is, is *not* enhanced by the disappointment. If Wilson had met Gordon at Khartoum, even then W.E.G. would have been in history blamed for costiveness in Parliament and probably in Council last year, for pushing

aside the Gordon question till August, and for not taking action, the moment he got the wretched little pro forma vote. I myself go so far as to say that he did wrong to send Gordon out there. It was a charlatan's or quack's prescription; it was using a man's prestige as a charm in default of rational, methodical, costly, laborious treatment. But then the defence to this is that the nation, that is to say the Clubs and the newspapers, demanded Gordon; and the Wolseleys, that is to say the comprehensive thinkers on military-political affairs, did not try to convince the Cabinet that the prescription was empirical.

"In sending Gordon, England threw her symbol to a place into which her strength has to follow; and a fine passion, coinciding with robust reasoning, now compels her, in spite of her ruler, to hold fast to that place of danger and honour.

"*'Sanguis militis optimi semen imperii optimi.'*

"The constantly recurring cause of error in British Cabinet movements abroad is that politicians are nearly as wrongheaded as Mr. Pitt and Lord Aberdeen in considering *expeditions*; 'touch the shield and retire' is their idea of a movement beyond sea. Our blessed Genius shapes the expeditions *sometimes* into solid enterprises. A Moore makes an *expedition*; a Wellesley sticks to the country invaded, and pegs away for six years, whilst he sees 40,000 men sent to Walcheren on an *expedition*. Raglan goes on an expedition and is surprised into a campaign. Your careless readers no doubt reckoned on Wolseley going to Khartoum on a trip, as he went to Red River and to Coomassie.

"The monster expedition to Magdala satisfies such people as a type of military enterprise. I do not presume to guess what was in Wolseley's mind when he *started*, but I do venture to think that he

is now contemplating at least a year's methodical work, with a hundred years' *result*. It is a grand prospect. The charm of it is that it is clear to me that *Wolseley* like Arthur *Wellesley* can pick out efficient officers, and *unlike* Wellesley has a plentiful supply of intelligent as well as brave gentlemen."

He thought the concurrence of Russian and German unfriendliness, which was manifested glaringly at this moment of ill-fortune, a profit to the Government and to our people. The winds blowing cyclomatically would only induce England all the more to "take her old cloak" and button it up. He remembered that when Jervis fought at St. Vincent and Duncan at Camperdown, Mr. Pitt was isolated, had no friends abroad, and Irish rebels and English mutineers to deal with at home. The country stuck to him all the tighter.

"Tell Herbert Bismarck that he will soon have to reckon with the Washington Government. His father may bully Europe; he will not browbeat Uncle Sam. A comfort to see the Times, Daily News, Pall Mall, agreeing in defying and satirizing the Pomeranian pug."

I sent him at this time Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," and returned him James' Naval History, which he had once given to me.

"I thank you kindly for the gift of a pretty book. The author, I hear, is dying of consumption, looks like a boy, is about 24; has to write books to feed his American wife, her *married* daughter and another child of hers by her former husband. This is a touching argument for 'the mob of noble-men who write at ease' and carry off the money that might go to Grub Street, *i.e.*, to James Payn, Mrs. Oliphant, and this Stevenson and other strugglers. Also it makes one feel how dreadful it is to be a reviewer and either to ruin Grub Streeters by

speaking plainly of their failures, or cheat the patron-purchasers of books by exaggerated praise.

“This pretty book is, in plain truth, a failure. For children do not care for the thoughts of *children* expressed ever so elegantly; they care for the actions of grown-up people, real or imaginary; books about the thoughts of children are good *for grown-up people*, *c.g.*, ‘Misunderstood.’ So far as R.L.S. renders such thoughts delicately he may perhaps help us old folks to feel properly about young folks. I read the rhymes to Andrew, and after respectful listening he demands Robinson Crusoe. I think I shall write a booklet on purpose for him and call it Andreia, *i.e.*, manliness, and tell in pure prose, as Kingsley did, the stories of Scipio, young Crassus, Cleomenes, Philippe de la Noue, Elisha Kane, Joubert, Captain Farmer of the Quebec, Herbert Edwardes, Wogan the Cavalier, Sunderland the lover of Saccharissa, William Parker, Cochrane, etc. I think also of reprinting Gillies’ Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy, which is out of copyright, with a continuation including the ‘Megaera.’ I am very glad to get back to my old ‘Naval History,’ a weak, clumsy, honest book, which was the pride of my bureau at my Dame’s 50 years ago, and contains the portrait of Earl St. Vincent, which is somewhat like my Father, though more like a *rat*. By an odd coincidence it came back just before I talked with one of the first men in London and also one living among well-informed men, who stated this untenable view, that in 1807 Duckworth’s squadron might, if well commanded, have *taken* Constantinople. Such ignorance is alarming. I met it by the broad statement that a big place cannot be *held* by *detachments* from warships without an army. To go into the Sea of Marmora with a mere squadron would now, as then, be like an



eel's going into an eel-pot; to go still farther into the Black Sea, without the certain support of Austria and Turkey would be like putting one's head into a lion's mouth without taming the lion.

"I read to-day in the Daily News, which seems to be inspired by Government, that the Wolseley army is to go to Cyprus on the way to Armenia; this may suit W.E.G.'s ecclesiastical sympathies, but otherwise is as absurd as the absurdest of Napoleon's enterprises in Syria and in Russia. The best plan, in that part of the world, is to take a lease of the island now called Mytilene, formerly Lesbos; that would give us an all-the-year-round base for our Fleet to stop Russian enterprises in the Levant. We could certainly hold Lesbos against two or three powers."

He was always fond of rubbing in the Whig doctrines that he had been at so much pains to teach us in our younger days. "Active-minded intellectual Liberalism is always on the alert for the abolishing of privileges which approach to nuisances."

He never spared me when I ventured a criticism upon anyone who bore one of the sacred Whig names.

"I have read your letter which the P.M.G. noticed. (1) It has too much falsetto about Argyll. (2) One of your paragraphs was deficient in lucidity or downrightness—but on the whole your Times style improves."

He went great lengths, for him, when as a student of history he admitted that, when in "full cry after a bag-fox like the Irish Church," Liberals have been known to intrigue.

"I take *your* word that your friends are now intriguing or tempted thereto. I see that the Tories are doing so, as they have before in times that you

did not watch. This being so, I seem to see that there is a perceptible danger. On one side many patriotic Liberals—call them Whitbreads for shortness—*may* be tempted to ‘abstain’ in disgust. On the other side a very great number of public spirited virtuous people, habitually Conservatives, are *sure* to be, at least for a time, disgusted, and nearly sure to snap their fingers at parliamentary politicians.

“These two tendencies amount to a decline downhill towards that general neutrality of educated virtuous people, which we have long observed in America and are beginning to observe in France. It seems to me as a patriot that we have actually reached a calamity. Randolph has actually sickened good Conservatives and made them anti-political. It seems to me also that if men like Albert Grey let themselves be drawn by personal ambition, by hope of eventual Cabinet Office, into Chamberlain’s ‘intrigues,’ a great many men now Liberals will go over to the Conservatives, if not for action, yet for neutrality and sad indifference.

“I cannot at any time pretend to understand the necessities of the Reform Club managers or the Whips; but as a steady observer of history I hold this opinion, to wit: that the nation thrives when and because it has two sets of politicians, alternately ebbing and flowing, the outs quietly accumulating force during the four or five years of opposition; partly from the disappointments of the Ministerial party, partly from the new growths of active thoughtful manhood. This ebb and flow seems to me almost natural, and so far as it is natural or automatic I think it salutary, but I am not very much shocked when it is interrupted by a Gladstone; and if the Old Man now starts a bag-fox, and the cities go off in full cry, I shall not be disgusted, though rather surprised. I hold historically that

the insincerity of the late Derby<sup>1</sup> and the Epicureanism of Palmerston naturally brought about that passionate intellectual activity of Gladstone's in 1868, which gave us a splendid *revival* similar to the beatific, glorious, pure revival of 1833, similar to the less beautiful but (to me) most felicitous revival of 1842-5, the Peel season. I am truly glad that I lived and had my wits about me and my heart warm in 1842-5 and in 1868-73. I was on the other hand somewhat unhappy when I saw my country beguiled by Dizzy with *permissive* acts, though I thought and still think Dizzy was more virtuous and wise in 1874-9 than he had been before, and that he and Cairns and Salisbury were infinitely more statesmanlike than the old Derby, with his Ellenboroughs, Sugdens, Malmesburys, etc.

"I think that the victory of Gladstonites in 1880 was the *natural* result of the growth of active intellect between 1873 and 1880 and of *natural* reaction against the (comparatively) tricky politics of the Beaconsfielders. Similarly I think that the Salisbury party now is naturally reaping the benefits of reaction against the dishonesty (I use this word for shortness subject to modification) of the Harcourts, the crudities of Joe, the scandalous treatment of South Africa by Gladstone-Kimberley, which can *never be forgiven by true patriots*. It is quite fair, quite right, that the Gladstonites are now out, and will be in the vocatives next winter. Neither you nor any managers of Elections can, I think, heal the sores or cicatrize the gashes. The best chance for the 'restoration of Liberalism' lies in the probable disgust of the plain Britons with the Tories; but as a patriot I wish Randolph and Hicks-Beach to mend their ways betimes, and to

<sup>1</sup> Edward, 14th Earl of Derby, Prime Minister.

give a good innings to George Hamilton, Webster, Henry Holland, Plunkett, etc., etc. I struggle against the inclination of an old decaying man towards pessimism. I make myself remember that Dizzy was viler in my youth than the Tories are now; that Salisbury is a far better statesman than Derby was in 1858; that even our Harcourts are less false-hearted than average American, French, or Russian politicians. I shall vote for Lorne though I doubt whether he has a chance up here, and I have an old affection for Henry Holland,<sup>1</sup> who I believe is the same man that was my guest at a jolly supper party when I got the University scholarship in 1844.

"I faithfully adhere to Hartington and wish to fight Parnell."

It is nearly forty years since this old school-master, a broken recluse, by sheer adherence to the principles of Bentham, and the doctrines of his Whig friends, foresaw the socialistic and disruptive tendencies which are now the commonplaces of our political system. He noted the demand of Trade Unions for an increase of "Inspectorships," of "black coated gentry," and the beginning of the process which has created the huge "bureaucracy" that overloads the annual budgets of most European States.

"It will be found that a great number of lower-middle class folks will be eager for the Government Offices multiplied by the Socialistic or J. S. Millite Jesse Collings philanthropical levellers. It will also be found that of the black-coated gentlemen thus provided for, a larger percentage will be idlers than will be found amongst the clergymen now salaried for towns by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I apprehend also that many will be broken-down men,

<sup>1</sup> 1st Lord Knutsford.

who have failed in farming and trade, and not a few will be tipplers.

“The tendency towards the formation of a great body of petty functionaries with pensions and vested interests is observable already in this half-century of inspection and philanthropy, and men in *your* position ought to ask themselves whether it is altogether desirable to substitute these people for the district parsons. My opinion is that the poor clergymen are not only exemplary gentlemen, but also the begetters and trainers of a very valuable swarm of boys who are fairly likely to be brave and obedient and enterprising in army, navy, colonial enterprise, etc. I would go so far as to say that the sons of the poorer clergy are superior to the sons of Inspectors of Schools and of Factories, superior in manliness and efficiency. A change in County government coinciding with disendowment of the Church seems to me likely to bring us perceptibly nearer to the state of things existing in France, where there is a great percentage of government officials, all of them afraid of the Ministers and their delegates. Another thing to be apprehended is, that we shall have appointments in the Navy given, as in America, to politicians.

“On this point I wish you would question an intelligent Yankee. My impression founded on a visit to a big American warship is that a fair sprinkling of underbred men are made officers in that little service by the working of Congress patronage. With us it may be assumed safely that every R.N. officer is a gentleman.

“Now I say to you as a candidate for Parliament, that you and the like of you ought to put it plainly to the people at meetings, whether they wish to have gentlemen in power or not.

“I have not the least dread of Democracy, if it



means the sovereignty of the majority : but I hold that this sort of sovereignty is compatible with the maintenance of gentlemen as natural leaders. I believe this to be true in the democratic country Norway, and in New South Wales and New Zealand and California. I apprehend that if religion (which is inseparably tied to sex and other indestructible things, such as night and death) is left to competitive Booths and Moodys and Hortons, we shall have an increased difficulty about keeping up the ascendancy of gentlemen : the mischief is *not* done thus far, but I perceive a tendency thereunto."

In spite of prognostications of political evils he remained proud of the Britons. Full of humbug as he knew politics to be, the voters seemed to him to have a *wholesome* appetite for the justice and the kindness and the courage that were to be seen inside the nebula. Considering, he used to say in these later days, how the European race has been poisoned by alcohol, gambling, and priestcraft, it is surprising that our island is so Athenian. "I limp about listening with unrestrained pleasure to the chirping of boys and girls, and nearly every week I read of some act of bravery." He prided himself, as he grew old, upon resisting the temptations of pessimism. "Despair be blowed. Rule Britannia !"

He was used to the cry of destruction, and scoffed at it as a recurring phenomenon ! But he thought it not unlikely that the "outside public" might begin to look upon the House of Commons as corrupt—and just as in 1782 the people overruled Lord North's House of Commons, which was in some sense corrupted by George III, so they might again overrule a House of Commons that was corrupted by a cowardly fear of a dominant Prime

Minister, or of *local managers of opinion*. As 1885 closed, his thoughts turned once more to Ireland and to the projects which everyone knew Mr. Gladstone had in mind.

“The P.M.G. in the leader to-night, though out of tune with its ‘occasional notes,’ proposes Home Rule as a project for the Liberals, and Daily News or Arthur Arnold, or both, say the same sort of thing. I do not know, but I imagine that on looking closely into any project of Home Rule, Spencer and his friends would find it hard to contrive any securities for the loyalists of Ireland. To pass a Home Rule Bill in the teeth of the Loyalists would be tantamount to sacrificing them to the barbarians and the imps, which would be dishonourable to Britain; the Germans would cry shame.

“I can say with the utmost certainty that it would be impossible for Salisbury or any Tory to sit in conference with Gladstone and Parnell for framing a measure of Home Rule. He would be regarded as a traitor, conspirator, humbug, coward, etc., etc. Gladstone might, probably will, confer with Parnell, when they have made their bargain. Hartington will probably agree to it, and a good many quiet voters of my way of thinking will grin and bear it: but that conference will be wholly unlike a diplomatic conference: it will be called a compact or plot. I think it not impossible that an Irish Parliament led by Parnell may do very much better than the Irish Parliament of 1781-1800.

“The repeal of the Union would not be un-mixed evil if brought about without disgracing the Liberal politicians. If he got his Dublin Parliament, Parnell would, I think, try to prevent flagrantly unjust treatment of the Ulster men and the educated ‘tribes of the dispersion’ in the three other provinces; for he would pique himself on

imitation of the real statesman, Deak, etc. I shall not live to see the repeal of the Union, yet I may to see another General Election, and even the final fall of Gladstone. Hartington's last speech is incomparably better than any of his, any of Joe's, any of Gladstone's that I have read lately; but I think the Tories are at present more patriotic than he seems to think, and I hope they will bring in a Budget and see whether *he* will join in upsetting them on it.

"I am much interested in Albert Grey's letter; it is quite 'on the spot.'

"Yesterday I compared notes, in the good old Cambridge way, with Frederick Pollock, who has a first-rate head and heart; he has formulated this solid maxim. 'If Parnell gets as much autonomy as one of the United States enjoys, he gets much less than he claims.'

"F.P. agreed with me in this—nothing between our present method and complete separation will work, and complete separation cannot hurt us, except in so far as it is dishonourable to abandon the Loyal Unionists; let them consent, and the secession is desirable."

## CHAPTER VIII

1886-1892

**I**N January 1886 Mr. Gladstone returned to Office on the defeat of Lord Salisbury's Government in the House of Commons.

Lord Rosebery's appointment to the Foreign Office was strongly urged upon the Prime Minister by Queen Victoria, but Mr. Gladstone's intense conservatism in such things as the formation of Cabinets led him to resist. He fought hard for his older friends; men who had grown old in his company. Lord Granville refused to be Lord President of the Council, insisting upon a Secretaryship of State. The Queen telegraphed to Lord Salisbury that Mr. Gladstone was nervous and anxious, had proposed Lord Kimberley for the Foreign Office, but had finally accepted Lord Rosebery. That evening Mr. Gladstone told the Prince of Wales that he would be out of Office with ignominy in three months. Lord Rosebery's appointment was universally popular, and was received with a chorus of approval headed by the "Times."

William Cory's old pupil, the pupil he had found more piquant than any he had trained, occupied a post that had interested William Cory above all others in every Government since 1832. But he wrote coldly to me, in consequence of the line taken by the "Times," whose leader writer suggested that the new Foreign Minister had been chosen as a pet of the Queen's, and a "go-between" for Gladstone and Bismarck.

He wrote: "Rosebery is announced in the Times. I should have thought they might have spared us the humiliation of a 'persona grata' to Bismarck."

He hoped that Randolph Churchill would thoroughly enjoy Sir William Harcourt as a "butt," and he felt sure that most young Radicals would sympathize with the assailant. He rejoiced in Lord Spencer, and wished one day to creep into the Lords' Gallery to "verify Spencer," so far as his ear could verify, if he was a "true knight, worthy of Jack Althorp." It would be, he said, a comfort to his twilight—for he had a true passion for a pure gentleman patriot.

He prayed for the return of Lansdowne as a "nucleus for gentlemen to form on." "A week ago," he wrote, "I was thinking it was on the whole good for my country that Joe should be to W.E.G. what Nelson was to St. Vincent in 1792, that the daring open assailant of interests and established maxims should have his day, and that in his movements he should be under the attraction (as we say of planets) of the man of unique experience and unique knowledge of *£.s.d.* In other words I was not at all alarmed at the prospect of a great opportunity, a great career, being opened to the most considerable of all real Radicals or anti-aristocrats that we have ever had in England—a Radical of superior fibre to Durham, Charles Buller, Molesworth, Bright, or any other that I can think of. His success would comfort, his failure and inevitable compromises would chastise and edify the great army of intellectual Radicals and of plebeians, who begin life by hating the gentlemen; and of caucus-leaders who exalt their local assemblies and of those who 'think the rustic cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world.'"



"Joe *is*, but need not always be, a heretic; in his last manifesto he utters a heresy of strange absurdity about local government being more beneficent than metropolitan legislation and administration. Sometimes I long to teach Joe: he is just the age of the men that I taught when I first embraced Peel-Whig doctrines and J. S. Mill and Remusat, etc., etc.

"Well, Joe is, you say, wrathful and eruptive; so be it—let him work out Nemesis on the great tactician, on the Liverpool-Canningite, who has for 45 years passed through so many phases and has, I really believe, outlived the virtue which was so pleasing to eye and ear when I knew him as my Examiner, and as a visitor speaking to us in our *Pop* debate, when I remember the tears came to my eyes for the joy of listening to a *young* good man,<sup>1</sup> the first I ever saw, when he made us write on a wise beautiful sentence of Burke's about the English Constitution.

"I now wish, even hope, to see the final fall of this man: though after all he is even now a better and a wiser man than most French, most American statesmen of my time, and I can hardly think he can be erring, if Lord Spencer thinks he is doing right."

He turned away from politics for a season, disheartened by the advent to power of Gladstone and Harcourt.

He found it difficult to receive his radical friend Herbert Paul, and had no wish to see Asquith, whom he had so much admired. He asked me if I ever saw the "Saturday Review," as it "has an article in which you figure conspicuously, but not

<sup>1</sup> In 1840 Mr. Gladstone was examiner for the Newcastle scholarship at Eton, and afterwards made a speech to the boys in "Pop," the Eton Society.

in a light I care for." Arthur Wilson, R.N., visited him frequently and talked to him of Sir Cooper Key, "the ablest man of the Board of Admiralty," of Lord Alcester, "able but impulsive"—admirals all, but grumbling at their want of power—and the Duke of Edinburgh, "very keen, zealous, useful, and efficient."

He read the books, as he had always done, that I sent him, and commented on them. "I have read the three books you left with me : Seeley's is not well put out of hand by his family press, nor is he free from paradox ; but he surpasses all writers that I know in hitting nails on the head without flourishing the hammer ; compare him with Froude, Freeman, Stubbs, Bagehot, Goldwin Smith, etc., with documentary men on the one hand and viewy men on the other : he stands forth supreme. He has an astonishing power of refraining from things brilliant and irrelevant, or at least superfluous."

"I have read some of the Morley<sup>1</sup> books and learnt something beyond what I get from Ste. Beuve, about Turgot, De Maistre, and Condorcet. One passage disturbed me. He compares (gratuitously, digressively) the September massacres with the suppression of the Irish 1798 rebellion by English troops : any casual reader would accept this charge against the English Army. The established historical belief is that the rebels were butchered and tortured not by 'English troops' in the natural sense of the word, not by English militia men, but by Irish Yeomanry : in 1844 I myself talked with one of these Irish volunteers and I was struck by his hard callous way of talking about the 1798 ; he was then telling my host to look out for a rebellion. But apart from this point, it

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. John Morley.

is in history that the cruelties were by way of retaliation, since the insurgents began at Scallabogue with the massacre of the prisoners in 'cold blood,' if there ever is such a thing as cold blood in ordinary Irishmen. I must henceforth consider Morley an imperfect reasoner if he adheres to the sentence, for it is in evidence that the Septembriseurs had no excuse for venting their panic wrath on the non-combatant prisoners.

"Bel-Ami<sup>1</sup> disgusts me all through: reminds me of what my friend Knyvett Wilson said long ago about a book called 'Guy Livingstone'—'if the world is really like this I'd just as soon live in hell.' However, I learnt a little from it, to wit, the actual working of the new law of divorce in France and the management of financial newspapers. I was told lately by a very well-informed man that there are not more than two (or one) newspapers in Germany of any circulation that are not in the hands of the 'Jews,' a word I am sorry to have to use. *We* are better in the press anyhow. I am assured that our London papers are not bribed to puff books except by the publishers' advertisements, nor plays except by Irving's supper parties, and that no penny-a-liner in a decent paper takes money for a 'reclame.'

"I do not recognize the name of the writer of the Cambridge letter. I keep for Howdie<sup>2</sup> and for you if you like a very valuable account of Bradshaw written by Prothero<sup>3</sup> and printed in the Cambridge Review; it was sent to me by A. Austen Leigh, Vice-Provost of King's; on reading it I wrote to Prothero some scraps of remembrance of Bradshaw's early manhood, which he says are 'invaluable' for the enlarged memoir contemplated,

<sup>1</sup> By Guy de Maupassant.

<sup>2</sup> Howard Overing Sturgis. <sup>3</sup> Sir George Prothero, K.B.E

probably not to be published ; he asks for the addresses of others who remember as far back as 1847-54. So I have written again to him. The notice in the paper cutting is good, but wholly banal compared with Prothero's account : but of course I like to see the concurrent testimonies to the character of the *one* famous King's man.

"I am reading Morley's Voltaire : he has it in a creamy paragraph about the danger of employing a pen-man as in France in political office, written in 1872.

"The analogy is not perfect ; the French penny-a-line politicians, I suppose, worked for Journals not nearly so conservative or so closely allied to 'the interests' as our Lowe, our Courtney, and other forerunners of Morley.

"It remains to be seen whether Morley will be corrupted by Gladstone, as Guizot, the one Frenchman comparable, was by Louis Philippe. It is a sure trial of a man's integrity when there comes a pinch and he has an 'old man,' his patron, his maker, to save from ruin or to desert.

"I called and dropt books yesterday. I learnt a heap of things from the Malmesbury volume, astonished at my ignorance ; it is far more interesting than Stevenson's Prince Otto. I learnt something very curious and solid from Seeley's article in the Review, and had notes in my head thereon, which if I saw him I should let fly ; as it is I let them fly at a very able lecturess on history through whom I am operating on intelligent girls. I shall be glad some day to borrow the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Malmesburies.

"Herbert Paul does after all write Leaders and on the debates : he is I fear in poor health and spirits ; he tells me of the 80 dinner,<sup>1</sup> that the

<sup>1</sup> The Eighty Club.

Whigs made a group and did the cheering, but that *all* cheered enough to do honour to the Marquis<sup>1</sup> if not to his intentions. He says Milner spoke admirably and Robson nearly as well; also that Haldane has a position in the House. I fancy Robson has the essential qualities for a demagogue or a Joseph and may take J.C.'s place; he appears to be a Cambridge man."

"I read the article before your letter. The article *pointed* the dilemma, and so I found it manifest in the letter. I am not sure, I can hardly judge, whether I should have seen it at once without the help thus given. I think you have become more plain than you were, but are not yet plain enough for newspaper readers. I am *sure* that you would do well to take some of the *load* off many of your periods. The argument, as you and the Times put it, is a very effective argument for *debate*: it is 'eristic'; it would not silence a friend in council so much as an adversary in parliament. This is not bad: an old gentleman (Anglo-Indian) says; 'There are two classes of men: some take the chicken's liver wing—I hate them; others refuse it—I despise them.' This is perhaps a fair summary of the philosophy of the men of the world who read George Eliot without being converted."

One Sunday in April 1886 I walked with him on Hampstead Heath. He had seen some eulogium of Hartington, and was rejoicing in the "honour done to the Cavendish," quoting

Buff and blue, tried and true,  
Blue and buff, tight and tough.

He poured out criticism of Mr. Gladstone, who was preparing, he felt sure, for the willing John Morley and for the successors of Morley—who

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hartington.



might in their day be less willing—a whole series of undignified surrenders. “Democracy,” he said, “is now a scramble for Office, without the old forgiveness of the aristocracy—we want a man such as Thiers was in 1840, or the elder Pitt in 1759.”

He had been reading “*La Guerre et la Paix*,” and thought Tolstoy an inevitable claimant to the highest literary honours, but preferred to Prince André or Rostow the “real solid Cornwallis” whose Memoirs he had just finished. He summed up Mr. Gladstone’s good works as eleven in all, a more solid apology for his life than Mr. Gladstone himself seemed able to make. “He is a grand cock-tail,” he said, “when I turn from him to John Morley, I seem to pass to *pur sang*.”

He was looking forward to Mr. Gladstone taking up the Gipsies on ethnological grounds—their “grievances” would be for him quite arguable. Other states happily held out against ethnology.

“Walloons and Flemings stick to *L’Union fait la Force*. What would St. Sylvain [meaning my father-in-law, M. Van de Weyer] say to W.E.G.?”

Arthur Balfour, on the other hand, played the debater and the statesman very ably, and he could hardly believe that intellectual men could deny the superiority of Hartington to Gladstone. He thought Arthur Balfour rising in repute daily, and holding a finer position than any man in any House of Commons he had known. He had sent to a girl pupil the “Times,” with Arthur Balfour’s last “Manchesteriad” in it, headed in pencil by the lines written long ago by Sam Rogers for Mr. Fox :

Fearless, resolved, and negligently great.

He had been reading some “Grevillian letters” of mine in the “Times,” and said that as a

“judicious bottleholder and trainer of fighting cocks” I had obtained “a downrightness and lucidity which were lacking in my earlier lucubrations.” “Make every sentence tell without harking back and without variations or modulations,” he added, “and if you live to grow old, beware of toadies, flatterers, men hanging on to your skirts,” with which oburgation he left me to pursue my way down the hill. Not long afterwards he wrote :—

“I am sorry you are troubled as my agent. I write to 11 Upper Brook Street, to Sir Francis Doyle, about Earl Canning as a debater at school, having seen in the Times notice of Doyle’s book, that Canning was grouped with Gaskell and Gladstone as an ardent debater, whereas I had 25 years ago searched in the Eton Society’s Journal for his speeches and found that he was generally ‘behind the chair’ if not altogether absent. Everything about *him* is interesting to me. I told Sir F. D. *not* to answer. I had a long talk with him in Madeira by *his* wish.

“I have had a talk with Asquith about Fife, his seat. Lord Glasgow selling his mansion is the chief event there; it is said that the estate is dipt more in charity than in racing. Coutts Lindsay selling Balcarres to the Earl thereof, is believed to have lost on the Gallery.<sup>1</sup> Yet the Gallery on a Saturday in summer is a swell mob, which must be very attractive to the rising society worshippers, for *there* at least they can actually hear the talk of old campaigners and one can’t see the pictures for the shoulders and canes.

“Having got back some of my books I have been in a wild transport of pride reading King-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Coutts Lindsay sold Balcarres to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. The “Gallery” alluded to was the Grosvenor Gallery, founded by Sir Coutts Lindsay.

lake's Inkerman, and I insist on Asquith's reading it. I tell him no one can know what England is without knowing the details of Inkerman, Delhi, and Lucknow. All the Blenheims, Quebecs, Mindens, Talaveras, are bagatelle compared with these three things.

"Are you ever coming back to Tilney Street? Some half year ago you said you possessed that remarkably *décousu* piece of scribble the Eton Bureau.<sup>1</sup> My brother has sent me from Halsdon only one number of it. I wish to recover, by copying, two or three bits of verse done by me in my dull youth; if you can lend me the E.B. I will faithfully return it after making the extracts. I should like also to borrow for the second time Calverley's Theocritus, as I am reading Th. with ladies: one of them went through 50 lines of it steadily, and volunteered to take up the running after tea in Catullus, and to my horror became speechless over a very innocent poem, and hid her face and wept for ten minutes.

"Bain<sup>2</sup> on Saturday buttoned me about Bradshaw's sale and said that *you* had bid 'furiously' for the rhyme booklets<sup>3</sup> which Arthur Lyttelton bought at an absurd price. Why? Surely you could have got a copy if you wanted it from Bain: he gets copies from me. But if anyone would do me a good turn he might apply to *me* straight if he could take 'sheets.' My Brother casually sent up a layer of 'sheets' in a box of my old books last September. I have sold two at 15/ to a bookseller, not Bain. By this time I think I have almost cleared the original expenses of printing

<sup>1</sup> An Eton magazine of the "forties."

<sup>2</sup> James Bain, bookseller, then of the Haymarket, now of King William Street.

<sup>3</sup> "Ionica," Parts I and II.

the two trifles, £45 : a small affair : little did I care in 1858 for £40 : not so very much in 1877 for £5 ; now I am businesslike and solvent, but I have to watch the passbook, and calculate rates and repairs."

It must have been about a year later, 1887, that he urged me to try and induce Albert Grey to come forward for Cambridge University. He thought that the country clergy might remember that Albert had been a Church reformer, and "all shrewd parsons must be hot for reform as a prophylactic against rapine."

He thought Hartington—whose name had been mentioned in connection with the seat—ought to remain in Rossendale until he became a Duke ; that he was too great a man to sit for Cambridge ; that it would cripple or fetter him in secular policy. But next to Albert Grey he hoped for Sir William Thompson—afterwards Lord Kelvin—who "though near 70 was as fresh as a man of 50." In the same letter he wrote :

"It must be 35 or 37 years since I was in the House of Commons on a dull afternoon listening to acrid doctrinaire attacks on Oxford ; there was a lone man high up in the old temporary House ; he lifted his hat and said, ' I beg leave to deny the truth of what the Honourable Gentleman has said about Merton (?) College.' Just about that and no more did he say. I thought that lad will go far ; it was his *fierté* that struck me ; it is so different from bounce, so clearly a thing of inheritance ; *il chasse de race* ; that lad was Robert Cecil, uncle of the full-grown, well-bred Secretary for Ireland ; but there is this huge advantage for the younger man ; he was not reared on the bridge of Al Sirat : the razor edge of distinction : the evasive sophistry of Puseyitic Oxford. However, Lord Salisbury

has, Mr. Gladstone has not, outlived the sophistication.

"I have been indirectly communicating with the Laureate; he had never heard of Calverley's Theocritus; he had seen something of Calverley's about his own poetry and did not approve of the critic's substituting 'mariner' for 'wanderer'; this seems a trifle, but it fits into a very important doctrine about 'quantity' taught sixty or seventy years ago by Crabb Robinson to Tom Moore. C. R. said,

the merry bells of happy Trinity

is a line of inadequate weight; for 'happy' put 'holy' and the line is heavy enough: so 'mariner' is lighter than 'wanderer.'

"The Poet Laureate was not at all jealous of Lord Rosslyn being put on by the Queen to jubilate in lyrics.

"Yesterday I read 'the little Lord'<sup>1</sup> alone, and I am bound to say I think Mrs. Burnett a snob. I did not relish her novel 'Through one Administration,' nor could I even get through her 'Lass'<sup>2</sup> though Herbert Paul recommended it. I dislike it still more when it comes from a woman who has clearly got her notions out of books. I prefer (Lord) Morley's<sup>3</sup> Americans whom he overheard in an American hospice or car talking about himself and Camperdown.

"A. 'I say—we've got some English Lords here.'

"B. 'Who?'

"A. 'One is Lord Camperdown, a very odd chap: he talks to me through his nose.'

"B. 'Who's the other?'

"A. 'Oh, he's called Morley.'

"B. 'Related to Morley's hotel I guess.'

<sup>1</sup> "Little Lord Fauntleroy."      <sup>2</sup> "Lass of Lowrie's."

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Morley.



"C. 'If he is, he's related to a darned bad hotel.'

"That is good wholesome Yankee stuff.

"On the other side 'Democracy' gives genuine studies of British gentlemen nicely discriminated. Mrs. Burnett writes as a lady's maid or barmaid; she is I believe Lancashire and she seems to trade on an assumed superiority of acquaintance with British upper crust.<sup>1</sup> Even her Hobbs is lean cow; her plot is absurd. Mrs. Errol, if a real woman, would never have agreed to the arrangement about living in the Lodge. Possibly there might have been sixty years ago an English squire, titled or not, that might have been such a beast as to communicate with his heir's mother through an attorney, etc., but I think I know enough of modern English gentlemen to be safe in saying that you could not find such a brute now in our islands. Nevertheless, the book will be good for Andrew to read, as it shows how happy a boy of his own age may be if he loves his Mother."

In the spring of 1888 he thought that the prison house was closing on him very quickly, but he hoped to outlive Parnell and Gladstone. Much as he admired Asquith, who overlooked, so he said, the glaring difficulties that "beset the surrender," he was glad "to welcome Curzon as a recruit and as a set-off against Asquith." Herbert Paul, who had sat at some feast next to Mr. Gladstone, won his heart, and the old man asked some one for his address, and got that of Kegan Paul by mistake, which delighted William Cory, who adds: "Paul says Asquith is far more of an M.P. than Haldane, who, however, is prominent at the Bar."

<sup>1</sup> *Upper Crust*, meaning Upper Class, and *lean cow*, meaning poor stuff, were favourite pupil-room expressions of William Cory's.

He continued :

"I am reading Mme. de Remusat : though not new to me she strikes me as an important authority ; she says Bonaparte, talking of Louis XVI, said, 'en politique on ne se relève point de ce qui avilit.' This runs to my head. I apprehend it is not verified by the present position of Gladstone. It seems to me that the million takes no notice of his debasement, and even the Asquiths, Pauls, etc., wink at it.

"I have long thought that a Democracy is dangerous quite as much from its constancy as from its fickleness. I doubt whether a Webster, a Calhoun, a Cleveland, could safely lower himself as Gladstone has in his recent popularity hunting. Goldwin Smith seems to me to prove that Canada is under a worse set of institutions than the United States, and I begin to think *our institutions* are less reasonable, but on the other hand I think there is a durable soundness of temper in the British people that can bear with safety a great amount of disease. These bye elections are satisfactory in so far as they prove that neutrality or indifference disappears under our present election system.

"At the same time we, perhaps we only, in all the world, have in our Parliament full and open display of all follies and vices as well as generous feelings ; we are represented, as George Meredith says, by 'our likest rather than by our best.'

"I thank you for the offer of Shaftesbury's Life, and when you return to Tilney Street I will borrow it.

"I think Mrs. Brett would be interested in a volume which Mr. Sturgis some years ago read with interest : Arnold's Life of Benedict Arnold (published at Chicago). It contains a delightful

character Peggy (*née* Shippen) of Philadelphia ; the book was made known to me by Lecky's references to it. Peggy is a real heroine, beyond the fictions, and all Americans ought to reverence her.

"I thank you for Lecky. I read him steadily. One part of the 5th volume is very instructive ; it is his full and orderly account of Pitt's foreign policy in the five years before he had to fight France : earlier books did not give this. He has made use of materials unknown to me, Auckland, Keith, and Leeds despatches : but he forgets to tell us where Auckland was employed. It is very curious the difference as to *focus* between those days and these. Paris was then far from being the diplomatic focus. I believe Gower, our Minister at Paris, was wholly unfit for the place, but otherwise we were splendidly served abroad. Lecky is admirably fair in dealing with Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

"Another thing that strikes me, though not for the first time, yet more strongly, is that our politicians in that period had arrived at the perfection of political language, and are absolutely *modern* in their way of thinking on paper. Putting it broadly, we have our England full-blown as soon as we turn away from the American war. Our nation comes to her maturity and perfect health just after unloading, or, as some would say, after submitting to mutilation. But these two volumes of Lecky's necessarily fail to bring out the maturity as regards conscientiousness, because he refuses to touch the Hastings impeachment on the ground that it was not finished inside his chronological limit. I wonder whether he thinks as other people do (at least I do) that Dr. Johnson had done nearly as much for our gentlemen and ladies as Voltaire for the French, and that he had forti-

fied London with an antidote so that it could not be poisoned by French sanguinary philanthropy. If you are in cash I advise you to buy before it gets out of print, the Oxford Press, 5 vols., Hill's Boswell, a monumental book. When I have got through Lecky I am going to read Pollock on Torts.

"In the long run *we* follow a Daniele Manin rather than a Mazzini: by *we* I mean British Liberals. The history of the United States shows that 'democracy' does not in English nations (any more than in Italy or Switzerland or Belgium) cherish the hotheads or the adventurers.

"Did you ever read the Life of Aaron Burr? the brute who slew Hamilton: America rejected him. You ought to read for edification the Life of John Jay; he, though he helped to found the United States, loved England; he was grateful to us for cherishing his Huguenot refugee ancestors.

"You told me what Natty Rothschild said about Home Rule being impossible. Couple with this the saying of Tim Healy, 'if we behave badly you will Cromwell us again?' I think it possible that in my lifetime, probably in yours, Ireland may be made autonomous with flimsy restrictions, and will be used as a pied-à-terre for blockading war by France—Spain—Russia.

"I fear that in that time of peril the money men of London, etc., will be so far cosmopolitanized by Jews, Greeks, Germans, and Australians, as to shrug shoulders if asked to play Cromwell or Cornwallis to Ireland.

"I wish my son had been born a Zurich man—I had rather be a Swiss than a Gladstonite."

During the last years of William Cory's life I saw him whenever I could escape from Newmarket, where Lord Durham and I had taken Primrose

House—a rather delightful house in the High Street belonging to Lord Rosebery—or when I could spare time from politics—with which I still dallied. Perhaps I neglected my old teacher, for the heart hardens when middle life overtakes us, and I was thirty-six years old and thought myself beyond the range of influence; perhaps his dogmatic style, that I had found so impressive in youth, began to weary me. There was another reason that made correspondence difficult; Time had worked much as usual, sweeping people I knew nothing about into the bays of his life, and leaving us both stranded on the barren shore of ephemeral politics. So I wrote less, and tried to make up for failing him, by sending more and more books and by visiting him at Hampstead, or by luring him down to Tilney Street. He had aged much, and walked now with some difficulty. His heart troubled him, and he was forced to be careful. But his interest in public affairs never flagged. I was, for my part, drifting out of the turmoil of politics into one of those quiet backwaters which he condemned, and I was over-fond of racing, which he abhorred. He continued to write to me, but not so frequently or at such length. I had sent him a copy of the new edition of Boswell by Hill, and he read it slowly with great delight—"a book to cut and come again at." I could not resist sending him some volumes of Whyte Melville, which he heartily enjoyed, commenting upon the horsey men he himself had known, and upon Nimrod, Sponge, and Jorrocks, which he had found in country houses long ago. Whyte Melville, he said, was the faithful chronicler that Pegasus and Galatea would have chosen, and he thought him lucky to have broken his neck at the age of sixty.



In these days—it was in the spring of 1888—Alfred Lyttelton and Howard Sturgis were frequent visitors at Hampstead. They were more faithful than I.

He saw much of Sir Frederick Pollock, and wrote with pride of the choice the French Institute had made in electing Pollock with Fitzjames Stephen as members.

He met Mr. Augustine Birrell, and was struck with his brilliant sallies; he “mourned for the Duke of Rutland, who in 1832 gave my brother and me a row in his skiff on the river, out of mere pity for new boys; the first time I was in a boat.”

In March he wrote, “the rising men seem to be Charles Russell and Campbell Bannerman”—a good shot! When returning books I lent him he complained that he could not retain things a month in his head, and felt doubtful about living another winter.

“I took back two Cavour books to Tilney Street last Friday; I shall be glad for the loan you offer me, but I mislaid your list. I shall be glad to borrow *Forster*, *Stratford*, *F. Harrison*, *Count Gleichen*, *Dorothy Osborne*. I cannot remember the others named but I *know* that I did not wish to read about the stupid middle ages, ‘Henry II’ or 14th Century.

“England begins to interest me when Colet and Thomas More come up. How happy were they in discovering that there were books written by warm-blooded men where their wretched predecessors had nothing but ‘remainder biscuit’ of texts that had passed through the lizard-digestion of the ‘Four Latin Doctors,’ of Peter Lombard, Master of the Sentences, of Thomas Aquinas.

“How happy the discoverers of Cicero, Livy, Plutarch, etc. The curious thing is the other Re-

nascence, the Percy Ballads leading up to Walter Scott's restoration of Middle Age mirage; of ages in which there were no real gentlemen, hardly any clever men, hardly any loveable women. Our second 'Renaissance' gets a Christabel, a Rebecca, a Kenneth, and a Quentin Durward. Bayard, vulgarly called the *last* of the Chevaliers, is really the *first*. The Romantic age is that in which I have lived."

He said to me that now in old age he missed his father and mother more than ever; his sister, six years older, told his wife that he had behaved well to his parents, but the sorrow for all that was constant.

He complained of deafness and lameness, but he was consoled by recruiting girls for his class, one drawing another—"they are all very happy in pupil room."

I suggested to him in the summer days of 1889 a trip up the river in a launch, and he chose the reach from Marlow to Henley, hoping that we could return by Cookham to Boulter's Lock. In accepting he wrote: "I shall perhaps go once more to Anckerwyke. Everything must 'have an ending,' even Baker Street. Dixi vale, dixi valet." His esoteric allusion was to a poem written twenty years before for Edward Lyttelton to put into Latin, as he noted in my copy of "Ionica," a poem commemorating a "water party" in which Francis Elliot and I were his companions.

#### BELOW BOULTER'S LOCK

The aspen grows on the maiden's bank,  
Down sweeps the breeze on the bough,  
Quick rose the gust, and suddenly sank,  
Like wrath on my sweetheart's brow.

H H

The tree is caught, the boat dreads nought,  
Sheltered and safe below;  
The bank is high, and the wind runs by,  
Giving us leave to row.

The bank was dipping low and lower,  
Showing the glowing West,  
The oar went slower, for either rower  
The river was heaving her breast.  
That sunset seemed to my dauntless steerer  
The lifting and breaking of day,  
That flush on the wave to me was dearer  
Than shade on a windless way.

It was towards the end of a letter written in 1889 that he with insistence called Mr. Goschen his "leader," and added: "I am deliberately of opinion that he and Arthur Balfour are the men who above all others in history combine pointed dialectics with courage, moderation, and consistent liberality."

That autumn (1889) his relative, Arthur Wilson, asked him to the "Rodney," and the visit gave him great delight. It was the anniversary of the Nile, and he was glad to "spend it with the V.C." and to note "his kind way of thinking about seamen and above all the honour everywhere done him when he passed boats and ships." The Fleet was in review order and he was taken the whole length of the Line. He mentioned to me that Admiral Wilson's father, also a gallant sea officer, was his constant friend, the only friend he had ever lived long with who was much older than himself. "He was wounded at Lagos—a grand old Spartan. Arthur reproduces all his virtues with a far finer temper and manner."

Andrew Cory was destined for the Navy, and his father watched his growth with endless interest and hope. His education was to be paid for by translations of Horace accepted by two magazines, and by the doubtful profits of "Lucretilis."

I still supplied him with the books he could not afford to buy ; it was the only return I could make for all the trouble he had taken with me for twenty years.

"I thank you very much for the fresh supply of books ; for once I am quite a glutton in memoirs and well supplied. As to Melbourne, I think they might as well have applied to his attached Private Secretary Lord Fortescue, who talked to me about him hour after hour some nine years ago.

"The really important new thing to me is Melbourne's admirable frank camaraderie with John Russell ; any one less high bred than Melbourne would have been anxious and porcupinish ; he was clearly a genuine gentleman like Castle-reagh, altogether superior in that way to Peel, Russell, Canning, etc., etc. The remaining secret for me is Clarendon. I never dared ask Lady Mary Wood (Halifax) what was the reason why he was held down by her friends.

"Last night I finished Rutland-Pitt,<sup>1</sup> a very valuable thing ; it fills in some measure the void there was between Mr. Pitt's youth and his full blown domination. In writing to Rutland he is surprisingly candid, for a man tempted as he must have been to put on the buckram so as to make up for his juvenility. I used to read Dr. Parr's elaborate Latin skits at 'the boy' ; it seems as if Rutland knew him so well as not to be the least astonished at his instantaneous evolution. If you wish to know about that period with reference to Ireland you should read : (1) Marquis of Buckingham—*i.e.*, the first batch of the Stowe papers sold by the insolvent Duke last but one. (2) Ross' excellently edited *Cornwallis*. (3) Life of Lord Clare. I forget who wrote it. (4) Barrington ;

<sup>1</sup> "Correspondence between Pitt and Charles, Duke of Rutland," edited by Lord Mahon.

it is he who gives the amazing description of the Bishop of Derry; without *him* it is impossible to conceive the grotesque harliquinade of Irish society. (5) To get a totally dissimilar side of Irish life read the letters of Alexander Knox, Castle-reagh's Private Secretary, and a volume about Bishop Jebb, who had a sound head; these two men were tied to a heap of virtuous Protestant families, of which the Latouche Huguenot family was the most remarkable for virtue. I read again the Hervey<sup>1</sup> but I read it with surprise. Often as I have gone over the Walpole times I was wholly in the dark as to the double action of the Crown then. I mean (1) George II and his family appear not only German but Germanizers of the English; (2) our gentlemen appear not as Charles II's courtiers, but rather as Louis Treize's courtiers.

"We escaped, happily, the French and the Prussian form of Court. I can't make out whether Hervey had, as I should like to think he had, an honest friendship with Queen Caroline. Clearly *she* did more for us than any Queen or King's woman before or since, yet I am a little disappointed in reading Hervey even about *her*. Croker seems to have done well as an Editor. I used to read *all* Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews in those days, but I must have missed any careful review of Croker's Hervey. I suppose it is on the whole the most valuable book of Memoirs that *we* have."

I have always looked upon his visit to Sir Arthur Wilson, his passing down the Line of the Fleet with that great sea officer, as William Cory's apotheosis. He lived a little longer, long enough to visit Cambridge, where he showed to his wife the places where he was happy for thirty years, and

<sup>1</sup> Croker's edition of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs."



was welcomed by five of his old college friends, and by the "gyp" who had been his most loyal servant. He went to the "private view" of his nephew Charles Furse, "a really fine fellow, in energy, tact, and good nature." And he sat to him for his portrait, the "sittings lasting 70 hours and are not over yet but I am alive." He was not aware of how great an artist his nephew was destined to become. He was amused at getting letters from George Russell asking him to "help him in his pious tribute to W.E.G.; he seems hard up for information about the great Panjandrum." He thought it was odd that *he* should be asked, but he replied that he remembered very distinctly the impression made on him and other boys in 1840 when Gladstone came to Eton as an Examiner for the "Newcastle."

The new issue of "Ionica" gave him pleasure mixed with pain.

"I have to-day sent off 'copy' to Ingaltou Drake, a faithful old friend, who asked a year ago if he might reprint my poor old rhymes. I then told him to go to Bain. On finding that Bain had no copy left except one fantastically bound, and that Bain advised a reprint, and other people were asking for copies, I empowered the faithful publisher of my 'Lucretilis' to turn out a volume which will be, I guess, about two-fifths bigger than the volume published in 1858; he bears the risk, and wishes to use good 'toned' paper. I had great misgivings about it, but I thought some scug would pounce upon the booklet as soon as I was dead, and the 42 years past, the few friends that might in 1900 remember me might be vexed.

"George Allen, my publisher, seems a good soul, very particular and anxious. My sister eagerly volunteered to clear his whole bill, and I gave her

real pleasure by taking the cash. I had to choose the colour of the cloth; took *Cambridge* blue. Settled 1891 as date to give my heir his copyright in full; nor does Allen think he can get the thing out in 1890. No fault of mine. It is odd that I was driven to the decision just before I got the alarming illness.<sup>1</sup>

"I ask you to bear witness that I had to yield to a solid though probably very narrow demand."

In a letter dated Trafalgar Day 1890, he had mentioned to me that he had just read in the "Times" a review of Mahan's "Sea Power," "my pet topic; but Mahan and Times seem to generalize too broadly. Sea power has probably told in about one war in ten of European wars since 1500. Frederick the Great got on well without the command of sea."

His mind was still active and keen, although he perhaps forgot that Frederick relied at Prussia's most crucial moment upon the sea-power of an ally.

His first grave heart attack left him weak, but grateful for "the rare comfort of getting back to my childhood in your Scott and Nelson books."

In a feebler handwriting than was usual he wrote that his brother, Canon Furse, had sat with him and looked at the print of Merton, "interested because our mother as school girl was taken there in 1803 and she well remembered her interview with Nelson. *Her* mother on hearing of the visit was angry because of Emma."

In the winter of 1891 we were, three of his old scholars, staying at Tan-yr-allt, near Criccieth, the house that Shelley once occupied. "I had some difficulty in reading the elaborate and elegant poem from Tan-yr-allt," he wrote, "which came a day or two ago. If it is the work of *three*, it is

<sup>1</sup> His first heart failure.

really a curiosity of literature. I am sitting up, out of doctor's hand, but still frail. I used to think that if I had not been so shortsighted I might have been a man of courage and action. I like such men best, and now there is the hope of the boy's being such a man, and anyhow I have done my best to make him such a man. Last night I began *Ivanhoe* for the third time, after reading Gerald Portal's<sup>1</sup> unique narrative. I prefer Gerald Portal to Richard Burton, Palgrave, even Gordon. England will not fade as long as she breeds such men."

We could not foresee that Gerry Portal, so beloved by so many of us, then in the very prime of manhood and achievement, would within a few months follow William Cory into the shadows.

In the early months of 1892 he had a letter from Amalfi, from the pupil whose entry into the Roman Church he had resented and forgiven. It was one of his last pleasures.

On New Year's Day he wrote wondering whether he would be alive on 20 January and able to travel with Andrew to Portsmouth. "I am afraid Andrew cannot be up to your Maurice<sup>2</sup> at his age, but he asks every day sensible questions, and has a ranging accurate mind. I am comfortable when reading, writing, talking in an armchair, sleeping, and waking, but I have to be careful in walking. I am afraid of a sudden collapse, perhaps a final fainting fit."

"I thank you for the XIXth Century.

"I praise your paper,<sup>3</sup> especially for hitting the nail on the head about Cornwallis and Castlereagh, wherein you really add a solid supplement to the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Gerald Portal, K.C.M.G., British Consul-General in East Africa, who died in 1894.

<sup>2</sup> My second son.

Article in the "Nineteenth Century" on Lord Rosebery and Mr. Pitt.

book, as you add lighter supplements elsewhere. I expect the paper to attract attention.

“Whether Rosebery will relish it I doubt. He could not reckon on so unprecedented a thing as an esoteric review, sketching his personal antecedents and foreshadowing his biography, but it is done with a light hand in good taste. You are quite right to quote Scott on Pitt; it is right and wholesome that the young people of this age should know that when Nelson was beloved and lamented, his master<sup>1</sup> was honoured by the manly patriotic volunteer<sup>2</sup> in Scotland.”

That was his penultimate letter to me. The first was written nearly a quarter of a century before. A few weeks later came the last words I received from him. He quoted some verses by a Scottish minor poet, Motherwell. It was something about cavalry, and began

a steed, a steed of matchless speed,  
a sword of metal keen,  
all else to noble hearts is dross,  
all else on earth is mean.

A quaint jingle, but appealing to a mind that had harped always on the “sweep and splendour of England’s war.”

He was laid to rest in a spot not far from the lanes through which he had wandered during those later years, and, as the bird flies, not far from the old red gateways near the reaches of the river he had loved, that he had glorified in verse that Eton boys still read.

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;  
for Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pitt.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott.

## APPENDIX I

### “IONICA”

IN my copy of “Ionica” the following notes are inscribed. Some are in William Cory’s own hand; others were taken down from his dictation.

“This booklet,” he wrote, “was made up in a fortnight spent in solitude at Pangbourne on the Thames, August 1858, and was published secretly at the cost of £40 paid in advance. It was noted with respect in the *Economist*, and snubbed in the *Saturday Review*.”

Over the Contents next to the title-page he wrote :

“The two things marked were reprobated by the favourable critic in the *Economist*.”

The poems marked were “A Chobham Song,” and “The Swimmer’s Wish”; both were omitted from the reprint of “Ionica” in 1891.

*Desiderato.* John Morland Rice.

*After reading Ajax.* Written in *Poetae Scenici*.

*Mimnermus in Church.* Richmond Terrace, waiting for my first dinner with the C.C.S.<sup>1</sup>

*They told me Heraclitus.* Written for the boys doing Farnaby.<sup>2</sup> Autumn 1845.

<sup>1</sup> These initials denote the official name for the Cambridge “Apostles.”

<sup>2</sup> A school book. Easy Greek pieces.



*Iole.* Sunset at Pangbourne.

*Stesichorus.* Meant for Sapphics rhythm, but nobody noticed it.

*Caius Gracchus.* I think this rather good.

*Asterope.* Covert satire on Napoleon 3rd, done for boys to put into Latin verse.

*A Dirge.* Anterôs is a Platonic mystic word. Rowing from Cliefden with Richard Hall.

*Prospero.* Done for boys to put into Latin verse. Written just before I gave up my house, 1851.

*Amaturus.* Was, I think, done into Latin by Robert K. Wilson.

*Mortem quae violat.* August 1857. Llanberis and Conway river.

*Nubenti.* Helen Shadwell Coleridge. She sang "Cam ye by Athol."

*Adrienne and Maurice.* I saw Rachel act Adrienne Lecouvreur.

*A Chobham Song.* Should be cut out.

*The Cairn and the Church.* This was written to obey my kind friend Harry Dupuis, and translated into German by my employer E. C. Hawtrej.

*A Queen's Visit.* This was written as a sort of school exercise and shown up. E. C. Hawtrej was amused and pleased. Translated it into Italian, and gave me his Juvenal with a pretty note. It pleased people of my own college.

*Moon-set.* Written in August 1852 during my French tour. One was Henry Campion.

*A Song.* Suggested by Mendelssohn's tune, "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast."

*The Bridesmaid.* Louise Dolignon, my cousin, and her daughter. This was sent to the lady and not condemned; the mother of Blanche and Ethel.

*A Study of Boyhood.* George Congreve, now a Cowley Father. The last stanza was taken by my dear sister Mary as a motto for one of her books.

*Mercurialia.* The name was for the pupil room debating society from Thorwaldsen's "Mercury."

*Reparabo.* W. H. Gladstone wrote to thank me for this.

*A Birthday.* The subject never knew of this, and no one ever guessed who it was.

*A Swimmer's Wish.* To be cut out.

*Ageanakti.* The first word of a song in the Harvest Home of Theocritus.

*A New Michonnet.* Michonnet is the humble friend of Adrienne Lecouvreur in the play. This I thought the best thing in the book.

*Notes of an Interview.* All true.

*Parting.* July 1858. All true.

*All that was possible.* John Yonge liked this.

## PART II

This second part was printed at the request of Arthur Coleridge, and esteemed by his daughter Mary.

*Scheveningen Avenue.* My last drive to the Hague  
12 August 1859.

*Melliren.* One who is to be an enrolled soldier, *i.e.*,  
iren a Doric or Spartan term. Written for  
Gib Acland.

*A Merry Parting.* Given to Emma de Winton.

*Boconnoc.* I stayed there with the excellent George Fortescue. He showed me the little battlefield just outside the Park.

*A sketch after Brantôme.* The original of the poem is Isabella, mistress of the great Condé. It is recorded that she had a death *joyeuse et plaisante*.

*A retrospect of School Life.* Is about Francis Godolphin Pelham (Rector of Lambeth).<sup>1</sup>

*An Epoch in a sweet Life.* Frederick Wood; his grandsire Charles Lord Grey; his brother Viscount Halifax; Lord Lorne, "who bore the island galley."<sup>2</sup>

*Phædra's Nurse.* Is from the Hippolytus of Euripides.

*Below Boulter's Lock.* Rhymes written for Graham Turner and Edward Lyttelton to put into verse. Francis Elliot steered and Reginald Brett rowed.

*A sick French Poet.* Alfred de Musset.

*L'Oiseau bleu.* Is the Halsdon Kingfisher seen by my niece Mary Furse from my boat when I rowed her upstream into the sequestered part of the Torridge.

I have quoted in the text the verses beginning:

For all men's sons beneath the sky.

It is written into my copy of "Ionica." On the following page are translations of three epigrams from the Anthology:

(1)

Touching thy love my heart is in a strait,  
the foe of thine or friend I cannot be,  
seeing 'tis hard when one hath loved to hate,  
and hard to love the man that loves not me.

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Chichester.

<sup>2</sup> Refers to the Lorne coat of arms.

(2)

Thou look'st on stars, my star, O might I be  
the sky—to look with many eyes on thee.

(3)

You were shining on the living, Morning Star, of yore,  
dead you shine on others, Hesper, whom I see no more.

## A VALE

*(For music <sup>1</sup>)*

Oh the drifting seasons  
Oh the rosy teens  
Oh the flowers of friendship growing  
Dews of kindness falling on a careless heart  
Thirteen . . . fifteen . . . seventeen  
Is this manhood? Must we part?  
Fair and fresh are Eton years  
Dear dear the latest  
Dear the last kind year.

Music tell the secret  
Which the eyelids hide  
Breathe, my song, beneath the quavers  
Sighs of faithful sorrow for the lads I leave.  
Boat and bank and meadow  
Will ye witness how we grieve?  
Wondrous sweet are boyhood's hours  
Sweet sweet the latest  
Sweet the last sad hour.

Gentle pleasant Eton  
Wilt thou let me fall  
Waning fading from remembrance  
Till the face be withered, till the voice be strange  
Wooing . . . wedlock . . . children  
Shall they force this heart to change?  
Loyal faith I plight to thee  
True true through manhood  
True till memory fade.

*Written for 9 April 1870.*

<sup>1</sup> The “stops” have been left and omitted as in the original.

## APPENDIX II

### “LUCRETILIS”

**T**HIS little volume, unknown beyond the confines of Eton, contains the Latin verse that H. A. J. Munro declared to be the best written since Horace ceased to write.

The following are two examples, one of sapphics, the other of alcaics.

The literal translations are by William Cory.

Pendet affixus scopulo Prometheus,  
cui faber costas adamante vinxit,  
cui caput soles penetrant, avesque  
viscera vellunt.

Fronte sublimi videt astra volvi,  
Caucasum nimbos glomerare fetos  
fulmine, et certa vice Noctilucam  
crescere in orbem.

Non videt fluctus Acherontis atri,  
nec breves pugnas hominum, neque Io  
quæ domum mutat quoties feritur  
morsibus oestri.

Vindicem sperat fore seriori  
saeculo natum: sedet et sedebit  
donec Alcides oriatur; illum  
otia poscit.

Hercules ultor veniet, neque Io  
semper insomnis patria carebit:  
astra volventur tamen, et per astra  
luna feretur.

Nec minus vestrum est, homines, dolere  
et mori: vobis neque vir neque ullus  
eximet Titan onus istud: estis  
praeda Deorum.





“humana foedis vulneribus pudet;  
arcessit ultro quis nisi barbarus  
mortem? quis horrendas ad umbras  
ante diem cupit ire caesus?”

Irrisit Anglis vana loquentibus  
Gradivus ater: norat enim senes  
clausos Arachnaeis in antris  
texere consilium scelestum.

Oblita pubes quid tulerint avi  
miratur arces ignivomas, stupet  
si fulget aeratus satelles  
Caesaris, et sequitur tyrannos

ementientes quicquid amat puer  
audire. Vates cornicinis modo  
incedit et ducit per ignes  
agmina deperitura frustra.

#### ON A CERTAIN DELUSION

Lately we believed, happy fools, that the god  
Mars had retired, for whom his own Thracia  
forges swords: who with scourges  
delights to worry the Furies.

“It becomes us to contend under glass roofs;  
to match works of art with works of art is enough;  
to torture fertile nature  
is (the duty) of men: glorious without slaughter

“is the trophy of peace,” we said, “put  
honourable medals on your breasts, oh men,  
called inventors of things  
useful. To mangle the limbs

“of men with foul wounds is shameful;  
who but the barbarian needlessly summons  
death? who to the horrid shades  
desires to go, slain before the time?”

at the Englishmen, talking nonsense, laughed  
black Gradivus: for he knew that old men  
shut up in the caves of Arachne  
were weaving a wicked design.

The young generation forgetting what its grandsires suffered,  
wonders at citadels vomiting fire, is entranced  
when there shines in brass the bodyguard  
of Caesar, and follows tyrants

feigning whatever a boy likes  
to hear. The poet, in the guise of a trumpeter,  
struts, and leads through fires  
armies sure to perish in vain.



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